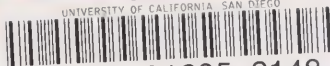




SOME PAGES
OF
MY LIFE
—
THE RT. REV. W.
BOYD CARPENTER



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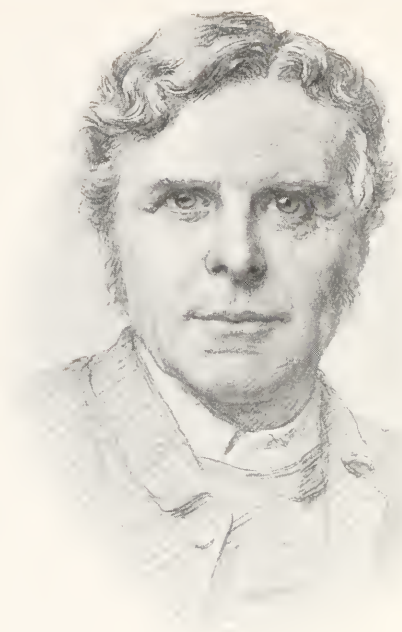
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SOME PAGES OF
MY LIFE



W. B. Rye

SOME PAGES OF MY LIFE

BY THE

RT. REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER

D.D., D.C.L., D.LITT.

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LATE BISHOP OF RIPON

LONDON

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE

14 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

1911

PREFACE

RETROSPECT, saith the cynic in man, is only another word for regret ; but, as I sit here and look back upon seventy years of life, I do not find it so. I do not mean that no regrets mingle with my retrospect. A man can have learned but little from life if at threescore years and ten he does not know something of his infirmities and his mistakes and of faults which call for more than regret ; but, as I recall the past, something greater than regret mingles with my retrospect. Regrets there are ; but they are like clouds upon a sky which is full of blue, if blue be the colour of hope.

I do not feel like one who, after a day of storm and rain, is glad to creep indoors and crouch hopelessly over the fast-dying embers on the hearth ; rather do I feel like one who, having experienced a day of quick-changing weather, with beating storm and drenching rain, hot sun and chilling fog, sits down at evening in a quiet garden beneath skies in which the light still lingers, and, while he watches the swift and silent river which pours its waters into the infinite sea, realises that, in spite of shower, cloud, and tempest, the day which is ending has been one in which there has been sunshine, and from which God's sunlight has never been withdrawn.

Sorrow ? Yes, of course, there has been sorrow ; but I shall not paint life's picture black because of sorrow. Gladness ? Yes, gladness there has been, but I shall not

paint my picture as a glaring brightness. Life has a beauty none the less because it has shown changing colours. Am I asked to find a fitting adjective to describe life? I shall not choose either "sorrowful" or "happy"; nor shall I speak of it as a bed of roses or a vale of tears. If I am to pick an adjective at all, I shall call it interesting. Yes, whatever balance there may be on the side of sorrow or of joy, life is full of interest, of great, absorbing, and surpassing interest.

At least it seems so to me; and I think it might prove the same to all who can understand that, from its earliest dawn to its latest hour, life is education; and that the name of the great master of all life is Love.

But I must not let myself ramble on. I have only to chronicle a few of my memories, to write a few pages from a book of many pages. I wish that I could write them all as they should be written; but some, and these perhaps the best and sweetest pages of all, can only leave their record in one place, and that is in the heart, where they were originally written. Others there are which can be written, but they must wait for some future chronicling. For, as I recall the many people, good, or great, or kind, whom I have known, I cannot view them as a crowd gathered at some fête all of whose names demand an immediate notification. To treat them thus would be to treat them in a fashion which savoured more of self-glorying than of friendliness. Rather, therefore, do I let my thoughts dwell here on a few to whom my life owes something, knowing that there are others who can be recalled with right grateful thoughts at some later day.

My recollections, therefore, must follow the line which is most natural to me as I muse on what life has brought to me.

W. BOYD CARPENTER.

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SOME PAGES OF MY LIFE

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

My earliest memories are of a long room, lighted by one large window, through which the evening sun poured its beams and made vivid patches of light and colour upon the wall-paper. Where the sunlight chiefly fell stood a chest of drawers ; nearly opposite to it was the fireplace ; the door of the room was in the wall opposite to the window. The room was our nursery. My memory peoples it. Little Mary Anne is always there, and my mother often. My brother Henry and I are playing about the room. New wall-papers are being chosen for some of the rooms, and we children are finding in patterns and remnants of paper distractingly interesting playthings. We have had some epaulets cut out for us and pinned upon our shoulders, for we are playing at soldiers. A quarrel of some sort must have ensued, for my brother and I are standing at opposite sides of the chest of drawers, with our faces to the wall, and we are trying to see one another by looking behind the chest of drawers, or we are pretending that we don't care to see one another at all. I cannot date this memory. At times it seems to me to be my first memory, but I cannot be sure.

One recollection, however, I can date : I am standing in the hall, close by a mahogany table which faces the foot

of the stairs. It is evening and dull. As I stand there, the hall door opens, and my father comes in, and at the same moment Little Mary Anne comes forward and tells my father—"It is a little boy." It is the announcement of the birth of my brother Archibald. It is a Sunday evening, and my father has just come in from church. Later, when a dispute arose as to the date of my brother's birth, I was able to say, "I know it was on a Sunday," and this recollection of mine was confirmed by my mother. My brother was born on the 28th of January 1844, so that I was then two years and ten months old. This is my first definite memory.

Vaguely, I have visions of the rebuilding of the spire of my father's church. The spire had been struck by lightning : scaffolding was erected to carry out the repairs : we could see the spire from the nursery windows, and I have mental pictures of the blocks of stone being slowly hauled up to be put in their places. I have visions of this scene, but whether I remember the scene or not, I cannot say ; for Little Mary Anne was fond of describing the scene, and the pictures which remain with me may be only the pictures she drew, and due to the vividness of her description and not to my memory at all. If I could fix the date of the accident to the spire, I could perhaps determine the question at issue between my memory and my imagination. The question interests me, because of an incident in my after life, which I hope to tell later, when Sir Henry Irving wished to glorify my imagination at the expense of my memory.

Another childish memory is one in which I first met the trail of the serpent. Let me picture the scene and set forth the miniature soul-drama which was enacted—a tiny soul tragedy. It was evening ; darkness had fallen upon the nursery ; the pleasant sunlight no longer filled the great

square of the nursery window, but instead of it, the cheerful blaze of the fire behind the high nursery guard threw fitful lights and shadows on the wall. I am standing at one side of the fire-guard ; my mother is seated on the opposite side, and, bounding up and down from the floor to my mother's knee, is a sturdy and beautiful child, with rich golden hair : it is my brother Archie. I am five ; I have just learned to read. He is about two—strong, healthy, full of activity and high spirits. I watch his eager and vigorous play with a slow-dawning sense of contrast, for I am only a weakly child, much cared for, and perhaps, spoilt by Little Mary Anne, who stands by looking on at the scene. My mother looks up to Little Mary Anne, her face full of mother's pride in the beauty and buoyant spirits of my brother. Then her pride speaks out with happy confidence to Little Mary Anne, for the moment perhaps forgetful of the pale and self-conscious child on the other side of the fire-guard. "He is a fine child—is he not?" says my mother. In truth he was, and Little Mary Anne allows it and with due pride confirms it. I stand by and hear all this with a heart that sought consolation, and I find it in a strangely precocious thought for one so young. Yes, my brother might be strong and fine, but I was the delicate one, with the privilege of delicacy's sensibilities. I am trying to translate the thought which in speechless form passed through my mind. It was my first conscious experience of envy, I suppose. The serpent had crept across the garden, and left its trail there. The spirit which looked for a claim to some other superiority, as comfort for some advantages denied, had made its entry into my soul. This is my first small, spiritual tragedy, as I call it. I can look back and see how empty and mean and evil-sowing a spirit it was which then passed in to defile my infant Eden. Years have passed, and the brother who then romped at the fireside

has been, and still is, the brother bound to me by those dear bonds which grow stronger and sweeter as the years transform us from children to boys, from boys to men, and from manhood to old age.

Little Mary Anne! Little Mary Anne! This is the name consecrated by earliest and latest use. Little Mary Anne! Faithful, shrewd, upright, staunch, true-hearted Little Mary Anne! For sixty years of my life Little Mary Anne was a household word—Little Mary Anne a domestic institution—a force in the family—the wonder of all outside the home circle! She came when I was a baby of a few months old; she died in my house, at Ripon, some sixty years later. Little Mary Anne! I cannot tell what you were to us, for all that you were I shall never know. The family story is that Little Mary Anne saved my life. Certainly, if quiet, persistent, patient care of a poor, weakly and difficult baby can keep it alive, Little Mary Anne may be allowed the credit of having saved a child whose early hold on life was frail indeed.

Of things before my memory let me set down these. A baby, so weak that they feared to dress it, whose tiny back was daily washed with white of egg, having passed through the perilous days of earliest infancy, became a weakly child, with no appetite for food. This stage brings me to what I can remember. The long nursery, the green-painted, brass-rimmed fire-guard. Little Mary Anne seated on a low seat by the fireside—I upon her knee. Before me a plate with beef gravy in it; near this some bread, cut into tiny cubes. Little Mary Anne christened these "Lorums." Whence the name, or why, I know not, but the word was more picturesque to my childish mind than any geometrical description could be. The Lorums were dipped in the gravy, and I was invited to eat one. It was to me a burden and a bore. I turned my face



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away. Little Mary Anne began her art of coaxing. I did not like it ; but Little Mary Anne brought up all the family—father, mother, brothers, uncles, and aunts—as inducements to me to eat. The Lorums on the plate became consecrated to various relatives. If not for myself, I must take one for mother or father. How could I refuse? Shrewd Little Mary Anne! How well she knew what further names to conjure with. “One for Uncle William!” Uncle William, who would burst into the nursery, his hands full of toys of wonder, surpassing infant dreams. Flags and guns—guns that would shoot out pencils or peas—drums with which our childish hands could make day and night hideous. “One for Uncle William!” How could I resist? So it went on till at last the reluctant child had disposed of many Lorums.

To me it was a task to which I was coaxed by a voice and manner I could not resist. Now I know what it meant. What tireless patience! What faithful love! Success bought by a vast and constant expenditure of nerve power and bodily strength. Little Mary Anne, you were wonderful in your priceless pertinacity! More wonderful still in your unfailing cheerfulness! We took it all from you as a matter of course. You gave it all—thought, care, kindness, happy ingenious devices to make our nursery days joyous—all you gave as a matter of course. Yes, and therein lies the marvel and devotion of Little Mary Anne.

Little Mary Anne—nurse and companion—how many are the places of which I cannot think without seeing you beside us! Tranmere, New Brighton, Waterloo, Leasowe, Bangor, Dublin, Londonderry, London, Ostend, Malines, Cologne, Bonn—yes, Bonn. Ah! that was Little Mary Anne’s triumph. That was the expedition which made Little Mary Anne’s name a family wonder. Judge of it!

It was in 1848, the year of European convulsions. My father, my mother and my elder brother Henry, had gone to Germany to spend a few weeks at Bonn. My father, who always loved to complete the family circle, thought he would like his two younger children to join them. But how were they to come out? What escort could be secured, what fitting escort, in such doubtful days? What a thing it is to have faith! Little Mary Anne had done other great feats—could she not do this? So we set out, Little Mary Anne in charge of two children, aged seven and four respectively, to travel from Liverpool to Cologne or Bonn. The journey to London is a blank in my mind, but the steamer journey from London to Ostend I well remember. I recall the delight of getting on deck in the early morning, and seeing the pennant bearing the steamer's name run up the mast. I recall how the red and white bunting slowly unfurled itself and opened out to the morning breeze and disclosed to us the fact that we were on board the *Triton* steamer. I remember how in the cabin the steward brought us ginger-beer and my brother Archie warned the steward of the terrible fate which awaited him at the Captain's hands because the ginger-beer foamed over the cabin table! I remember the journey onwards—the big good-natured priest in the railway carriage, who laughingly imitated us when we swelled out our cheeks. I remember how the train swept into Malines station and I told Little Mary Anne that here we ought to alight. She had not noticed the name of the station, and, at first, she almost doubted the accuracy of my observation. But Malines it was, and at Malines we were to spend the night.

And so we did; at what hotel I do not know, but well, well I remember the garden in the rear of the hotel, and the Germans scattered over it, sitting in little green arbours

drinking their beer. And then came one of Little Mary Anne's supreme moments. We came out of the hotel and stood for a moment on the top of the short flight of steps which descended to the garden—Little Mary Anne, supported by her two children, my brother Archie and myself. And then—a glad and happy hour for Little Mary Anne—lo ! every man in the hotel garden rose to his feet, and Little Mary Anne flushed with a triumphant gladness on receiving this her first homage of continental politeness. Dear Little Mary Anne, for how many years did this little incident give her joyous memories ! Her glad garrulity in recalling it was always listened to with interest. I wonder how many of those men who showed respect to womanhood that day in 1848, when Little Mary Anne appeared, ever realised how much pleasure they had brought into the heart and life of one of the dearest and best of women. It was for them one of those unremembered acts of courtesy which make sunshine in other lives.

At Cologne my father met us the following day. The great Cathedral was still unfinished ; the strange and ominous scaffolding obtruded itself upon the eye, but, except for the grey greatness of the building and the mass of wood-work, I have but dim memories of the town. And so we came to Bonn, a town of students—so it seems to my recollection—a town of students and of soldiers. We loved to go down to the banks of the Rhine and scramble over the rafts which were often anchored near the shore. Little Mary Anne was our companion, watching carefully, and carrying us home promptly when we slipped our feet unwarily into the water. We saw many places in the neighbourhood. The story of Roland the Brave was told to us as we visited Rolandseck and the Drachenfels. We inspected the vineyards and alum works. The memory of blooming grapes mingles with that of blazing furnaces and of the

SOME PAGES OF MY LIFE

smiling face of the kindly proprietor who showed us so much that tiring day.

Adventures! Had we any? To my childish mind we had them. It was an adventure when courageous Little Mary Anne, wishing to look into the Prussian barracks, was menaced by the guard with lowered bayonet. It was an adventure when going one Sunday morning to the English church we were startled by the thunder of a cannon discharged in the Platz. It was a year of revolutions, and we hardly knew what tumult might be heralded by the firing of a gun. But it was only some festival day, and the terrifying cannon's roar was a roar of national joy.

Adventures! Yes—there was one tender adventure for me! Let me recall it. We made an excursion to the King of Prussia's palace at Bruhl. The party was a fairly large one, for some friends joined us, and when we reached the palace gardens our party was scattered and I found myself alone with a lady who led me into an arbour. I looked into her face—kindly eyes, and bright, soft, dark hair, rosy-tinted cheeks, and lips ripe and ruddy. And then her voice and what she said! Could I believe it? This sweet and wonderful creature was asking me to marry her! And I? Of course I agreed. Had I not seen a beauty undreamt of before? Had I not heard words of love? Don't tell me that I was only seven and she sixteen! Age meant nothing in that supreme hour. Are there not moments in which times and differences and impossibilities are all ignored? They count for less than nothing. "We live in heart throbs, not in years!" I came out of the arbour with a new sense of life. A great pledge was mine and a great trust! And so my first love and I parted, but we did not forget. More than one *gage d'amour* she sent me. A little blue leather writing-case is in my private room at Ripon; it is one of my precious things. Memories of that hour in

the gardens of Bruhl cluster round the poor worn case with its broken back and its dimmed cover. Yes, it was your gift, my Caroline, from whom I parted that summer day in 1848. Did we meet again? Yes. Forty years later I went to preach, by Lord Cadogan's wish, at a special service—the last to be held in Upper Chelsea Church before the old church was demolished. In the school-room afterwards tea was provided, and there I was introduced to a lady who bore a titled name. She was my first love! I looked and saw a little lady with a face like a wizened and russet apple! I wonder did she remember? She gave no sign, and I gave none. If she forgot, I did not forget the arbour and the day. We parted in 1848—we met again in 1888! She had sent me a writing desk, and I at the age of nine or ten had sent her a lawyer's letter when I heard of her engagement! Who shall say that there are no high tragedies in child life!

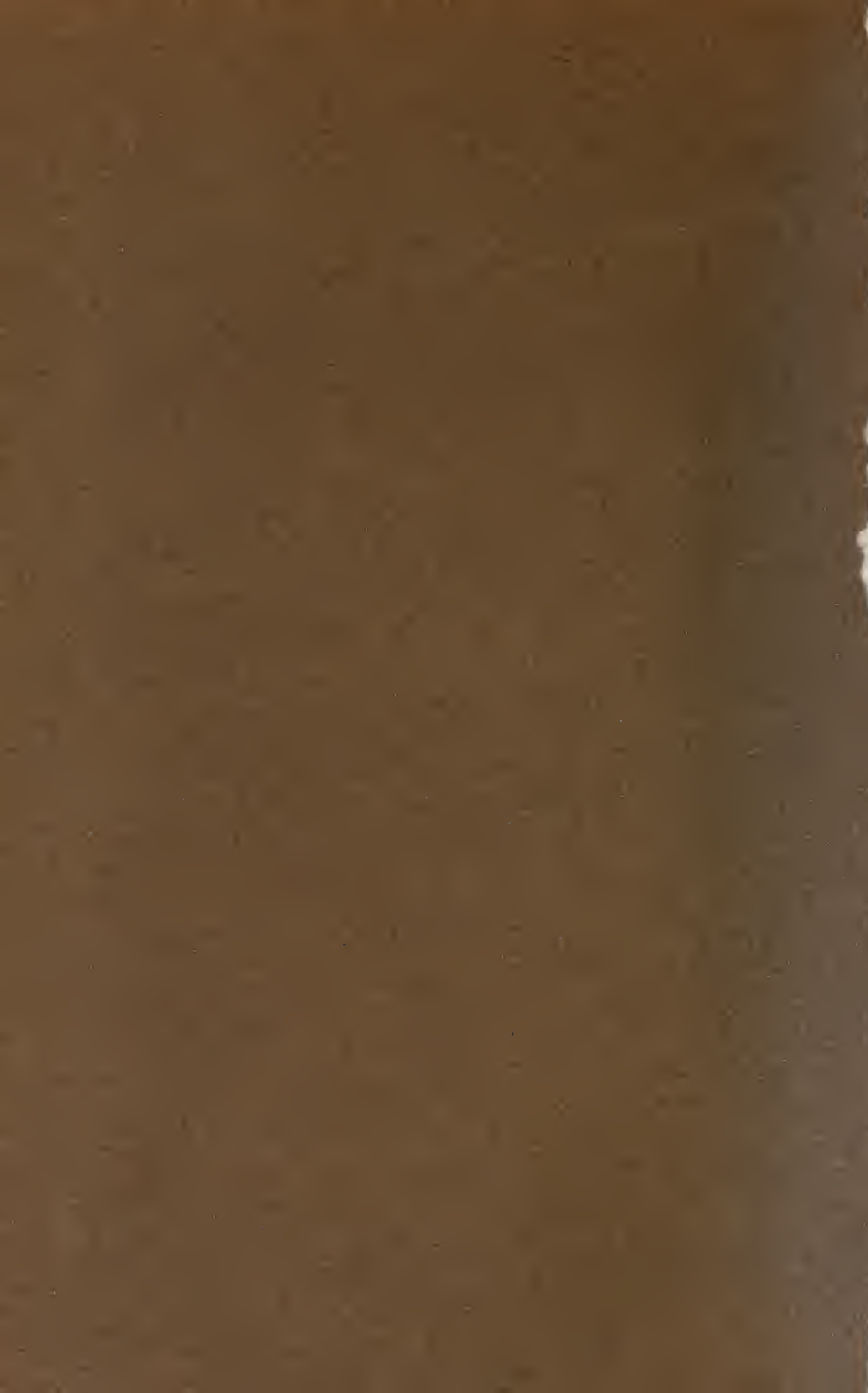
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

FASHIONS have changed, and one wonders whether the changes have all been for the better. Old fogeyism, probably, deems them to be changes for the worse: but old fogeyism means inertness of brain and consequent inability to measure the principles by which changes should be judged. One set of changes carries with it good, if the change is towards cheerfulness and the banishment of morbid views of life. We may be serious without being surly. The most earnest men I have known were men who put a cheerful courage on. In this direction I note some marks of improvement—a recognition of the joyousness of existence and a refusal to allow ourselves always to be haunted by sombre shadows. There is another aspect of the matter. The joyousness may be superficial; it may only be the eager wish to avoid thought and to stifle all reflexion by crowded and fast-recurring excitement. Joyousness does not spring from the pursuit of pleasure, but from the true apprehension of life. In so far as this spirit of joyousness has been recognised we may be glad; for the rest, the nervous and passionate craving for novel pleasures, can only end in exhausted capacities for real joy.

The changes in fashion, however, are not all serious. Some are only superficial. Matrons in my young days wore caps, and very fine caps they were. I remember my mother's handsome assortment of these caps. They were large and full, and covered half the head. They were of



HENRY CARPENTER



net, which was gathered into fulness over the head and round the back of the head. This fulness reached its maximum at the sides of the head, which bunched out into great splendour, for into the fulness was everywhere brought some narrow bright ribbon, which, giving a touch of colour to the lines of lesser fulness, became a clustered group of brilliancy in the centres of greatest fulness. I can recall these caps, bright with ribbons—yellow and amber—pink and green—and, as worn by my mother at breakfast, they give some picturesqueness to my memory of these morning meals. Perhaps some vividness is added to my memory of these home breakfasts by the fact that my mother, owing to ill-health, was seldom down for breakfast. It so happened, therefore, that my normal recollection of breakfast is of one at which my father alone presided and officiated at the coffee-pot.

As to fashion, it must be understood that my father then wore what nearly all clergymen wore, what is called an evening coat. All my earliest recollections are of the clergy of Liverpool dressed in this way. It takes forty years, I suppose, to kill a fashion: in the forties of last century the swallow-tail coat was general among the clergy. I remember the venerable Mr Fenn, of Blackheath, wore it as late as 1869. The last person whom I remember to have worn it was the Master of Balliol, and, so far as my knowledge goes, it went out with him.

It may be that the thought of my father endears to me the memory of the tail-coat, but I confess that the costume adopted by so many of the younger clergy to-day does not impress me as an improvement. The disappearance of clean linen from the clerical attire does not appeal to me. What was once a bright, white shirt front is now concealed either by the high waistcoat—once known as the M. B. (Mark of the Beast) waistcoat—or by a black silk dickey,

surmounted by a narrow (seldom clean) rim of white around the throat. Thus we see floating about among us numbers of doubtfully clean clerics, who appear to have adopted the costume of the most unpleasing type of the Roman Catholic clergy; while, at the same time, I have noticed that the Roman clergy have, many of them, adopted the much more pleasing attire of the Anglican of the Tractarian period. There is, as it seems to me, an old-world courtesy associated with the tail-coat period. Good manners appeared to cling to the evening dress, and the white tie suggested a profession devoted to the service of one's neighbours. The clergyman was a citizen whose function was the following of this sacred profession. He was one of the community whose status was clearly understood and recognised as a part of national life. He did not belong to a separate caste; he did not think of the state as an institution hostile to the welfare of mankind or of himself as bound to denounce it as Godless. He recognised that in the state varieties of functions were needful. He claimed that his calling made for the highest welfare of the nation, and he revered it accordingly, but he never treated his calling as though it were other than one among the different callings, all of which were necessary to the effective development of national life. He was always a man among men, a citizen among citizens, a clergyman at all times, but without the isolating vice of clericalism. Did clericalism come in with the vanishing of the swallow-tail coat? Here is a nice question for experts in the change of fashion to answer! The change did come. My father, true to the proverb—Never be the first to adopt a new fashion, nor the last to abandon the old—adhered to the dress-coat till home influence led him to adopt the clerical coat and a waistcoat, not the M.B., but one cut somewhat higher than of old, but which still showed the gleaming, white shirt-front. It

is in this costume that he is represented in the later portraits I have of him.

But all this time the home breakfast table is waiting. Let me suppose that it is nearing eight o'clock ; my father is in his study, at the centre table ; we boys are at the table near the window doing our work. My father slowly pulls his watch from his pocket, glances at it with the air of one who wishes to keep his mind from the interruption of the action, and says—" I think you might look after the coffee." My youngest brother and I rise from our books, go down the stairs and along the passage which leads to the kitchen. Just outside the kitchen there is a coffee-mill attached to the wall. We put the coffee beans into the mouth of the mill. One of us turns the mill handle, the other holds a cup below the mill, and presently the cup begins to fill with fragrant, freshly ground coffee. This piece of morning ritual is just fulfilled as the prayer bell rings. We carry the proceeds of our toil into the dining-room, where my father with his own hands makes the coffee in his own favourite coffee-machine, the companion of his college days. He does this office with carefulness and delight. The coffee is put into a central chamber of the pot, beneath which is a very fine sieve. This chamber is then covered with a sieve of somewhat coarser fashion. The boiling water is now brought and poured upon the upper sieve. It percolates down to the middle chamber and makes its way through the freshly ground coffee and thence it slowly works through the many holes of the finer sieve, and so reaches the lowest chamber of the machine, which is the coffee-pot proper—the treasury of the breakfast blessing. This process having been started, the servants troop in for morning prayer. My father reads a portion of the Bible : sometimes he calls on us to read a verse in turn. Prayer follows. The prayer is sometimes a simple prayer from the heart, commending the

home, the family, the parish, the nation, and missionary enterprise to the great guidance of divine Love. The Lord's Prayer and the blessing close the morning exercises. Rising from our knees, the Bible is put back in its place. We then repeat our morning text. By this time the coffee is ready, and my father, with many a comment upon the success or non-success of the process, pours out for each of us our initial cup of coffee. Usually the process is successful; the conditions are all favourable; the coffee is freshly ground—essential point number one; my father understands the process and the machine—essential point number two; the water has been really boiling—essential point number three; the success, therefore, is to be expected. My father expects it; he welcomes it—"That is right; that is the real *stingo*. I think you must have more milk," etc., etc. The meal is, perhaps, a somewhat silent one. The letters come in and occupy my father's thoughts. I note his face as he reads. I can read a hundred things there, though I know nothing of the contents of the letters. I can see the marks of anxiety, the pained expression, the pathetic wistfulness which flit across his face. He says nothing to us; he pulls himself together—asks some question about our work at school—urges us to eat our porridge, or to have some more coffee. But we are getting nervous about the time. School begins at nine o'clock, and, though we can reach it in five minutes, we have a wholesome dread of being late. We ask permission to go. We say our grace, and in a few minutes we are speeding to school. Such is my memory of a typical breakfast at home.

My father was a lover of certain homely virtues. He both appreciated and possessed some of those qualities which are not usually attributed to the Irish-born. He liked sobriety of behaviour, carefulness in expenditure, promptness in action, diligence in business. He insisted

on our punctuality in the morning and at meals. He would quote old-fashioned maxims. If we were over-exuberant in spirits, he would remind us that laughter in the morning sometimes meant tears before nightfall. If we spent our pocket money rapidly or foolishly, "A fool and his money are soon parted." If we dashed at work with reckless impatience, "More haste, less speed." He had enthusiasm for good, but he had a restraining good sense. He could romp with us, but he soon became exhausted ; he was more of a student than an athlete. Not that he disdained bodily exercise : on the contrary, he loved a walk ; he delighted in country excursions. In his youth he could throw well, but he turned by instinct and habit to his books. He had an exceptionally good and large library, never less than four or five thousand volumes. In the library theology, of course, predominated : we grew familiar with old divines almost without knowing it. In certain controversies we became well versed, without conscious effort—the controversy with Rome, the discussions about Calvinism, the Nonconformist disputes. In all my father sought the line of common-sense. Some of his Evangelical friends laid stress upon verbal inspiration. In this view the Bible was inspired, not only *totidem sentiis*, but *totidem verbis*. My father used to point out that, if the same story was told to four different men, each would write the story in his own way : it would be absurd to expect verbal identity in such a case. We realised that differences in the Gospels did not weigh against the value of the story.

He had a way of settling some arguments by a pregnant illustration. In meeting the argument that the whole of a doubtful book ought to be read before it was condemned, he said, "Must I eat a whole leg of mutton before I can pronounce it bad?" The illustration, of course, can be misapplied, but, as a caution, it has its place and value.

He loved poetry, and I remember the deep interest with which he read Philip Bailey's *Festus*. I recall his criticism of one line in which he thought the music was impaired by the elision of a vowel : the abridged word was *avalanche*, I think ; but I have failed to identify the passage.

But, perhaps, the hour in which we most enjoyed my father's presence was the hour at tea-time. School was over, and there was a pause before the evening work began. My father would then tell us the news : he had a happy and vivid gift of narrative, and he would make scenes and incidents living to our imagination. When he was deeply stirred, as with some pathetic tale, he became dramatic ; *i.e.* he felt intensely, and he depicted what he felt. In this way we drank in draughts of knowledge and were quickened to interest in current events.

My father's keen patriotism asserted itself unexpectedly on one occasion. The Crimean war had just commenced ; troops were being called out and hurried to the seaports for embarkation. Some regiments were to embark at Liverpool. Schoolboy like, we all hoped that the occasion would be a holiday, but the stern master of our school, Mr Greene, set his face against it. We came home depressed, and we told the story of our disappointment. We knew well that my father's judgment stood in such matters for discipline and order. He did not encourage fancy reasons or sentimental reasons for shirking school. We had, therefore, abandoned all expectation of a holiday ; but to our surprise, when we said, " Mr Greene refused to give a school holiday, to see the troops depart," my father quickly said, " Then I will give you a holiday," and a holiday we had. We stood within the railings of St Nicholas' church, which overlooked the docks, pier head, and river, and we saw the soldiers passing through the crowds which lined the streets. We heard the cheers of the multitude, the music of the bands as they

played "The girl I left behind me." We saw the passing of the men who were to climb the heights of Alma or take part in the "soldiers' battle," to share the joy when Sebastopol fell, or to leave their bones far off on the Black Sea coast. Looking back, I say that in this matter my father's judgment was right. There are scenes in which every citizen should share and which he should teach his children to understand and to remember.

My father showed the keenest interest in our studies ; my eldest brother was with him early and late, and thus fragments of classical learning met us in our early days. Later I was initiated into the mysteries of that mis-called book, the *Latin Delectus*. I confess that I quite forget how I learned to read, and some of the early stages of my acquaintance with Latin grammar have passed entirely away from my memory. I remember reading ; I have the book in which I was taught. I recall my interest in one special reading exercise, viz., in those reading lessons from which words were occasionally omitted ; the child who read was expected to supply the missing words. Looking back, this seems to me to be an excellent exercise. It compels attentiveness and alacrity of mind, and it trains children in the selection of right and fit words. The readiness to supply not only a word but the right word can be trained, and this habit leads to a discrimination of word values. This is a gain to more than mere culture ; it helps to truth, and it saves from endless controversy. Every day we are made painfully aware of the lack of a careful weighing of words. The controversies — political, theological, ecclesiastical — which afflict us might be reduced fifty per cent., if the writers and talkers had learned first to think and then to weigh words. Confusion of thought is the Nemesis of heedless verbiage. The obscurantist who poses as a champion of the Word of God, the glib enthusiast who

talks about Church interests, the partisan politician who is harping upon State management and State responsibility, all of these darken counsel by words without knowledge. They mean well, but they have never seriously weighed or carefully defined the words which they use as though they were possessed of an indeterminate, magical charm.

I first realised the importance of getting the right word through my father's industrious and indefatigable kindness in helping me to prepare for my first examination in Cæsar. He went over the book, or portion of it, required for the examination. He marked with a pencil the passages in which I was weak or hesitating. The next morning, before I was well awake, my father was at my bedside—Cæsar's *Commentaries* in his hand—and, then and there, he made me go over the marked passages. It was during this twice repeated process I awoke to the value of selecting the right word in translating. When I gave the schoolboy equivalent, my father would give a word which was both exact as a rendering and also harmonious with the drift of the sentence.

In matters affecting our studies my father was self-denyingly painstaking. At the time, I suppose, we resented the compulsion ; looking back, I realise the love and self-sacrifice which his vigilant industry displayed.

It is a happy reflection that, later on, I was able to repay a little of the sympathetic help he so freely gave us. My father was bidden, by the Bishop of Chester, to preach the Visitation Sermon. This task was an arduous and anxious one. It involved a kind of ministerial pronouncement before the Bishop, clergy, and churchwardens. The sermon cost my father much thought and study. He spared no trouble to make the sermon fit and worthy of the occasion. In making notes and copying out passages I was able to act as his secretary. I was then an under-

graduate at Cambridge, and I was obliged to return to Cambridge before the sermon was preached. It was preached in the October of 1862. The text was, "But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word." The sermon was a survey of the duties and responsibilities of the clergyman and the limitations of his work. In these days (when a clergyman is expected to be director of games, inaugurator of entertainments, treasurer of parochial funds, the fussy, ubiquitous deviser of novelties, besides being diligent in visiting and in attending at services—needful and needless—and being ready with a sermon or two on Sunday) it would, perhaps, be as well if the apostolic ideal of clerical duty—prayer and ministry of the Word—were more clearly apprehended. But the ideal to-day, alike of episcopal and parochial duty, is dissipation of energy—the apostolic ideal was concentration of purpose. This last was what my father sought to enforce. The sermon was well received; the Bishop referred to it in kindly and complimentary terms; many of the clergy thanked my father for it. Of all this my mother wrote me word, and told me also what gave me, and still gives me, great pleasure, that my father had said to her, when it was over, "I could not have preached that sermon without Willie." In truth, I did little, and the little I did was only mechanical; but the memory that, at least, my father felt that I had been of some use still gives me pleasure.

I have said that our early lives were spent in familiarity with controversy. My father loved peace and quiet study, but the circumstances of the time forced upon him controversy. First the Roman Catholic controversy was rife in Liverpool. Then came the Tractarian controversy. This was followed by the Calvinistic controversy, forced upon my father by the aggressive teaching of his colleague, Mr Gillam. Lastly came the nonconformist controversy.

In 1862 began the crusade of militant nonconformity, which has proved so disastrous to national piety, and which has tended to transform the nonconforming churches from abodes of quiet religion into political clubs. In my young days the nonconformist ministers of Liverpool were men of devout mind, who gave themselves to prayer and to the ministry of the Word. Dr Raffles and Mr Birrell, father of the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, were men of this stamp.

The intercourse which I recall between my father and them was one of friendliness and mutual respect. I remember Mr Birrell spending an evening at our house, and I can recall the quiet, gentle, and religious tone of his thought and word. But 1862 brought in men of other temper—noisy, controversial, partisan. The Rev. Enoch Mellor, a shallow and noisy controversialist who made hostility to the Church of England his gospel, became the mouthpiece in Liverpool of the new and unfortunate departure which substituted bitterness for brotherhood. In spite of protests from the better and more devout nonconformist ministers, the attack and campaign of misrepresentation went on. It was rank Philistinism. It began by raking up old grievances. It took as its text the ejection of the nonconforming ministers in 1662. It was ostensibly a bicentenary commemoration—it was in reality a political campaign. It altered the spiritual centre of gravity of nonconformity throughout the country. It was surely a very useless thing to write bitter words about the ill-treatment meted out to religious bodies two hundred years before. No religious bodies can look back with much satisfaction to their past history. If the Church acted cruelly towards nonconformists, the nonconformists in their day had acted with relentless severity towards the Church. The grievances of Churchmen against the Puritan

faction were as real as those which ejected ministers of 1662 had to complain of. No body of men at the time understood religious toleration, and any one who did was forthwith dubbed a latitudinarian.

The evenings at home were quiet. We boys had our school work or our favourite reading. My father loved his study, and, except when out on parish or other duty, spent the greater part of his time in it. I have in my possession books which bear witness to his industry. His note-books show how carefully he read. Other books show how completely he was master of his own library. In one book he kept a record of all the sermons of all the divines in his library. The book was arranged in the order of the books of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation. This gave a complete list of the texts selected by bygone preachers. Opposite the text was a reference to show where one or more sermons on it could be found. He could thus study the mode in which some great preacher of the past had treated the subject.

My father's sermons cost him pains. They were not pieces of easy garrulousness. They were carefully prepared, and on Saturday evenings we could often hear him going over them with loud-voiced decision. He was nervous, and knew the physical sensations which mark the anticipatory pangs of the orator. He was called to encounter disappointing experiences. When he came to Liverpool, Great George Square was inhabited by intelligent and affluent people, so that the parish, though it contained a number of poor, had a fair proportion of those who could support the charities of the church. The changes of time and circumstance altered this happy condition of things. The well-to-do people began to move further away. The Tractarian proclivities of one colleague and the repellent Calvinism of another drove people from the church. The parish became poorer and

more populous. The sources of help became fewer, and at the age of sixty my father found himself with the burdensome responsibility of a poor parish of 8000 souls. The days when the church had been crowded with a large and fashionable congregation were left far behind. It was now a parish where the poor were to be sought out and ministered to. It was in the course of this ministry that my father fell a victim to duty.

My father and my mother had travelled to Cambridge, to be with me when I took my degree. It was in the end of January 1864. They stayed for a few days. My father was far from well: walking about Cambridge with me, he took my arm, and he seemed glad to lean a little on it. Family trouble had upset him a great deal, and he had kept the trouble to himself for a time. The news of it reached him on a Sunday morning, and he resolved not to tell my mother of it till Sunday was past, as he wished to leave the Sunday unclouded for her. But the necessity of keeping silent while discharging all his Sunday duties told upon him. "I have never been the same since," he said to me, as we walked about the Cambridge streets. He evidently felt strengthless, for he allowed himself to be persuaded to lie down on the sofa in our college rooms, a thing unusual with him. He was, however, wonderfully self-forgetful, in spite of the weakness. I remember his resting on the sofa in my rooms and occupying himself with the Cambridge Calendar. I wondered what he was searching out so diligently from page to page. We soon found out. A friend of mine—perhaps my best friend in my own year at Cambridge—was placed among the Junior Optimes. My father, I think, saw that he was disappointed at his place in the Tripos list. He had recourse to the Cambridge Calendar, and, to console my friend, he produced from the Calendar a list of men who, though they had graduated among the Junior Optimes, had

gained distinction in later life. He loved to encourage the downcast in heart.

The few days sped fast, and my father and mother had to return to Liverpool. I remained at Cambridge to read for what was called the "Voluntary," a theological examination. It was settled that I was to be my father's curate. I parted with him on the Cambridge platform, but I never saw him again. He went home, and was taken ill. His doctor mistook the illness. I was summoned from Cambridge about three weeks after I had bidden him good-bye. When I reached home he was seriously ill.

The doctor, who had known him for a score of years, treated the ailment as a liver attack. It was in 1864. In 1862 the Prince Consort's death had directed the attention of all England to typhoid fever. From that time medical journals had discussed it ; there was little excuse for a doctor who two years later was unable to recognise typhoid when he saw it ; but the fact is that my father's doctor did not recognise it. Sitting on the stairs, a few hours after my father's death, he acknowledged his mistake. "I mistook," he said, "I mistook your father's case."

On the day of the funeral a surprise awaited me. As we approached the cemetery I saw a great throng of people awaiting us : it was a gathering of my father's parishioners who had come to pay their last tribute of respect. To me such numbers were unexpected. I had not realised how greatly the poor had loved him. His grave is in St James' Cemetery ; above it is the Mount, on which the new cathedral is now rapidly rising. Along the Mount we often ran as boys when my father took us out for early exercise. Now the great red towers rise high above it and look down on the river with its crowd of masts and funnels ; they will be noble landmarks for home-coming vessels. To me they will seem guardians set to watch over my father's grave.

Among the influences of our early home a place must be given to my mother's voice. I have heard many singers like Patti and Albani. They in their day have pleased me well, but there was no voice among them which could compare with my mother's for truthfulness and tenderness of tone. When we were young we would break rules and creep out of bed and stand in our nightdresses hanging over the stairs to listen as my mother sang. She was not diligent in her music, for her time and attention were given to parish work ; but when my Aunt Fanny was with us the piano in the drawing-room would be opened, and the evenings would become vibrant with song. My aunt sang a good second, and the memory of the duets sung by my mother and aunt is still a joy. In the dark and cold we would stand to listen. Their voices would blend in "We are two wandering minstrels," and out would soar my mother's voice, high and sweet as that of a nightingale. Then would come some solo which my mother, urged by my aunt, would render with faultless truth and exquisite expression. I wonder did she ever hear the softly murmured applause or the quick-drawn breath of the child-audience on the landing.

We were thus early trained to love and appreciate good music. It is true that we heard poor music elsewhere, but at home we heard only what was good ; our ears were accustomed to precision, and false notes became painful. I recall the curious, half-shamed feeling which I experienced when my love wished to admire singing which my ear told me was poor, flat, and unworthy. Ah ! life has some strange inner conflicts, where love and truth look askance at one another. Frankly, my mother's singing spoiled us for the ordinary school-girl performances, and the pretentious drawing-room vocalist was a veritable abomination to us.

I remember my first hearing of an oratorio. It was



HESTER CARPENTER



Judas Maccabæus. It overwhelmed me ; it was like an introduction into a new world, of which the gateway had been opened by my mother, but into whose full life I then stepped for the first time. The fragments of what I had heard kept tossing in my brain for days afterwards, and I went about singing or humming what I could remember. But our opportunities of hearing great musical works were not many. Life was too full at home to allow of much wandering after such pleasures, but we gained enough to know and feel what power music has over the emotions and the imagination. It could entrance us, and conjure up before us vast and vague visions of things too wonderful and too moving for speech. But, looking back through the many experiences of musical delight which have been mine, I can find no such heart-contenting gladness which music ever brought to me equal to that which I felt when my mother sang and we listened.

Once in later life, when I was at St James', Holloway, a curious and interesting experience was mine. Among my people was Mr Daniel Hill, who was President of the Sacred Harmonic Society. I have heard modern critics sneer at this old Society, but why should they ? The Society did good and useful pioneer work, and the public would have been musically poorer without such work. One day Mr Hill came to me and told me that the Sacred Harmonic Society had been charged with the duty of arranging the music or providing the chorus for the State Concert at Buckingham Palace. He offered me a place in the chorus, if I cared to accompany the Society. It was an interesting experience, and I accepted the invitation. At Buckingham Palace, seated among the orchestra, I had a splendid view of the room and of the assembling guests. Viewed from that height it looked like a huge flower garden, only the flowers were alive, vibrating with move-

ment, and the sound of their voices was like the murmur of bees. I marked the guests as they arrived and took their places. I saw the Archbishop of York (Thomson) enter and march in stately and silent fashion up the room. Then I noticed a stir at the far door ; the gay crowd moved like a gathering hive ; and at length, out of the crowd there emerged, smiling and affable, the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce). Then followed the concert. We had a quartette, sung with closed lips, by Titiens, Patti, Sims Reeves, and Mario. It was a wonderful treat, sung with the sweetly blending voices and highly trained skill. I enjoyed the whole concert. Afterwards I had supper with the performers. The conductor, Mr W. G. Cusins, asked me to say grace. So ended an evening full of interest. I had heard, under very favourable circumstances, the choicest singers of the day ; but they did not move me as the voice did which I used to listen to as a child in my nightdress hanging over the stairs and fearing to be caught out of bed.

There is, I suppose, some responsiveness in the blood which makes the voices of kin appeal with special power. At any rate, the memory of my mother's voice, of its sweet musicalness, of its quiet and flexible tones, of its restraints and of its expressive capacity, carries me back to the days when I heard it—now lifted up in song—now gravely admonishing—now reading some story, full of simple, home pathos—and now talking of those higher claims which God's love has on our life. And I know that not alone her character, but this wonderful gift of her voice, wrought with great influence upon my thoughts and feelings, and became a formative power, in many ways, in my life. Perhaps the power of this influence was great because it was seldom directly exercised. In our younger days Little Mary Anne was the central figure in the nursery, and my mother was absorbed—increasingly absorbed, as years went

on—in parish work, so that though she was always enthroned in the house and in our hearts, she had many outside interests which filled her thoughts and which, at times, gave her an air of detachment from pursuits and studies which appealed to us, but she held us always under the spell and charm of her personality and her voice; and when she drew me near to her, and spoke of right and truth and of divine love, she moved me even to tears.

I like to recall that those who knew her before I was born felt the spell of her voice and spirit; so I give here a letter which John Monsell wrote to her in, I think, 1869.

“EGHAM VICARAGE,
“SURREY,
“7th June.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—Oh, how dear were the days in which I remember you and your sweet voice, and sweeter spirits, and all the gentleness and quiet brightness which were around you! When I recall your image near that of the pleasanter of women, your dear mother, or under that roof, to me the dearest and brightest that ever was above *my* head—the roof of your sainted father’s home.

“And then, when your lot became one with that dear and holy man, whom I always admired and loved, my interest in you did not become less, tho’ our intercourse from distance declined. That pleasant evening under your roof in Liverpool, which I do often think of with delight, and all the quiet fun we had together.

“Oh, my dear friend, be sure of this, that no new friends ever can displace in my heart the dear old ones that my childhood knew, and you are amongst them.—Ever your very affectionate old friend,

“JOHN MONSELL.”

A painful experience of my life came when my mother’s singing voice began to lose its power; when we asked her to

sing and knew the change which had come. I could not bear to ask her afterwards. I sometimes think she would have liked us to ask her, but I could not bear to lose or to mar the sweet and earlier impressions. I never cared to look upon the face of the dead. Sometimes, indeed, the dead face brings soothing and healing thoughts, but more often it is only a painful mask which mocks our wistful and questioning glance. Even as I feel about the dead, I felt about my mother's voice. It was too glorious and precious a memory to lose, and I am glad that my recollection of her singing is now of the early days when her voice drew us from our beds. In writing this I am thinking only of her singing voice. Her speaking voice was clear and beautiful to the last, soft, yet full, delicately articulate and clear.

A curious thing happened during her last illness. She had seldom shown much interest in poetry as such ; she rarely quoted any, but to our surprise she began shortly before her death to recite long passages from Milton ; and having recited them she would comment on their beauty and power. "There is real poetry," she would say. The rich stores of memory were being ransacked ; age brings forth from her treasures things of earlier days. Does the failing memory go slowly back, reading the record of life backwards, tearing out the more recent chronicles and so by degrees reaching the entries of youth and childhood ? Does it obey at eve the voice obeyed at prime ? At any rate my mother at eighty-seven quoted with vigour and accuracy long passages of *Paradise Lost*.

She kept her old vigour long : only within the last six months of her life did she begin to show signs of weakness. Within a year of her death she went the annual excursion with the mothers and women of her Bible class. When past eighty she went her long pilgrimages collecting among friends and subscribers for the missionary cause she loved

so well. She overtaxed her strength in the work she loved ; but when we sought to check her she was so much troubled that we had to desist : to thwart her in what had become a strong habit and a real pleasure would have done her harm. So, till weakness forbade, she pursued her way, working with glad content, and at length sank painlessly into that weakness in which she passed away in a year marked for me with threefold sorrow.

MY JINNIES AND GAMES

MY JINNIES! No, it is not likely that this word will convey any meaning to my friends of later years ; but my Jinnies were much to me. They filled a real chapter in my life ; they were my amusement, my comfort, my romance, my humiliation, my triumph, my temptation.

What were they ? Take a piece of flannel, of whatever size you will, roll it lengthwise ; then tie a knot close, but not too close, to one end. Then you have an improvised and inexpensive doll. The knot forms the head ; the tuft, which sprouts above it, is the head-dress ; the portion below the head, which should be the longest portion of all, is the decently draped body. It is a Jinny, and to my childish mind a Jinny was a joy. This, however, is only the beginning of the romance. There was a tribal history of the Jinnies. They fell into various classes according to circumstances. Little Mary Anne would tear off the blue list of pieces of flannel ; these I eagerly seized. Cut into small portions, dowered with head and headgear, they made a small regiment of tiny blue Jinnies. They were of inferior stature, and I named them Pudules. Sometimes, however, a large piece of coarse flannel came my way, and a gigantic Jinny was the result. The Jinnies of this class constituted the tall and magnificent regiment of those who were called Rodericks. I can give no reason for the name, except that Roderick sounded to me like the tall and herculean chiefs who defended their country with physical vigour.

Perhaps Roderick Dhu suggested the name. Thus there were a giant and a lilliputian regiment or tribe in my growing kingdom. As the numbers grew I found that chance often determined into which group or tribe any new Jinny should fall. The quality of the flannel or its colour affected its destiny, and so did the shape of the head. Sometimes the knot was so tied that the head was comely, with a decorous breadth and patent modesty. Sometimes it was massive and aggressive. Sometimes it was narrow and eccentric. Sometimes it was small and commonplace. When large and aggressive, the Jinny was classed as a Roderick. When small and commonplace, like the blue list dolls, it was a Pudule. When narrow-headed and eccentric it was classed as a Winipeg. But chief of all were the moderate sized, broad headed, modest looking Jinnies who bore the title of Marcus. Hypothetically, there might be many of these, as members of a ruling family may be many, but actually there was for me only one Marcus, the true chieftain, the king of my little kingdom of Jinnies. In process of time my Jinnies numbered one hundred, and Marcus held among them high state, enthroned among admiring subjects and protecting troops. Every night I selected those who were to keep me company in bed. Seldom was dear Royal Marcus absent; he and his train were tucked under my pillow, close to my hand, and drawn out to my lips, where their warm little bodies gave a sense of comfort and companionship to me in the darkness.

But every history has its tragedies, and my little kingdom of Jinnies was not exempt. First, my small kingdom was not loved or approved by the powers that were. My Jinnies were viewed as aiders and abettors of a bad habit, the sucking of my thumb. In consequence, I always felt that my little kingdom lay at the mercy of a great and contiguous power. Diplomacy was needed to maintain the

integrity of my kingdom and the semblance of its independence. It was a kingdom threatened by intrigue ; bribery was not unknown, and, of course, *force majeure* always was on the horizon. Added to this there were what I may call the internal dangers which wait upon kingdoms. Sometimes Little Mary Anne would persuade me that one or other of my well-worn Jinnies wanted washing. To wash it fitly the Jinny must, for the nonce, lose its head ; prosaically speaking, the knot in the flannel had to be untied. Now, do what you will, and be as skilful as you please, no knot in flannel quite resembles another. The process of washing therefore involved the risk of a sad and terrible change of feature in my beloved friends. Sometimes this meant a change of social position. The newly washed Jinny did not re-appear in a form worthy of its former estate ; it went in great, it came out small ; it went in normal, it came out eccentric. Thus my little kingdom was liable to certain social changes.

Happily the king, Marcus, managed on the whole to maintain his royal visage not greatly changed among many vicissitudes, save for one adventure, which sadly and sorely tried his form and my heart.

Little Mary Anne had left us for a time, and her place was filled by an Irish nurse, Mary Annesley by name. Mary Annesley was impulsive, affectionate, strong, but somewhat given to oddities. Once when she was going for a few weeks' holiday, as we thought, she persuaded me that the Monarch of my Jinnies, the Royal Marcus, would be the better for a holiday in the bracing air of Fahan, in the North of Ireland. Moved by her persuasions, and feeling that to yield was the more unselfish course, I reluctantly consented. Weeks passed by, and then it was broken to us that Mary Annesley was not coming back, and therefore my beloved Marcus was left without escort. There was only

one way by which he could return, and that was (alas ! for the fall of so dear a monarch) by post. By post therefore he was sent, and eagerly I watched for the arrival of the postman. At last my letter came. As I viewed it a pang smote me. Could my Royal Marcus possibly be in this small envelope ? He had gone from me with his royal and affluent presence, not brutally big like the Rodericks, but at least of kingly stature and grace. Apprehensively I opened the packet, and then—a poor shrunken, clipped figure was in my hands ! Alas ! for the exigencies of economy ! Mary Annesley, to reduce the cost of postage, had pared down my favourite, and, instead of the figure which had pleased my eye as well as captured my affection, I had only this poor, faint, and shorn image of himself. Happily, affection is strong. Marcus, though not the royally personable figure of yore, was still Marcus, king of my Jinnies. So he was re-enthroned as a monarch restored to his kingdom. But the things which had been ceased to be, and my little Jinny kingdom was robbed of one feature of its glory.

Must I chronicle my weakness ? To be just, I must here tell the story of my great betrayal of my much loved kingdom. I have said that the home authorities looked with no friendly eye upon my Jinnies. They were believed to encourage the bad habit I have mentioned. No opportunity therefore was lost which might weaken or destroy the hold which my flannel comrades and comforters had upon me.

My mother had an ample cupboard off her own room ; the cupboard was lined with shelves ; the shelves were laden with neatly ordered packages, boxes, bottles. It was the home of the family medicines, the scent bottles, the powders, which could be converted into refreshing and wholesome beverages—the salutary spring-time draughts. And last,

not least, here were the sweets, doled out to us with a prudent reserve when we had swallowed some nauseous medicine, or, perhaps, on a Sunday for church time. A square cardboard box, about four or five inches in length, three in width, and two or two-and-a-half in depth, contained an assortment of sweets—lozenges, gelatine, ginger, black currant jujubes, and peppermints. To my childish eyes it was a goodly store. One day, as I watched my mother putting these in order, she suddenly made me what appeared to my mind a stupendous offer. The whole box of sweets should be mine, if I would surrender to her all my Jinnies. My heart and mind were divided. I was conscious that it was mean to give up my friends for a box of sweets. On the other hand, I had a half-conscientious feeling which told me that my mother was right in her aim. The box of sweets, moreover, was a real gain. And so, partly to please my mother, partly in recognition of the rightness of her purpose, and partly seduced by the heavy bribe of sweets, I was prepared to yield, but with a stipulation. I was content to give up my Jinnies, but not to sacrifice them. So my stipulation was that if I surrendered them they were to live in honourable retirement. Yes!—my stipulation was accepted. Marcus, the shorn but honoured king, should have a recognised and established position in the cupboard of home remedies. He should live enthroned among the household medicines, perfumes, and sweets. And so, for a season, my little kingdom went into exile, and I had the painful satisfaction of seeing my Marcus seated, quiet and resigned, among the bottles and cardboard boxes of the mysterious cupboard.

This arrangement, however, proved only temporary. A convenient, but unsought, illness was the occasion of a change. I was a poor little sufferer, in bed, lonely—most lonely—without my host of comforting friends. Then the

home powers relaxed, and the Jinnies were restored to me. With their help and the doctor's, with my mother's care and Little Mary Anne's nursing, I recovered. But no word was spoken of insisting on a further fulfilment of the cupboard treaty ; the Jinnies remained with me till the moment when sudden and irretrievable disaster befell them.

The Jinnies were my humiliation when I agreed to the cupboard treaty—they were destined to be my temptation in the unexpected crisis which I must now describe. Punctuality is a virtue. Great men have declared that they owed their success in life to the practice of this virtue. Certainly, want of punctuality has been the ruin of many. Punctuality was honoured in our home. To be late for morning prayers was a heinous offence. Our appearance was measured with a strict observance of the clock. One fatal winter morning, when the cold was great, I was a minute or two late. My father was away from home. I entered the dining-room, where the gas was alight, and a frostily bright fire was burning in the grate. I knew that I was late, but I was not prepared for what was to follow. My mother reproved me for being late, and then—here the horror of the situation grew—"it was all due," she said, "to those horrid Jinnies ; it was time they were destroyed" ; whereupon she bade me go and fetch them all. Sadly, I climbed the stairs and entered the nursery, feeling like one who was called to martyrdom and sacrifice.

My Jinnies were kept in a cloth bag. I took it from its resting-place. My heart sank. Must I part with them ? Must they all go ? As I contemplated the greatness of the calamity, I felt, as hundreds have felt in facing trouble, if only it were a little less I might have borne it. If only I were not called to sacrifice all was my thought. The Pudules might go, though it would cost me a pang ; yes, all might go, except the one, the tried heroic companion,

the king, my Marcus. If I might keep that ! But the order was inexorable—"Bring all." We had been trained to obey, and obey I must. But was there no way of hope ? A sudden thought came to me. I got some paper. I carefully wrapped up my Marcus in it. Thus, made into a little parcel, I put him at the very bottom of the bag, and then I crammed all my remaining Jinnies upon the top of him. Then with sorrowful heart, and with the bag full of my beloved comrades, I descended the stairs. I entered the dining-room ; I handed the bag to my mother. As I did so, I said, "There is a parcel at the bottom of the bag." I watched her anxiously. She took the bag, and with what seemed to me to be ruthless fingers she drew forth my Jinnies in handfuls, and threw them straight upon the eager fire. As group after group was taken out, I waited for the critical moment, when the dangerous parcel at the bottom of the bag would be reached. The dreaded moment came. The fire was fast consuming my flannel hosts ; save for the parcel, the bag was empty. My mother handed it back to me ! My Marcus' life was saved ; my device had succeeded. I knew that there was a measure of deception in what I had done. I am afraid that I was more glad than ashamed, for I had preserved the one dear monarch of my much loved kingdom.

Poor Marcus ! His last end was more prosaic than if he had perished in that winter fire among his loyal followers. His life was precarious ; and after a time someone (carelessly, I suppose, for I did not see it done) must have flung him upon a dying fire, for I found him marred and charred among some cinders and ashes which had been thrown away.

Such is the story of my Jinnies. Yes, it was very childish ; perhaps it is childish even to tell it, but, as I look back, I think that anything which plays a part in a child's

mental history has a value. Whatever exercises a real influence upon the thoughts, habits, and affections is worth weighing. My Jinnies were to me a life apart. No one, not even my brothers, understood fully what they were to me. But they formed, as it were, the inhabitants of an inner realm which had its happy and tragic history, its warriors and its slaves, its brave captains and its stainless king. They were the romance of my early childhood.

A physician of some eminence once said that mental weakness or insane tendency was shown when children pretended to be what they were not. When the little girl put on cap and spectacles and said, "Now, I'm grand-mamma," or when the little boy stuck a piece of cane in his mouth and pretended to smoke, saying, "Now, I'm papa," they were exhibiting signs of intellectual degeneracy. If the opinion is a correct one, we must have been sad degenerates, for we constantly played such imitative games. I don't know whether we played at being our grandparents; we certainly played at being clergymen. We turned the schoolroom into a church; we pounded on the wooden bricks as though they were the keys of an organ; we made the chairs represent the congregation; we went through the semblance of the prayers and we preached the sermon.

Besides imitating people, we played at being steam-engines or steam-boats. When we were steam-boats, we organised the system of service. We settled rigorously the ports to which we were each allowed to ply. On the Mersey ferry steamers plied from the pier head, Liverpool, to Seacombe, Egremont, and New Brighton respectively. The distance to Seacombe was about a mile, to Egremont two miles, and to New Brighton three miles. We portioned out the sides of Great George Square to represent these three distances. My brother Archie was to ply to Seacombe, *i.e.* he was only to ply from our house to the

nearest corner of the square. I was to ply as far as the end of the next side of the square which represented Egremont, while my brother Henry had the privilege of adding to his course another side of the square, the further corner of which represented New Brighton. We carried out the services with vigour and solemnity. We provided ourselves with wooden laths, which we held at an angle in front of us, like the prow of the steamer. We puffed out our cheeks and made the sound of the steam working through the pipes. We passed one another with serious and set faces, and only showed boyish eagerness when we took it into our heads to race one another on some return journey. Was it cerebral weakness made us do this? I wonder.

I was much struck the other day in reading the account of the way a lady endeavoured to teach her pupils. To impress upon them the story of Arctic travel she made the children play at the game of Polar enterprise. A clothes basket was the ship—one end of the room was the region of ice. The adventurous ship was brought over the ocean to the great ice plain. The children shuddered with the cold. They crossed the realm of broken ice. They reached their goal, or they rescued the heroes who were imprisoned there. I thought there was wisdom in such an appeal to the imagination. I thought that the whole meaning of Polar enterprise would be vividly presented and long remembered by making the children act the scene. I do not think she was fostering mental weakness by exercising the gift of imagination, which is so natural to children, so precious to thought, and so easily destroyed by the utilitarianism of the world. Be this as it may, we imagined ourselves to be what we were not, and we delighted to act the part of what we imagined ourselves to be.

I suppose it was the same mental quality, good or bad, which would send me through the streets declaiming

on some theme, having imagined some situation and pictured myself bound to speak upon it. Sometimes the tendency to do this was awakened by a bit of news and became irresistible. One instance I remember. It was in 1852, when I was eleven. I was walking in the streets of Liverpool, and I suddenly read upon a newspaper placard "Death of the Duke of Wellington." I was conscious of an overwhelming rush of feeling, in which sorrow, admiration, and dread amounting to terror, filled my mind. The Great Duke was gone! The Iron Duke—the central hero of English life—the one invincible guardian of our shore—the victor in a hundred fights, whose very name was enough to daunt the soul of any invading foe. With his death the one shelter of Britain was swept away. Our country lay open to attack, weak indeed, now that her great champion had fallen. I was carried away with the tumult of such feelings, and I found myself racing along the street, and apostrophising England, now reft of her great and trusty defender. It was to me a moment of genuine sorrow and of an unappeasable sense of loss. I record this memory, as it may serve to chronicle the kind of reverent affection which the Great Duke had won and the extraordinary sense of security which his name had created in the country.

We had our indoor games, and, I must confess it, our attempts at practical joking. Those who read this chapter will be inclined to believe that our boyhood justified La Rochefaucauld in writing, "*La jeunesse est une ivresse continuelle, la fièvre de la raison.*" But we were young and our spirits were high. With this apology I describe one of our little practical jokes; it had its foundation in the manufacture of a *ditty*. No, you don't know what a ditty is, nor can I give any explanation, derivation, or justification of the term. But when one of us said "Let us make a ditty," immediately visions of glorious amusement filled our childish minds.

Now, a ditty is made on this wise. You first secure a long bolster ; you then tie a stout piece of cord round it, compressing the bolster at that point so as to form a neck and leaving enough bolster beyond it to form a head. Then you have the head and trunk of your ditty. You now proceed to dress it and give it legs. You put on it a shirt, for decency's sake : you pull a pair of trousers up its trunk and tighten them round the supposed waist : you stuff the legs of the trousers with loose linen, so as to give them a substantial appearance : you put on it socks and then boots or shoes. You provide yourself with a mask, which you attach to the head. A quantity of tow will now make a noble head of hair. You find the gayest coat you can discover, to finish the figure. We found, tossed away in a lumber room, a fine blue cloth evening coat, with gilt buttons : in this we arrayed the figure, and our ditty was complete.

But now his duties were to begin. We attached a stout rope to his head and separate strings to his feet and hands. We then lowered the ditty over the banisters and gently guided him to a seat at the foot of the stairs, which abutted on the hall. There the ditty gracefully reclined, and in an elegant and easy posture awaited the arrival of any guests. From above we were able to direct the movements of the ditty. My elder brother was responsible for the movement of the body, the head rope being under his charge. My younger brother and I were responsible respectively for the movement of one leg and one arm each.

When a visitor entered, the ditty would rise, and, extending his right hand, would advance with a smiling welcome. If it happened to be a day on which a clerical meeting was held at my father's house, the ditty had plenty of hospitable duties to perform. Except for want of speech, he acted with a grace and graciousness which at any rate

we upstairs appreciated. His reception downstairs was a different matter. Sometimes we would place the ditty on the first floor landing, which adjoined my father's study, and when he came upstairs to go to his study the ditty would pursue him with a fond eagerness more flattering than welcome. I remember how, when perhaps preoccupied in mind, he would gather his coat close to him and say to the insistent figure—"Go away! Go away!"

Such was our ditty. I am inclined to think (though I stated at the outset that I could give no explanation of its name) that its name was due to the dainty tip-toe character of its walk when moved from above. Ditty seemed to describe its dainty mode of progression. However this may be, it amused us and others.

We had many out-of-door sources of amusement and recreation. There was always the river, with its wide, tawny waters, to be crossed. We could go over to Woodside and climb the hilly country which lay between the Mersey and the Dee. We could take the steamboat to Eastham and ramble about the well-wooded country lanes, or if we wanted more of the fragrance of the sea, we could take the longer trip to New Brighton and ramble among the sandhills, and renew our acquaintance with the "Red and Yellow Noses" on the Cheshire coast, and even walk as far as Leasowe Castle, or perhaps to Hoylake, a healthy, sandy, and grassy hamlet. If we were in a different mood, we could wander among the docks and mark the vessels, great and small, the crowded shipping, with its perennial interest. We knew every ship, I think, by sight—certainly every steamer which went out of port. We discussed their length and their speed. The docks had another attraction for us. In some there were piles of timber. Some were the great, square hewn lengths, which we could mount easily, and along which we could run, passing from length to length. But

some timber was stacked in shallower lengths, which were laid one upon another in such a way that every alternate length projected a few inches beyond its companions. This arrangement gave to the timber-stack a ladder-like foothold, and enabled us to climb to the summit. This done, we felt that we had achieved something, and, further, we could command from the top a clear view of the shipping in the dock. Climbing the timbers became at one time a small but thrilling adventure. There was an element of risk which was exciting. Indeed, when there was a high wind, the ascent was somewhat perilous, as the foothold and handhold afforded by the timber was narrow. This little amusement of ours was put an end to when it was discovered at home. My father wanted to know what we meant by "climbing the timbers," and one day he accompanied us to the docks to investigate for himself. On reaching the place we left his side, and, like young antelopes, began climbing. We hoped to show him how easy and how safe it was, but he saw the risk, and thenceforward this little venture was forbidden.

With the summer came cricket. We played it wherever and whenever we could—in the open yard at the back of the house, if nowhere else could be commanded. Our games there imperilled my father's study windows. A free hit from the wicket would send the ball crashing through the glass. At other times we would pitch our wicket on the grass in Great George Square, and play ourselves weary on some hot summer afternoon. Then would come school matches, with all their excitement and with also their terror, for Dr Turner, the headmaster, had a penchant for cricket and a special fancy for bowling. One of his arms was shorter than the other, and he looked somewhat formidable as he fondled the ball before delivering it. He had a habit too of shouting out results before they happened, and this

was disconcerting. It was awe-inspiring enough to stand at the wicket and meet the bowling of the headmaster—it was terrifying when the very instant that the ball left his hand he would cry “Eh ! how nigh.” It made the poor, trembling batsman believe that his fate was sealed, and often the prophecy fulfilled itself !

Football did not appeal to me. I remember once being bidden to keep goal. My partner in this duty was a boy whom we called “Gob.” He stood on my right. We saw the ball coming, we separated, and the triumphant ball bounded between us and passed the goal. This is my only memory of my football experiences. I was not efficient in that field, I fear. Cricket was another matter altogether, and though I never played well, I loved it well. And once I had a success. I went in first and I carried my bat. My score was insignificant (it was, if I remember rightly, nine) ; and the majority of these runs was made when my brother Archie joined me at the wicket. We understood one another, and knew at once when and how to run. His quickness helped me in the making of runs. He was a free hitter, and he doubled my score in a very short time. But it was one of those days of youth which is long remembered because of the brotherly camaraderie which helped us to achieve our small success. Those were not the days of big scores : our champion player made thirty-five, and deemed the score quite satisfactory.

My free afternoons I sometimes spent in attending the Law Courts when the Assizes were being held. I loved to hear the sparring of rival advocates : my ambition was to be some day one of their number, but that ambition was laid aside.

EARLY FRIENDS

IT is curious how regrets, however foolish and ineffectual, linger with us. It seems ludicrous to write it, but nevertheless it is true that I am conscious of a feeling of regret as I recall how I parted with a much prized treasure of my boyhood. I must have been about thirteen or fourteen years old. Sitting one day in class at school I brought out surreptitiously my last-acquired treasure. It was a tiny hammer ; the shaft was of copper, the head was of iron or steel. It was, I suppose, a jeweller's hammer. How it became mine I cannot remember, but its smallness, its delicacy, its harmony of form, its pleasing change of colour made it pleasant in my eyes. To me it seemed a possession beyond all my dreams, so beautiful it was, and so unlike anything that had been mine before. I brought it out with joy and fear and with a shy pride. I showed it to my neighbour—a boy about my own age. He looked at it. His face was enigmatic, and at length he said, "Give it to me." I was taken aback : the request was so daring and startling, and the manner of it so calm. I said "No." He still persisted. "But," I said, "I want it ; I like it." "Yes," he said, "but there would be no merit in giving it to me if you did not want it. The real value of giving is when you give what you do want." It was coldly and quietly spoken and with the air of one who had, quite unintentionally, but very really, convicted me of selfishness. Don't blame me, reader : I have written myself down as a

weak fool many times since, but I gave him the treasure. The little treasure—which had hardly been in my possession for more than a day or two—was surrendered to the hypocritical impudence of a plausible school-fellow. It was not generosity on my part ; I don't think it was even the wish to take the nobler way. It was the weak wish to gratify another. I hated to give pain or to give cause of offence. Was I equally weak in another matter ? My grandmother had given me a little New Testament. I carried it in my pocket at all times, and I would read it at odd moments. This was found out by some one or other of my school mates, and when we were doing the Greek Testament one or another would call out, "Hand over the grandmother !" and so my New Testament was used as a crib. I did not so use it myself ; I had a horror of resorting to cribs ; I liked to work out the meaning for myself with grammar and dictionary. I never felt that I really mastered a passage in any other way.

I made few real friends at school. One lad there was who did become to me what a true and great friend might be—Samuel Kerr. I have his portrait still. It is a faded photograph, but it represents a boy of open face, surmounted with a plentiful supply of crisp and curly black hair. He was Scotch, and spoke with an undoubted Scotch accent. He had a straight and honest mind, and we talked much of mental difficulties without concealment and without cant. Often after school we would walk together on the Mount, as it was called, the high walk which flanked St James' Cemetery, and which now skirts the new Cathedral. There, as we walked, high questions filled our boyish minds. I think that the Calvinism then in the air sent us along the old and futile track of freewill and predestination. The word Determinism had not then been coined, and there was no Bergson to tell us how unreal were the contradictions

which our own limited concepts had set up. But the exercise of our minds in these problems did us only good. We honestly wished to see our way, and it was helpful to exchange thoughts with one another. We were separated a good deal when I left Liverpool for Cambridge, but we still corresponded, and saw one another during the vacations, and always the thought of Sam Kerr's friendship was a joy and support to me. But one of the sad experiences of my life has been the early snapping of those ties which, had things been otherwise, might have given me the joy of life-long friendships.

There were three boys to whom my heart was in one way or another specially drawn—John H. Trench, Sheppard Welland, and Sam Kerr. Of these, only Sam Kerr was a school mate. Sheppard Welland was a son—the youngest son—of my father's old friend, Mr Welland, who was architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of Ireland. John Trench was a son of the Rev. F. F. Trench, the Rector of Kells, in the County of Meath. All three died young, and I lost their friendship before I was thirty. The first to go was my school mate. I heard the news of his death during the May term, at Cambridge. He developed lung weakness, and was sent on a voyage, and he died at sea, somewhere in the Mediterranean.

John H. Trench took an agency in Ireland, and found spiritual light and help at the time of the revivals there. I had letters from him, full of the new inward joy and rest which had come to him. His work in Ireland and mine at Cambridge kept us apart, and his early death robbed me of a pure and clean-hearted friend.

Sheppard Welland was the one with whom I exchanged literary ventures. We submitted to one another our compositions, and, indeed, in our letters we often broke out into verse. Welland had gifts of real promise; he had

more than a mere pretty fancy. At times his power of phrasing had the inevitableness of genius in it. He took an engagement as assistant editor at Cassells', and when I came into the neighbourhood of London, Welland was a frequent visitor at our house. He was a helpful and hopeful critic of my early sermons; he was an amusing and kindly guest, and he knew that there was always a welcome for him. His end was tragic, and with his death the little circle of my boyhood's friends came to an end.

Other friends have come into my life—friends of a later time—who have brought to me joy of heart and encouragement for life, but no filling of one cup will replace the loss of the cup which was broken almost as soon as it was tasted.

Family pets! Will anyone deny the educative influence of the family pet? Our boyhood found some joy in two dogs: Flora—dainty, clever, faithful, loving Flora; and Bruin, *alias* Duffy—Celtic-blooded, eager, reckless, dull-witted, affectionate, fun-loving Bruin. Were not these our friends?

Flora! Was there ever such undetachable love as dwelt in the heart of Flora—Flora who could not and would not be lost! Flora, whose fidelity in love broke down our sternest resolves! Flora was a small dog, covered with soft, black, curly hair, with patches of golden-brown which glowed here and there about her. Her eyes looked at you with gentle, wistful affection. Flora! your only fault was your sex. Why did you bring upon yourself trouble? You were greatly loved, but, somehow or another, the love which was given to you did not extend to your puppies, though you were so proud and so fond of them. You faithful creature, your sorrow came out of your affections!

We could not lose Flora; that was one great satisfaction in her friendship; there was no need to be anxious if she were missing. We took her out for long walks. We often

crossed the river to Egremont or New Brighton. Sometimes we lost her among the sandhills, but the faithful Flora knew her way home. She could embark on the steamer, cross the river, and trot up through the docks and the busy streets, and confidently climb the steps of our front door. She could not be lost, but, what was more, she would not be.

There came a day when my mother pronounced sentence against Flora. Her sin was her sex. She was troublesome with her puppies, and they were burdens by reason of their number and variety ; so the decree went forth—Flora was to be banished. She was sent carefully to some distant place ; she was conveyed by carriage or by rail, I think. She was on her arrival straitly tied up. Our house was no longer resonant with the patter of faithful Flora's feet. We all missed her. We boys greatly missed the companion of our excursions. I think my mother in her inmost heart missed her. Certainly a silence seemed to fill the house. But one evening there crept up to our door a poor, thin dog, hobbling with difficulty, for she had two legs bound together, but she managed to gain admission to the house. She limped into the dining-room. I can see my mother's face as the forlorn-looking Flora lifted her trustful eyes and leaped up with joy, as much as to say, "I have come back. I know you will all be glad, as I am, that I am home again." My mother bent over her to caress her. The sweet fidelity, the indomitable energy, the toilful patience and unsuspecting affection of the creature vanquished all prudent resolution, and Flora was welcomed with unstinting love and reiterated admiration. So Flora would not be lost.

Very different was Bruin, or Duffy as we sometimes called him. If Flora was our sweet and sagacious attendant, placid and patient in her affection, Bruin was our comrade, ready to share in any enterprise which befitted our highest

spirits. Bruin, in fact, loved to behave in unconventional fashion. He had no regard for the decorum of the streets. He would, indeed, violate civic order after fashions of his own, and sometimes he would do so in such a way that we were fain to disown him. For instance, we took him out ; we walked down a crowded and fashionable street—Bold Street—the Bond Street of Liverpool. Suddenly Bruin would desert us ; then we would hear a sound of scrimmage, a faint yelp, and then, like an avalanche, Bruin would emerge from a shop, looking round eager but unashamed to join us again. We knew too well what had happened ! Bruin had espied some little dog, seated by the side of a lady who was making purchases in a shop ; into the shop had Bruin dashed ; he had assailed the unsuspecting dog, rolled it over, worried it, created dismay, confusion and dust between the counters, and then, having satisfied his belligerent instincts, had hurried out of the shop, more anxious to rejoin us than we were to welcome him. We vainly tried to cure him of this ill habit ; but he was Irish born and he loved a row. He was quite good-natured over it. As the Irishman said, “When you see a head, hit it,” Bruin would have said, “When you see a dog, if it is a little one, go for it.”

Troublesome as Bruin was, and annoying as his bullying habits were, we were fond of him, for he was so imperturbably good-tempered. He was so ready to play any game or to let us play any game with him. We would take him by the nose, press his head down between his legs and so make him turn a somersault ; he quite understood the game and would play it. We would sometimes divide our forces. Two of us would go on quickly, while one of us remained behind and held Bruin. After an interval, Bruin would be released and would dart off in pursuit of the advanced guard. What a reckless course was his in his eagerness to overtake us ! He regarded no obstacle ; he would claim the right to the

shortest cut. If the old woman at the foot of the hill would elect to sell her oranges at the corner, she must take her chance when Bruin, like a whirlwind, would dash round the corner. If the little stall were overset, and the golden fruit went rolling down the street, what cared Bruin ! He had his work and duty in life ; he was no Atalanta to heed any fruit scattered in his path. Bruin was our playmate—Bruin wild-spirited, whose thick black hair would rise erect and elate with the prospect of conflict—Bruin with laughing eyes which asked you to come out and play—Bruin who wagged his tail and seemed to say, "I am ready for a lark."

Bruin, with all his quickness, was in matters of topography a dull dog. He could find his way home when all was plain before him, but any obstacle paralysed his powers. If, for instance, we lost him at the other side of the river, he had no idea how to get home again. He had wit enough to go as far as the pier, but not enough to go on board the steamer and cross over. So when we lost him, if we found ourselves in Liverpool without him, we had to take the steamer back to the Cheshire side to find him. And sure enough there, on the Egremont or New Brighton pier, with his nose lifted up expectantly, Bruin would sit waiting for us to fetch him. He was in this the opposite of Flora. Flora would make the way she did not find ready-made. Bruin did not know how to avail himself of the way which lay before his face. Out of this dulness came the end of his comradeship with us. We moved from Great George Square to Falkner Square. I was at Cambridge at the time, but it seems to have been decreed that Bruin was not a fitting inmate of the new house. His lack of topographical instinct became his undoing. He was sent away somewhere while the move was taking place ; he may have been given away. He never appeared in Falkner Square, but it was reported that he had been seen, seated on the steps of the

old house, waiting for and even challenging an entrance into his former home. So—I blush to write it—the last scene of Bruin’s known life shows him seated at the door which he knew so well, waiting for his little comrades,

“who would return no more.”

These are the only pets of ours whose chronicles find a happy and ready place in my memory. My Aunt Fanny had a dog—a fat, long-haired, white dog, with yellow spots and a pug-like nose. We detested it ; my aunt adored it. His name was Fop. He was introduced as an honoured friend and as a musical genius. His claim to the latter title was based on an undeniable fact. Whether the inference from the fact was correct or not I am not constrained to say. I have my own opinion, but I have no wish to prejudice the case of this claim. The indubitable fact was this : my aunt would place Fop on the table, facing her as she sat. She would then sing to the dog. When she reached certain notes, Fop would throw up his head and utter forth his voice with strength. My aunt called it singing. We gave it another name, but then we were prejudiced. So I leave the question for the impartial to decide.

MY TEACHERS

How shall I describe my teachers? The first place must be given to Miss Wingate, who was our governess. Her appearance was not attractive ; indeed, there was much in it to repel a child. She was small of stature, she had crippled limbs, she wore irons and halted in her walk. Her complexion was sallow, her teeth defective and discoloured ; little bubbles gathered round her lips as she spoke ; but, in spite of all these drawbacks, we were drawn to her and impressed by her. She was an enthusiastic Scotchwoman. She loved to speak of great deeds and true heroes. I do not recall with any degree of definiteness what she taught, but I have vague memories of English history, of Richard Cœur de Lion trampling splendidly on the flag of the Archduke of Austria—of brave chivalrous Saladin and his feats of arms. Visions of heroism and true knightliness haunt my memory of our schoolroom hours when Miss Wingate was with us. All my memories of this period are vague and nebulous, but there is a golden haze over the clouds.

Miss Wingate gave place to a Mr Thomas. We had, I suppose, outgrown the governess stage of our childhood. Mr Thomas appears on the scene, a short little figure who three times a week used to mount the stairs to teach us in the schoolroom. There was something provoking in the little man. He wore a long black frock-coat, the skirts of which swayed about him as he walked. But worse, he annoyed our sense of propriety by clapping on his hat when

he left the schoolroom, and keeping it on his head as he descended the stairs, passed through the hall, and went out of the front door. He may have annoyed us in other ways—it is the rôle of schoolmasters : he certainly awakened some repulsion by his habit of drawing us near to him by our forearm ; but the head and front of his offence was the wearing of his hat before he left the house. This was unpardonable, and we prepared our rebuke. The stairs went down the middle of the house between the rooms at the front of the house and those at the back ; outside the schoolroom door was the landing which comfortably commanded the stairs at the point where they approached the first-floor landing. Our preparations were simple. We merely provided in concealment a large and heavy table-cloth. As soon as the fat little man with his tall hat offensively perched upon his head had reached the lower steps near the first floor, and so was well beneath our hands, we let fall the voluminous table-cloth, which took him into the embrace of its ample folds and bowed him head and hat groundwards. I can recall the involuntary stoop and lowered crest of our enemy. I do not recall what followed. He was indignant, no doubt ; but the joy of the exploit has blotted out all recollection of consequences.

I am not sure that I regret this childish vengeance : the man was vulgar and offensive, and the hint to him may have been useful. But one piece of childish mischief I do regret. We had another teacher, a crinkly-faced little Frenchman, Mons. Caillet by name. He came three times a week to give us French lessons. He did not, I think, always come at the same hour ; perhaps it varied with his other engagements. One day we were playing about the hall when a ring came to the door, and the great question rose to our lips, “ Was it Mons. Caillet ? ” It was desirable to know, but it was highly desirable not to let him into the house one

moment earlier than was possible. In a flash the deed was done. We opened the door by just a chink, and shut it instantly, but we did an unkindness and a grave discourtesy, and we wounded the sensitive soul of the punctilious little Frenchman.

I wonder whether he ever realised how greatly we respected him and with what a sincere attachment we regarded him. I can recall him now, seated as he often was at our tea-table ; his yellow, wrinkled face patinated with tiny glassy surfaces ; his dark eyes, his courteous bearing, his conversations with my father, who loved to draw him out and make him feel that he was a welcome and honoured guest. What was his story ? Whence did he come ? What fate or fortune flung him into Liverpool to seek to make a living there ? Was he an exile, with some romantic story of peril or adventure ? He may have been, and yet he was hardly of the metal of which revolutionists are made. I can hardly picture him as a victim of the *coup d'état* ; but one never knows ; perhaps that little yellow-faced man had the soul of a hero. He could kindle with wrath, but chiefly at some breach of courtesy or good manners. Poor little lonely figure, neatly dressed, bearing a brave heart, never failing in native politeness—when you left our door did you go to some obscure lodging, where food was scant, because money was scarce ? I wonder what his history was and how his life ended. He crossed our path ; for a short time our orbits seemed to join ; then we parted never again to meet. But he goes from my gaze, neatly clad, self-respecting, courteous to the last.

The change from Mr Thomas whom we overwhelmed with the table-cloth is a change from short to long. Mr Todd came next. Mr Thomas was low of stature and stout in build ; Mr Todd was broad and tall ; Mr Thomas would fain have been severe ; Mr Todd was gentle, for-

bearing, mildly reproachful, bearing always the air of one who would say—"I hoped better things of you." He was a large, loosely made man ; he had an unexpectedly mincing gait ; he dressed in decorous black, and we called him "The Saint on his toes," for he had a peculiar walk and manner. I had almost quoted Dante's description of the souls in Purgatory, "*Pudica in faccia, e nell' andare onesta*" ; but Mr Todd's gait was less than dignified. We had a morning game which we played daily with "The Saint on his toes." He used to tread the stairway delicately, and we prepared for his Agag-like approach. On the half landing and on the final landing we erected barricades, we tied chairs together and bound them again to the banisters. Thus protected by double defences, we took our places on the top landing. As soon as the enemy approached the first barricade we assailed him with soft balls and every harmless missile we could lay our hands on. The Saint smiled while he broke down the first defence. When he had so far succeeded we retreated to the schoolroom, leaving him unassailed to struggle with our second line of defence. When, after a little delay, he entered the schoolroom, he found us with heads bent attentively over our books. The Saint made no comment ; he kept on smiling. He did not stay with us long.

These were our men teachers—I cannot call them our masters. Afterwards we went to schools, preparatory and otherwise. In Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, there is a house set a little back from the road : it has a side passage by which you can pass to the back of the house : here was what passed for the playground of "England's" school. Mr England was a clergyman, broad-shouldered, red-haired, and with bandy-legs. We called him "Coddley-loey" ; the word somehow, to our boyish minds, seemed to express the movements of a bow-legged man. As he walked his

stride appeared to strike a strain, the rhythm of which was "coddley-loëy coddley-loey." Mr England was silent, but observant. If you committed a fault—talked or laughed in class—Mr England made no remark ; but when the hour of release came, he would bid the culprit remain. He brought out his cane, and, dashing round the partition door of the large schoolroom, would give the victim three or four sharp cuts across the palm of the hand. I think we respected him. He never rated or scolded, but he meant to keep discipline, and he did. Did I learn much ? I have no recollection of learning anything, except what may be learned from schoolfellows. One lesson I learned—not to make confidences. I told one boy of a small misfortune which befell me. It was all over the playground next morning. It was my first lesson in reticence. I had many others at home and at school, but the first lesson is always bitter.

So I went to the Royal Institution School when I was thirteen. The headmaster was the Rev. Dawson W. Turner, D.C.L., late Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford. The Rev. James H. Puckle, M.A., of Cambridge, the author of an excellent treatise on Conic Sections, was mathematical master, but within a few months he left to be headmaster of a school at Windermere. He was succeeded by the Rev. Albert Glynn. Mr Wilson was third master and Mr Glass was writing master. Mr Glass was a Scotchman, precise, prompt, perceptive. He kept order well, was never harsh, was never encouraging.

One day, walking in the town of Berwick-on-Tweed, I caught sight of a familiar figure. I said to my wife, "There is Mr Wilson, who was once a master at the Royal." We pursued, but lost sight of the figure. He had turned down a passage ; we followed. There was a house at the end of the passage—a quiet, self-respecting house, retired from all vulgar noise and bustle. We knocked and asked whether

Mr Wilson lived there, and we were shown into a small and cosy room, in which stood Mr Wilson. He looked at me doubtfully. I think he knew me, but I introduced myself. We stood and talked a little, but I had a feeling that he did not welcome our intrusion. Had he tried to shut the door upon the world? Did he want no reminder of the past? Yet I think he did not resent my wish to see him. I bade him "good-bye," and left him in his retreat. This incident was the last link with my former masters.

Once the late Lord Goschen told me that so little impression had his early school days made upon his memory that he could not say whether they were days of happiness or unhappiness. As I look back upon my school days I hesitate to describe them as unhappy, though I certainly could not call them happy days. At all times our days as boys together had their happy hours, but those hours were not the hours at school.

I wonder if I can picture with sufficient clearness what my life was at the Royal Institution School, Liverpool. From our house in Great George Square we could reach school in five minutes by a scurry and a rush. We were due at nine in the morning. We were released, unless circumstances caused delay, at noon. We were expected for afternoon school at half-past one. Morning school held no horrors for me, for in the morning we were under the guidance of rational men. I respected Mr Hale Puckle, under whom I was initiated into the mysteries of Euclid and narratives of Cæsar, though I never could understand why Euclid, for me, should begin at the Fourth Proposition of the First Book. Of course, red tape always has its conventional defence of seeming absurdities. The class into which I was drafted was doing the Fourth Proposition. Why should an exception be made in my case? So, with no knowledge of definitions, or of axioms, or of earlier propositions, or, still

worse, of the purpose of Euclid's work, I had to wrestle with the Fourth Proposition. I use the word "wrestle" with due deliberation, for it presented me with a difficulty, the significance of which I could not explain. It was difficult because it was so simple. I felt sure that the argument was being played with, and that there was something arbitrary in its apparent simplicity. I never felt sure that those triangles had really been proved equal. The lack of any teaching about lines and their meaning, angles and their definition, may have led to the misgivings which filled my mind—I wanted always to be quite sure before I could surrender my right of doubt. Unfortunately, I was too timid to ask questions, and I had to be content with a provisional acceptance of certain conclusions. Happily, this attitude of mental suspense did not last long. Mr Puckle went to a school of his own in Windermere, carrying with him such regrets as school-boys give to a just and kindly gentleman who maintained his authority with dignity and quietness of manner.

But for me it was a happy change, for then there came into my life the one real teacher to whom I owe more than I can ever repay. How shall I describe him? Of good height and well-knit frame he was, but of these one did not think, for it was his face and head which arrested attention—a big, clear brow, surmounted by golden red hair, through which he ran his eager and nervous fingers as he talked; blue eyes that looked you through, that could gleam with fury, which we knew to be half-playful, for he could smile and reassure us. His manner towards us was often one of what I can only describe as serious chaff. He never let out his wrath for any mere blunder, but only against subterfuge, meanness, cowardice—"Face facts, don't resort to self-deceiving apologies. An excuse," he used to say with scorn, "an excuse is worse than a lie." It was an effort to deceive

oneself, and so more deadly to the moral sense than a lie known to be a lie. He made us feel that truth was a thing which demanded an inner respect : it was not to be measured by what others might deem it. We might do our lessons with such accuracy that we could win full marks, but if we did not ourselves understand what we had done we ought to feel that we had fallen short of inward reverence for truth. "Don't try and cheat the devil," he would say. Truth never could sanction cheating oneself, or winning a success by an evasion of difficulties, or by putting out as the truth what was not truth to ourselves.

Such was the Rev. Albert Glynn—a Peterhouse man, 16th Wrangler in his year—and my only real teacher among my schoolmasters. Why do I say this ? The real gift of teaching is rare, and this is not to be wondered at, seeing that so many false and mistaken conceptions of the purpose of teaching prevailed and still prevail. Sometimes no ideal exists in the teacher's mind. His occupation is irksome, and he is glad to shuffle through the day's work as easily as possible. Sometimes the ideal is that of success in examinations with its certain nemesis of superficial knowledge—a crammed memory and an inoperative intellect. My own life had experience of contrasted ideals. The headmaster had some ambition to train scholarship-getting pupils. He had a hundred devices for the manufacture of tabloids of knowledge. We had skeletons of history—English, Roman, and Greek. Notebooks were always to be used. Scrappy and desultory information was dealt out, and we were expected to enter in our notebooks every item. Our notebooks were therefore extraordinary compilations, crowded with incoherent bits of knowledge—rules of hygiene jostled with historical facts—derivation of words with injunctions how to brush one's hair or to clean one's teeth. Every bit of information might, if remembered, come in useful

some day. Frankly, not one of these ever served me well.

But Mr Glynn's ideal was not that of snatching right and left and turning one's memory into a kind of waste-paper basket. He hated notebooks. He sought to strengthen the mind, not to furnish the memory, and in doing this he strengthened the memory without wearying it. "Don't put it in your notebooks ; it's like keeping your brains in your boots," he would say. "If you have it in your notebook you won't have it in your mind." His principle was, arm the understanding and memory will act as its willing handmaid. He felt responsible—yes more, enthusiastically earnest to get us to understand what we read. Without understanding there was no education. The mind might sleep even while a parrot-like repetition of a lesson went on : and this was fatal. Often as we drowsed over our books he would leap from his desk, and, with some witheringly cheerful chaff, bid us put away our books and cease to be 'muzzy-pated humbugs.' He would gather us round the black-board, and with a lucidity which was a revelation, and with a joyous enthusiasm, he would give us a demonstration of the principles of the subject at which we had been working. Was it a new proposition of Euclid over which we had been ineffectively poring ? He would make it luminously clear as we stood at the black-board. Was it a fresh step in algebra ? He would let us read for a time, and then awake us into active attention, and show to us the real significance of the principle which made the fresh step possible. I think that I can safely say that not one of those black-board demonstrations was lost to me. My mind leaped in sympathy with the clearly given proof. I understood : there was no need to ask if I remembered. I had become possessor of a new weapon of knowledge. It was not like an addition to the row of jars on the shelf of

one's memory. It was the joyous consciousness of added power. In harmony with his method he said: "Don't worry your mind to remember a number of algebraical formulæ; be content with a few fundamental ones, and work out the rest for yourselves as you need them."

The result was to me a joy in work. It was his inspiration which sent me to mathematics, because he met, as no other master had done, the demand of my mind to understand every step before I went forward. He was the mathematical master. He loved his mathematics. He would beam all over his fair and expressive face when a problem yielded a neat result. "Pretty," he called it; and he taught us, therefore, not to be satisfied with the first form of a result, but to spend a little time to correct an awkward form into a pretty one. One result of this happy teaching was, as I have said, a joy in work. There was another result. I knew very little in the ordinary sense of the word. When I went up to Cambridge a kind tutor there said that I had read very little. It was quite true, but what knowledge I had was secure, well digested, thoroughly grasped. I knew little, but I was master of what I knew.

The Royal Institution was presided over by a committee or council, who managed the affairs of the Institution, the Museum, and the Art Gallery, and had, no doubt, authority over the school; but the direction of the school was in the hands of the headmaster—the Rev. Dawson W. Turner. It is difficult to give an adequate picture of Dr Turner. A man somewhat over middle height, strongly built, with a sallow complexion tinged with a redness in the cheek; shaggy, unkempt hair hung thickly round his face, save above the forehead, where it was thin even to baldness. Never was man more heedless of his appearance. His clothes seemed to be shambled on anyhow. They were loose garments hung round about him rather than clothes. He

wore low shoes, and sometimes would dispense with socks. He carried a big stick, and was always accompanied by a large brown-and-white dog, which lay beside his desk during school-time. What shall I say of his character? He was impetuous, effusive, generous, eager to impart any and every bit of knowledge which came his way; but he was eager, injudicious, rash of speech, inclined to hector, and strangely unequal in rewards and punishments. He had little settled plan of education. Everything seemed to be haphazard. There was no continuity in our lessons under him. From day to day we did not know what books we might need in class. I went to afternoon school with an armful of books, cumbrous and often superfluous, but carried backwards and forwards day after day because of the uncertainty which prevailed. These I can remember were always with me at one stage of my school career—a Xenophon (*Anabasis*), an English history, a Roman history, a Greek history, a Milton, a geography book, an atlas, a Greek grammar, a German grammar, Hans Andersen's *Tales*, an Italian grammar, and a notebook.

The afternoon was divided into three parts; the first hour and a half we spent in the headmaster's room. It is difficult to indicate the order of our work, for it was subjected to many changes, and new topics were so constantly and irrelevantly introduced that order only stood for something exceptional. However, in the hour and a half we faced geography, Milton, a sketchy and hurried attempt at German, a wild dash at a bit of history, with some interlude when we were required to put into our notebooks some facts regarding health or some scrap of passing information.

At three o'clock we had a release from the torture of anxiety which always prevailed in our hearts while in the headmaster's room. We were happy, and could give some

peaceful attention to the lessons given by one of the assistant masters, perhaps by lovable, kindly, courteous, James G. Lonsdale; but as four o'clock came, or perhaps, more happily for us, at five or ten minutes past four, we were again transferred to the headmaster's room, and were supposed to do some Xenophon. There were some interruptions which shortened the lesson—a bright idea, a sudden thought, a digression arising out of the lesson or out of a newspaper article, was made a reason for suspending the story of Darius and his two sons. One great boon nature herself—combined with the prudent fears of the Council of the Institution—brought to us in the winter months. By four o'clock—sometimes soon after half-past three—the darkness began to fall, and as no gas was allowed and no lights, school work was suspended by force of circumstances. But Dr Turner provided a way of occupying us, for which he should be commended. Adjoining the school there was a police-station and exercising-room; into this large room the whole school would be drafted. A drill-sergeant put us through exercises, and later we were provided with single-sticks, which had basket-work handles, and we went through innocent sword exercise. The move from the schoolroom to the exercise-room was deservedly popular. To those of us who dreaded the hours we spent in the headmaster's room it was an escape from a time of painful apprehension to one of happy immunity from fear. I say deliberately from fear. It was with a sinking heart and often with trembling limbs that we entered the headmaster's room. The morning question in the playground was: What sort of a mood is the Fiend in? In schoolboy phrase the Fiend meant the headmaster. Boys are quick to hit off a man's failings, and though their language may be severe, it is not often wholly unjust. The extraordinary paroxysms of wild and increasing passion, followed by furious and inordinate

use of the cane, to which Dr Turner was liable, were the cause of the playground nickname. When stirred by passion he seemed to lose self-control, and the punishment he inflicted was without sense of proportion. Let me recall one scene. It is the afternoon ; the classroom is filled ; boys are seated on each side of the long brown painted table which ran from Dr Turner's high desk down the centre of the room. At the side of the room, opposite the fireplace, are two lines of desk, one on the floor level, the other slightly above it. I am seated at the upper level, and I can command the scene. We are told to turn out our *Miltons* and turn to the first book of the *Paradise Lost*. One boy is bidden to read. The passage was that which describes the call addressed by Satan to his fallen troops, who lay thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa or scattered sedge afloat. The boy called upon to read, Boulton by name, was a lad, tall for his age, but neither bright, nor gifted with a musical ear ; but whatever brains or sense of music he may have had were put to flight by the perilous task of reading an unprepared passage from a work, the aim and purpose of which had never been explained to the class. Poor Boulton, however, had to attempt the task. He read :—

Or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew.

So far, all was fairly well, but with the first word of the next line came the crisis—Busiris. Boulton had never seen it before. He dashed at it, making the first *i* short. “Busiris,” he said. Turner roared reproach. “Bu,” said Boulton, hardly knowing what was wrong. “Bu,” said Boulton, growing paralysed in brain ; and out again came the wrong quantity, Busiris. He had reached the mental stage in which the mistake once made becomes persistent. His perplexed and fear-struck mind

was thrust into strong bewilderment by the reiterated shout from the headmaster's desk. "Bu—Bustris," despairingly said Boulton. Dr Turner leapt from his desk, seized his cane, and flogged Boulton with a wild vehemence which staggered us.

Such were Dr Turner's wrathful moments. Hardly less strange were his moments of grim jocularity, when he affected to pity some poor lad who showed that he felt the burden of school and its fears. "There, go home—go home, and cut your throat from ear to ear, and end all your miseries." His tongue was ready with set phrases of school-worn vituperation. "There, let it alone, you great weary oaf"—or "you great weary cub." These were hurled at our heads in a promiscuous sort of way. Nervous lads were terrified, and conscientious good lads were startled into unwonted evil by his tongue. I remember one tall, timid, overgrown boy who suffered much. He was not mentally strong. He was known to be a good and pious-minded lad, but I overheard him one day under his breath hurling out profane denunciations at the master who was making his life a torture. Dr Turner came near to the truth when he said, as he did sometimes in a half-pathetic way, "I suppose your idea of heaven is a place where there are no masters."

There was an odd sentimentalism about Dr Turner, and this, blending as it did with his habitual impatience, gave rise to strange scenes. It was the custom that morning school should begin with prayers: these were read by one or other of the head boys at nine o'clock punctually, even if the headmaster had not arrived. The little office consisted of a psalm read, followed by a prayer. The prayer was in the headmaster's writing: only those boys who had really mastered it beforehand could read it correctly. On one occasion the head boys who were expert at this reading were not in time, and the task fell to the lot of one of the

seniors who had never read prayers before. During the reading of the psalm Dr Turner arrived, entered the room quietly, and took his place alongside the reader. The psalm ended, the reader attempted the prayer: "O Lord God Almighty, we . . ." pause: [Dr Turner therefore prompted—"thank Thee that Thou hast"]—"thank Thee that Thou hast," echoed the reader: another pause ensued [Dr Turner again prompted—"kept us"]—"kept us alive and well to the . . ." another pause [Dr Turner—"beginning of another day"]—"beginning of another day," said the reader—"and we pray Thee"—Dr Turner prompting again, but with obvious irritation—"we pray Thee," said the reader—"we pray Thee to grant——" Dr Turner's patience broke down; then he cried, "Go on; 'Our Father'—I'm quite sick of it."

Yet another scene in the large schoolroom. The time again is morning: the boys of all classes are assembled for prayers: the occasion is special: it is last day of term. On the first and last day of term Dr Turner took the prayer. The psalm is read as usual by one of the head boys, and the headmaster begins the prayer. It is extempore, as it is called, but it sounds very like the ordinary prayer, with a verbal difference here and there. The moment for it has come. The headmaster casts his eyes up to the skylight. He clutches at the hair upon his face, and his words are something of this kind: "We thank Thee that Thou hast kept us—who are safe and alive here——" At this moment the door is slowly opened, and a tall boy begins to slide round the door edge and to introduce himself as silently and stealthily as he can; but the movement, gentle as it is, has attracted and distracted the attention of the headmaster: he breaks off the prayer, and turning on the intruder shouts, "Go out—go out! Casson, put that idiot out"; and then—"Who hast kept us, who are safe and alive here, to the beginning of another term"—The rest may be left: the

prayer was continued without further interruption. It was the extempore prayer, which was always the same ; but the interruption was a new incident. Only one boy in the school would have ventured an intrusion which called attention to the fact that he was late : only Sancta Simplicitas could have dared it. The boy who came in was the overgrown, simple, conscientious boy whom the headmaster exasperated into profanity, and who now, by his very simplicity, exasperated the headmaster into such a startling outburst at the time of prayer.

I have said enough of Dr Turner's eccentricities. His capacities were versatile : he had benevolent impulses, quick sentiments, great kindness, but little steadiness of method or purpose. He loved strange and lonely expeditions : he spent one Christmas vacation at the time of the Crimean war in visiting the Crimea and seeing how our troops were faring. The impulsiveness of his benevolence showed itself in other ways. If a boy answered a question, or asked one just in the way which Dr Turner liked, he might meet an immediate reward. Turner would throw himself back in his chair, dive a hand into his loose and capacious trouser-pocket, and extract from thence a coin. "Here, catch it," he would say, as he tossed a threepenny bit towards the happy or abashed boy. There were at school some little humbugs, who had the wit and courage to adopt unblushingly the phrases which the headmaster approved ; other boys who followed the ordinary rule and used the conventional form of question would fall under wrath. For instance, when the class were writing from Dr Turner's dictation a boy might ask, "Please, sir, how do you spell epidemic ?" whereupon he would be met with this sarcasm : "You idiot ! how do *I* spell epidemic ? Do *I* spell it differently from anyone else ? and can't you say something else than—Please, sir ? There, Smith, tell the idiot how to

ask the question." Whereupon the well-instructed little prig would say—"Pray, sir, how is epidemic spelt?" and would win perhaps a small silver coin for his priggishness.

School had its unexpected successes and disappointments. In my first term I got the prizes for history and geography without the faintest expectation or even thought of doing so. So unexpected was my success that when on the prize day my name was called I never stirred from my place, for my mind was elsewhere, and only when I was prompted by someone did I go up to receive the prizes.

But I had disappointments, and perhaps the one which troubled me most and longest was a disappointment about a holiday task. For the Christmas vacation one year we were given the Fifth Book of Virgil. It was a voluntary task, and I set to work, and, moved by what spirit I know not, I translated the whole book into English blank verse. I was pleased with my achievement, and when the holidays ended I gave in my work with some expectation of commendation, but silence was my only reward. The manuscript was never returned to me: it was never as much as mentioned. I confess that though some fifty-five years have passed since I gave in that holiday work, I should much like even now to have that manuscript, if only as a record of some spontaneous boyish industry. One year the subject for the Divinity Essay was the Four Great Religions of the world. I competed, and was successful. One might speculate whether this early task of mine had any unconscious influence in my choice of subjects for the Bampton lectures some thirty years later. At any rate, it remains as a coincidence which interested me.

One word must be added to give the final touch to my remembrances of Dr Turner. His strenuous life of teaching had a sad and very touching close.

With all his little eccentricities he was a kind-hearted,

able, and unselfish man, and a good teacher of promising pupils. His later life was shadowed by mental illness : on his recovery he gave himself to works of kindness. The following letter from my old school-fellow, Sir Dyce Duckworth, tells the story of his last days :—

“MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—Poor old Dr Turner died yesterday in Charing Cross Hospital after an attack of apoplexy. He lived ten days afterwards. He is to be buried on Monday in Brompton Cemetery. If you should be in town, and could officiate at his funeral, it would be a source of satisfaction to his family and many old pupils who will attend.

“He has led a most saintly life here for the last ten years, and will be sorely missed by the very poor and outcast, to whom he has ministered so tenderly.

“He fell down in the Strand while posting a letter to old Lonsdale, and was carried into the hospital. I saw him several times, and he once knew me again.—Yours always,

“DYCE DUCKWORTH.

“*Jan.* 30, 1885.”

It was a disappointment to me that I could not travel to London to pay this last tribute of respect to a strangely gifted and earnest-minded man.

VOCES ECCLESIASTICÆ

SHALL I chronicle my childhood's misconceptions? How often misconceptions lead to unreasoning fears! Here is one. But, first, let me premise that our early and frequent excursions into Wales had made me well acquainted with Bangor Cathedral. We were often taken there on Sunday. Two men made, each in a different way, a marked impression on me. One was the Dean, who fascinated me by the way in which he read. His beautiful, sweet, and well-modulated voice made the words live; his well-judged emphasis drove home the real thought of what he read. The other was the Bishop, who filled my soul with a sort of nameless fear. It was Bishop Bethel. He had a remarkable head and face; it was vulture-like to my childish imagination. The summit of his head was bald, and the white hair hung angrily round the smooth, highly-arched crown. His nose was aquiline. He looked like a bird of prey ready to pounce. I knew nothing at the time of the disputes which led to the rhyme:—

“The Bishop of Bangor
Has stirred up his anger
Against an unfortunate pastor:
And now he is trying,
Though near upon dying,
To work on him some disaster.”

Of this quarrel I had not heard, but the image of the Bishop of Bangor, with his aspect of a bird of prey, rose up

in my mind whenever a bishop was spoken of. Hence it was that there were times when my fancy found confirmatory dread of bishops in the prayers of the Church. How terrible must these men be against whom we prayed that they might "lay hands suddenly on no man"! The image of their reckless and uncertain attacks upon innocent men filled my mind. I saw a host of Bishop Bethels rushing out, making cruel havoc in their course, while ordinary mortals sought refuge in prayer.

Liverpool was, at the time of which I speak, a town of working clergymen. There were many energetic preachers and good workers among them. Circumstances contributed to our having a wide and various experience of their preaching powers. First, we followed, as children will, the line of imitation. We lived among preachers. Sermons and meetings were commonplaces in our lives. We heard the voices of parochial clergy and missionaries from foreign parts. I recollect going down with my father to the docks, and seeing, on board the vessel by which they were to sail, two or three clergymen who were embarking for India and China. One of these must, I think, have been the Rev. Robert Clark of the Punjab. With these surroundings it was little wonder that our imitative faculties took the form of improvised services and nursery missionary meetings. Once, I remember, we solemnly invited our elders to a missionary meeting to be held on the nursery landing. Strange as it may appear, we had a respectable adult audience—two or three clergymen, besides our father and mother, and a small contingent of servants. We had speeches and a collection!

Missionary objects and missionary duties held a prominent place at home. Our own little nursery libraries had their complement of missionary books. Missionary stories were told us at public meetings and in private conversations,

and these sometimes had a happy flavour of humour. Here is one, which is perhaps worth telling. A missionary meeting was held in a village. The vicar of the parish, Mr Ingham by name, was an energetic man ; indeed, his energy was deemed by some of his parishioners as somewhat intrusive. At the meeting a missionary gave a vivid account of the cannibal habits of some tribe, to which missionaries had gone, and among whom some had met their death. He described a native feast. He told how at the feast a large pie had appeared. Desirous of reaching the climax of the tragedy by slow stages of heightening interest, he dwelt upon the pie and then upon its central ornament. What was it ? A human thumb ! And then, to lead up effectively to the thrilling finale, he turned about and asked, rhetorically of course, "And whose thumb do you think it was ?" Whereupon, a villager saw his opportunity, and answered, "Ise warrant it were Parson Ingham's thumb, for he has it in everyone's pie." The rest of the story naturally was ineffective.

Mistakes in public speaking often give rise to similar comic results. Dr Watson (perhaps better known as Ian Maclaren, of the *Bonnie Brier Bush*) related to me this story ; it may be published elsewhere, for aught I know. A certain archdeacon was speaking at a temperance meeting, and he adorned his speech with several humorous anecdotes. At length it seemed to strike him that he had, perhaps, been a little frivolous, so he pulled himself together, and endeavoured to close his speech in a fittingly serious vein. "But, my friends, to be serious, the sum total of all I have been saying may be told in a single word—'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Train up a child to avoid the bottle, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The archdeacon resumed his seat (that is the proper expression)

amid loud and sympathetic applause. No one seemed to see the humorous blunder of the peroration ; indeed, a later speaker alluded to the pathetic and moving conclusion of the archdeacon's speech. Such is the tale, as I was told it. One wonders where the audience could have been collected who would have failed to see the chance of a good and wholesome laugh. But Dr Watson said that, for himself, he was haunted by the vision of the child clutching, clutching at the prohibited bottle all through its later life.

Another story may be worth recording, as I have never come across it in print since I first heard it, some fifty or sixty years ago. It hails from Lancashire, and it was told by a short, red-haired clergyman, who related it with true Lancashire phrase and accent. I cannot reproduce these, or give any written indication of them, but the story was as follows :—

A Lancashire operative was given to drink. His wife tried the usual wifely means of curing him ; but persuasion, remonstrance, scolding, and nagging were vain. At length she resolved to try another method : she would cure him by fear. Accordingly, she made her preparations. She arrayed herself in a white sheet : she chalked her face till it was deadly white : she spread beneath her eyes some sulphurous compound ; in short, she endeavoured to present the appearance of a ghost, whose eyes reflected unearthly fire and hints of torment. Thus prepared, she awaited the home-coming of her lord and master. Towards midnight he came lurching and blundering in. He caught sight of the ghostly apparition, and then he hiccuped out, " I don't know if you're good or bad ; but if you're good, I am not afraid. No ! and if you're bad—yes ! if you're Satan himself, I'm not afeared, for *I married his sister.*"

As I write, I wish to keep clear of controversial matters. I lived much among controversies when I was young. Is it because I am old that I dislike them now ? At any rate, they

fatigue me, and I wonder whether they do much good ! They are often, as it seems to me, needless, for they are disputes about words, not about principles. They often touch opinions on matters in which opinion is really unimportant. No doubt, there are principles by which we live, and for these we may well contend, and, if needful, be content to die ; but three-fourths of the theological or semi-theological controversies are, so far as I can judge, needless and useless. Often bitter antagonisms found in theology excuses for conflict :

“*Multo in rebus acerbis
Acrius advertunt animos ad religionem.*”

In my young days, however, the notion that controversies were needless would have been met with indignant scorn. As I look back I am filled with wonder that men could grow as excited as they did over trivial and doubtful matters. Theories, which on every account were only doubtful interpretations of doubtful texts, were yet held with such passionate intensity that differences were regarded as approximate heresies. The twentieth century can hardly understand what there was to fight about. But we heard theories described as “that most important doctrine”—“that great and salient truth.” One example will suffice. An old clergyman was in need of a curate. A young man, who had just taken his degree and was seeking a title for Holy Orders, called upon him. The old man catechised the young man about his views. He wished to be sure that he was “sound” on certain doctrines of the faith. After having gone through several Christian doctrines the old man said, “And now, upon that most important doctrine—the pre-millennial Advent of our Lord ?” I am afraid that the young man was taken aback. At any rate, I do not know what reply he made. But actually the clerical

world was divided into two camps on this obscure question, and each camp looked askance at the other, doubting its orthodoxy. So far has the pretentiously courageous spirit which ventured to dogmatise on the meaning of doubtful passages changed, that we, with more reverence (born of wider knowledge and truer critical insight), have abandoned the hazardous policy of dogmatic interpretations of unfulfilled prophecy. We are content to express our faith in some Second Advent, but we can leave times and seasons, methods and order, in the wiser Hand. "*Combien de choses nous servoyent hier d'articles de foy, qui nous sont fables aujourd'hui.*" There is truth, no doubt, in this saying of Montaigne ; but we ought not to ignore certain valuable aspects of controversy.

Much as I regret its ills, I am ready to allow that we gained much from hearing all kinds of theological questions ardently debated. We listened with breathless attention as each side was argued, and we gained experience in argument, some knowledge of the past history of doctrine, and certain matters became familiar to us, which I am surprised to find lie almost wholly outside the range of the average theological student to-day. We were steeped in a controversial atmosphere. Liverpool looked on and listened as great debates were carried on, now in newspapers now in lectures and sermons. One day it was the Unitarian controversy, another day it was Mormonism. And always (for herein Liverpool has been the home of extremes) it was the Roman Catholic controversy. From this we were never free. On this, controversy often became open combat. I well remember one day, when I was out with my mother, and I experienced something of the effects of such combats. We were walking down St James' Street, a long thoroughfare which stretched from a little below the site of the present cathedral to the docks. My mother was

intent upon shopping, when, suddenly, we were aware of something stirring. Tradesmen darted out of their shops and hastily began to put up their shutters. The street, in a moment, seemed to be swept clean of people. My mother and I took shelter in the doorway of a shop. Hardly had we done so when down came the crowds of combatants in hot pursuit of one another. Some cause of offence had arisen, and the Roman and the Orange parties were at each other's throats. We managed somehow to get home, but the rioting continued that night, and not far from St James' Street an unfortunate policeman had his head cleft open. Those were some of the ruder aspects of controversy.

In public buildings, where lectures were given, controversy was carried on with nobler purpose and no little dialectical skill. How those orators of a past age delighted in controversy! "Controversy," cried Hugh MacNeile (the orator *par excellence* of Liverpool in those days), "controversy! People object to controversy, but who can escape it out of Utopia? What is life but a controversy with nature? Will you deride the ploughman, and bid him cease his labour, when he carries on controversy with the soil, and so wins for you food from the earth? Controversy! You cannot live without controversy." Yes, one admits the need and one recognises the value of it; but oh! what a weariness it all is, and how short a distance it carries you! Even as I write I chide myself for writing this, for I am free to admit that we enjoyed it. There was mental exhilaration in it. There was the eager watching for the critical point in a prolonged argument. There was the relief when the period was triumphantly closed. There was the joy of human feeling, awakened, not in individuals, but in masses—the thrill of excitement which passed through great assemblies—the intoxication of emotion which contagious enthusiasm produced. Yes, we enjoyed these

stormy and sometimes dramatic scenes ; and I ought perhaps to ask—Is it greater wisdom or lessened zeal which makes me weary of it all as akin to vanity ?

One debate which I heard lacked the stimulus of oratorical enthusiasm, but possessed a most unique interest because of the vital character of the subjects discussed. It was a debate, carried on in the Lime Street Assembly Rooms, between the late Mr Charles Bradlaugh and the Rev. Dr Baylee. Dr Baylee was the Principal and founder of St Aidan's College, Birkenhead—an Irishman, a good scholar, and a man of a very pretty wit. The debate was continued for three nights, but the unique interest arose out of the method in which the debate was carried on. Each antagonist was allowed half an hour in which to ask his opponent questions. The question was written down and read aloud. The answer was written down and read aloud. At first this method of debate seemed tedious, but soon the spirit of curiosity discovered the extraordinary interest with which it waited for the reply. We found ourselves speculating on the answer. How will he deal with that difficulty ? Has he been cornered by that question ? The audience became fascinated as it watched the champion who was being questioned writing down rapidly, or thoughtfully, his reply to some trenchant or searching question. Bradlaugh's questions were, as a rule, directed to the disparagement of Old Testament morality. Dr Baylee's questions had for their object the derision of the atheistic hypothesis of the universe. Bradlaugh had studied (but not, I think, very impartially) the philosophy of Spinoza, and his answers were, most of them, given in the terminology of that philosophy. Thus he could hardly give replies that were likely to be understood by an ordinary audience ; and yet, by that quick intuition which characterises an assembly when wrought up to keen interest, the

drift of many a question and answer was seized in spite of pedantic dressing. Thus Dr Baylee asked Mr Bradlaugh :

“What are you ?”

“I am a mode of existence.”

“What is existence ?”

“Everything.”

“Are you then a mode of everything ?”

“In so far as I am a mode of existence I am a mode of everything.”

“Are you a mode of anything ?”

“I might become a mode of anything.”

“Might you become a mode of the moon ?”

“It is possible I might.”

“In that case would you be the man in the moon ?”

Laughter followed this, of course.

Similar questions were asked respecting thought. Bradlaugh was pressed to distinguish between modes of existence which thought and those which did not think.

He would not commit himself. He was therefore asked, “Can a cabbage think ?”

“Not being a cabbage, he could not say.”

A wag in the gallery asked, “Can a shillelagh think ?”

The close of the discussion was characteristic of the combatants.

“What is death ?” asked Dr Baylee.

“Not having died, I cannot say,” replied Mr Bradlaugh.

“What is life ?” asked Dr Baylee.

“I do not know,” replied Mr Bradlaugh.

“Then let me tell you,” said Dr Baylee. “This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.”

It is fair to add one word about the impression made on my youthful mind by this discussion, to which I listened for three consecutive days. I was left with a feeling that

Dr Baylee was the more nimble controversialist, but that with him wit often stood as a substitute for argument ; but this did not mean that Bradlaugh showed any solid advantage. He seemed to me to argue from certain assumed premisses which needed to be proved. Altogether, from the view of calm reason, the discussion was word-play and little more. It had its value, nevertheless, for it was a good exercise in learning to think.

Controversy was forced upon us from our early years. The very conditions of life made it inevitable. The circumstances of my father's church in Liverpool were peculiar. It was what was called a Corporation church, *i.e.* it had been built at a great cost by the Corporation. It was a handsome stone structure, massively built in a style which, I suppose, would be described as that of Wren. Its chief and only features were its spire, and the columns which belonged to the façade. As the Corporation had spent large sums on this and the few other churches built at the same time, they determined to recoup themselves by selling the patronage, and to enhance the selling price they arranged to create each church into a double incumbency. Thus, there were two incumbencies to be disposed of for each church. One of these incumbents, who was described as the minister, was the senior ; the other was called the chaplain ; but both were incumbents and possessed equal rights in the church. It was a plan in which worldly prudence and folly were both displayed.

Now it so happened that my father, who happily held the senior position, had for his colleague an Oxford man, the Rev. Cyrus Morrall by name. Mr Morrall was a gentleman, and he and my father were good friends ; but, as fortune would have it, the influence of the *Tracts for the Times* spread to Liverpool, and Mr Morrall was carried away by the rising tide of the Oxford movement. The *Tracts for*

the Times had, as a kind of handmaid, literature which went by the name of *Plain Sermons*. Now, plain sermons for the people may be excellent, but for the clerical mind plain sermons may become a snare. If a man has a sermon provided with convenient regularity, he may take the line of least resistance, and pick up the ready-made sermon instead of preparing his own. In an unfortunate hour Mr Morrall took this line. His sermons, or rather the sermons he read, had a strange flavour. Suspicion first and fear afterwards began to spread among the listeners. Division set in, and by far the largest portion of the congregation were against the new teaching. At last there came a day when Mr Morrall added the top-stone to his offence and transformed the slumbering fear of the people into open antagonism, for he ventured on a change which was, in the eyes of the congregation, the hoisting of the flag of defiance. He mounted the pulpit one Sunday morning without first retiring to the vestry and robing himself in his gown, as all order-respecting clergy did. He appeared in the pulpit and preached his sermon arrayed in his surplice.

The people were breathless with amazed indignation. Such an action was an affront to all church decorum. If I may use an Irishism, the white surplice was a veritable red rag to the congregation. It soon became plain that the people were not going to accept such an innovation without remonstrance. The great bulk of them disapproved, and the suddenness of the change added to the anger which it provoked. Nobody had been consulted. No conference of the people had been held. No official of the church had been taken into confidence. It was done with startling, and almost stubborn, suddenness. Thence came the action of the disapproving members of the congregation. They resolved to mark their displeasure by decisive action. They "now mistook reverse of wrong for right." It was determined

that on the next occasion that Mr Morrall appeared in the pulpit in his surplice the whole body of the worshippers would rise *en masse* and retire from the church. I need not say that my father stood aloof from all these disputes and intrigues, but his position became painful and difficult. He heard of the approaching demonstration in church, and he did not think it wise that we children should be witnesses of such a scene. Accordingly, we were kept from church that Sunday—I am afraid to our disgust, for our mischief-loving spirits would have enjoyed such scenes of war.

This affair led ultimately to an arrangement by which Mr Morrall became responsible for the evening service and my father for the morning service at the church. A further evening service was provided by my father at the school-room, and this became a kind of mission service, frequented mainly by the poor. But this amicable arrangement was broken up by another change. Mr Morrall, with the consent of the patron, exchanged his incumbency with a Mr Gillam. The change was remarkable. We moved from one set of controversies to another. Mr Morrall had been Tractarian : Mr Gillam was Antinomian. Mr Morrall had been High Church : Mr Gillam was Calvinist. Mr Gillam's teaching was strongly and uncompromisingly predestinarian. It coloured all his sermons ; it entered into his life and shaped his conduct. He would have no fellowship with any but "the Elect." These were the privileged and precious ones for whom alone Christ died, and what fellowship could light have with darkness ? Therefore, only those who bore the mark of the Elect were to be treated with courtesy, and in St Michael's Church all were in Egyptian darkness till he came. God had opened to him a great and effectual door in bringing him to a place where no elect soul ruled.

The preaching to which he treated us was strange and

startling. I say, to which he treated us, for with Mr Gillam's coming the amicable arrangement of separate services came to an end, and the two main services in church were served by the two incumbents, who preached alternately morning and evening on Sundays. My father wished us to attend the church regularly, whether the preaching turn was his or Mr Gillam's. Accordingly, we became hearers of strong ultra-Calvinist teaching. We were told that St Paul never came with offers of salvation : he came, testifying the Gospel of the Grace of God. Christ did not die for all men, but only for "the Elect." The sheep could never become goats : the goats could never become sheep. This was the real truth about Christ's work. "None of your linsey-woolsey doctrines for me !" Hearing this teaching, the old organ-blower in the gallery would whisper to the drunken and talented organist, "I suppose there is no chance for us." Such was the teaching to which we were called to listen.

Strange as he was in the pulpit, not less strange was Mr Gillam in the vestry. He would never greet my father on entering the vestry, nor would he return my father's greeting. He treated him as an adversary from the beginning. My father, who was kindly and gentle of spirit, felt this much. It became a constant pain to him, and shadowed the week with apprehensions of the Sunday discourtesies. For a year this state of things continued, and then came the climax, which altered things once more. Mr Gillam one Sunday announced that he would, on the next Sunday morning, review his first year of ministry. We were in church, as usual, the next Sunday. My father read the prayers. Mr Gillam then entered the pulpit and began his discourse. It was of the same complexion as usual, but on this occasion he inveighed against his "adversary," who had withstood him. In short, it was a scarcely concealed attack upon my

father. We boys bore it for a time, and my mother listened with growing indignation. At last I saw her rise from her seat, and quickly gather up her books from the book-ledge. We three boys took the hint. We rose from our places, picked up our books, opened the pew door, and marched indignantly out of church. My father did not like our doing so ; but I think, in his inmost heart, our action appealed to him as indicative of affectionate loyalty. The result of this outburst was good. Arrangements for separate responsibility for the services were made. My father became responsible for the morning and afternoon, Mr Gillam for the evening ; and the mission services in the schoolroom were recommenced. Happily for my father's peace of mind, an Act of Parliament had been passed putting an end to the clumsy and unsatisfactory system of dual incumbencies. Consequently, on the death of Mr Gillam, in 1860, my father became sole incumbent of St Michael's, and the last four years of his life were free from the difficulties which attended the system of dual authority.

MEMORIES OF KINSFOLK

Do we always realise the influences which many of the unobserved facts of life are exercising over our children? There are facts which we take for granted; they are recurrent probably, and consequently their influence is hardly considered. But, to the child, simple facts and recurring incidents are conveying messages. We invite friends to our table: the old college comrade—the cousin from a distance—the garrulous frequenter of the house, whose quaintly discursive talk amuses and refreshes us—they come and go. To us their coming and going signifies little; but, to the child who sits and listens, these people give messages: their words, their manner, their expression, the pose of the head, the gesture of the hand, all of them are charged with influence.

I cannot measure the influence of those who were "*gast frei*" of our house. But, as I recall bygone days, those who were often seen at our table seem to pass before me, and I know that they did not come and go without leaving some kind of impression upon our minds which may have subtly made itself felt in our character. I have waved the wand of memory. They have obeyed my call. To me they merit remembrance.

"Oblivion, as they rose, shrank like a thing reproved."

There was General Waters—a grey-haired, square-built old warrior, who had served at Waterloo. He had married

my mother's eldest sister. He delighted us with tales of his warlike days. We thrilled with eager interest as he told us of his escape from three Frenchmen, whom he encountered when he was engaged in aide-de-camp work at Waterloo. It perhaps disappointed us to know that he found safety in flight and had no tale of fighting to tell ; but we reluctantly recognised that the duty of an aide-de-camp was to deliver orders and not to engage the enemy. Whatever he said was worth listening to, for was he not a veteran who had shared in the famous victory ?

His son and only child, Marcus, was one of the plagues of our lives. He was some years older than we were, and he played tricks on us. He took a mischievous pleasure in pretending to be interested when we played at being soldiers, and, when we made ourselves paper cocked hats, he would deftly insert pins into them, and seemed pleased when they pricked our heads. He joined the army, and, later, we were proud of him as one of the first Englishmen who entered the Redan at the siege of Sebastopol. We heard of his wound, and of his courage when, in retreating from the Redan, he dropped his sword and was obliged to return across the danger zone to recover it.

There was General Colby, an engineer officer, who had married another sister of my mother. In a different way he commanded our interest. I am afraid it was first awakened when we saw him at dinner fixing to his wrist a fork with which to eat. He had lost a hand by an explosion which took place during some experiments. The screwing on of the fork drew our childish eyes and awoke our childish curiosity. Later, we appreciated better the services of this eminent officer. He had conducted the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and he had invented the compensating bars which were so valuable in ensuring accuracy of measurement. He was a man of real ability, and was slighted by a country

which is ready to accept services and slow to recognise them. He had one extraordinary antipathy—he could not bear music ; and the piano was silent when he was in the house. Yet he had a genuine love for poetry of a fresh, natural tone. I recall one scene. We were visiting our cousins, who were at that time staying at New Brighton. *The Leisure Hour*, a venture and experiment undertaken by the Religious Tract Society, was then a novelty. General Colby, much to my surprise, broke his usual silence, and read aloud, with evident delight and with much vigorous emphasis, a poem on the “Autumn Flight of the Birds”—

“The birds are going—the birds are going.”

It was October. The year was showing signs of age, and our skies were being forsaken by the summer songsters. The old General, whose life had been given to scientific experiments and practical invention, declaimed to us the lines which told of the fading splendours of the year and of the subtle hints of on-coming winter. A week later we were again with our cousins. We had just finished tea when General Colby came in. He took his seat at the table. Hardly had he done so when he reeled in his chair and fell to the ground. We were startled and terrified. We were hurried from the house. We left, not realising the tragedy. We thought it was illness ; we did not know that it was death. But it was the end. The autumn had come to a swift close—“The birds were going, the birds were going.”

The General fell a victim to his profession. The explosion which shattered his hand had damaged his forehead. Some splinters had lodged in the head. Change of temperature, such as a chill, caused the splinters to press unduly on the brain. Fits of vertigo were the consequence, and one of these had been too severe in character. So the end came.

There was my Aunt Maria, who, when staying with us, beguiled any tedious time by diligent practice upon a concertina. I am afraid that I never felt great or enthusiastic admiration for this musical (?) instrument.

There was my Aunt Louisa, who wrote humorous verses, who was deemed clever, and was certainly eccentric. In the later days she believed that by starving she could render herself susceptible of and responsive to celestial messages.

There was my Aunt Fanny, who was often with us, and who used to devise special treats for us and delighted to take us out to concerts and other innocent entertainments. When my Cambridge career was about to begin she gave me the gold watch which I still carry.

There was my uncle, Archibald Boyd, who became Dean of Exeter, and at his death bequeathed to me his library. But when we were children he frightened us, for he lacked the power of frolic, which makes friends of children. When he did condescend to try and play with us, he only succeeded in terrifying us. He looked so stern, and an accident to one eye gave a certain harshness to his glance. So if we seemed to rejoice in his companionship, we certainly did so with trembling.

There was Uncle William, my mother's eldest brother, whom we admired and loved. He was so neat and clean, so courteous and kindly. To us he was a fairy godfather. He would burst into the nursery laden with toys and presents—guns and drums and flying flags. He seemed to care for us. He would tip us too. Once he gave me a sovereign, as I was his namesake; but, of course, it was divided between the three of us, as we boys had a kind of honourable tradition of sharing all good fortune.

There was John Monsell also—a tall man, with a rubicund and cheerful countenance, who smiled at us all from behind his gleaming glasses, and who called my mother by her

Christian name. His letters, written in a clear, somewhat feminine hand, are kindly letters, breathing genuine religious feeling. At that time we did not know of him as a hymn-writer ; now his hymns find a place in every collection, and "Fight the Good Fight with all thy Might" is sung, so far as my experience goes, as frequently as Heber's hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to War." It does not compete for frequency of use with "The Church's One Foundation"; but, at any rate, it is usually sung to a tune which, though not musically great, at least does not madden one like that most detestable of all tunes, "Aurelia."

Then there was Alicia Campbell, dear white-haired, beaming-faced Alicia Campbell. Warm of heart, cheery in manner, breathing kindness—a kind of fairy godmother. She brought us books, and they were books which, as a rule, interested us. She was sister of Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. My grandmother, Anne Boyd (*née* MacNeill), had befriended Colin and Alicia Campbell in their youth. It was through her that Colin Campbell got his commission. Colin and Alicia Campbell were the children of Miss Campbell by her marriage with a Mr Macliver. She died young, and her two sisters took charge of the children, on the condition that they should be brought up as Campbells, for the marriage had not been liked. So Colin and Alicia bore the name of Campbell. Alicia was often at our house on a visit, and she came as a bearer of sunshine. Colin was away on service, and, as far as I know, was never in our house. During the Crimean War I remember that he wrote a letter saying that, when he was free, one of his first visits would be to his friends and kinsfolk in Liverpool. He was sincerely attached to my grandmother. He gave her a seal, and said that whenever she wrote to him, and sealed the letter with that seal, he would be sure to do whatever she asked. She used the seal once



ANNE BOYD

to introduce to his notice a young lieutenant, a cousin, who was joining his regiment in the Crimea. The young officer, however, did not deliver the introduction, as he feared that if he did so he might be attached to Sir Colin Campbell's staff, and so separated from his own regiment.

When Lord Clyde died my father came up to his funeral, and I came from Cambridge and met him in London. We called on Alicia Campbell. She was as kind and generous as ever. She wanted to act as hostess, and to bear all the charges of our coming to town—dear, thoughtful soul that she was!

I saw her then for the last time. She died in the autumn following, without a will, and many relics of interest passed into the hands of those who had no links of association with their history.

Of course, there were others who visited our home, who also have left memories with me, and memories for the most part of people kindly and true-hearted. They had their little eccentricities, but they were genuine in soul.

“O frate mio, ciascuna è cittadina
D’una vera città.”

And the city is no city of dreams: it was one of memory and love, and so it is built for ever.

My grandmother drew me to her by the magic of her charm. She was, in her old age, a dainty and dignified little lady. Her happy phrases and her self-possessed grace of speech fascinated me. I shall never forget her perfect manner when she apologised to the Bishop of Chester (Graham) for offering him her left hand. She had fallen in her room and broken her right wrist. She was then upwards of eighty; but as she stood with her slight figure erect, and took the Bishop's hand in her left, regretting that circumstances hindered her from giving to friends “the

right hand of fellowship," she looked and spoke like a queen, and turned a commonplace action into a dignified courtesy.

She was a great reader. One day she came into my uncle's library in Dublin. When she saw that I was reading, she said, "If you are as fond of reading as I am, you will seldom know an unhappy hour." She was clever with pen and pencil. I have a manuscript volume of her sketches and verses. She had what would be called a pretty wit, and was quick at epigram. One of her *jeux d'esprit* has often been quoted :—Two gentlemen had quarrelled, and a challenge had followed. But reflection brought wiser and more sober thoughts. One accordingly wrote, that though honour prompted him to avenge an insult, yet home affection and the duty he owed to his wife, compelled him reluctantly to forgo the encounter. The other, moved by similar feelings, wrote that he felt the claims of his only daughter were stronger than the impulses of honour. The letters crossed one another, and the projected duel was abandoned. On which my grandmother wrote :—

"Two brave sons of Erin, intent upon slaughter,
Improved on the Hebrew's command :
One honoured his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days might be long in the land."

In her younger days her house in Londonderry was a rendezvous for cultivated people. Men of letters, artists, and actors gathered under her roof ; but these days had all passed away when I knew her best. I remember, indeed, staying with her there. I remember walking round the walls and hearing the story of the siege. I was bidden to look with reverence on the cannon, "Roaring Meg" by name, which had played a leading part in the days of the siege.

But my chief memories of my grandmother bring back to me her small dainty figure, her quiet speech, and her rare

grace of manner and utterance. She was a peace-loving old lady, troubled at times by the stormy temperaments of two or three jealous and quarrelsome daughters. Sorely tried she often was, and yet with what an innocent guile she kept aloof from all disputes ! She managed to remain a picture of calm dignity amid any strife of tongues which might arise.

She died when she was on a visit to Liverpool. My mother took us over to the house of death and brought us into the room where my grandmother lay. Then I first saw death. I marked, with awe, the pale, placid face resting on the pillow : the quiet repose of the countenance scarcely seemed death. "I can hardly believe that she is gone," I heard my mother say. Then we turned and left the room.

The end was peace. The life had had its tragedy. She was the mother of fourteen children, of whom four or five died in infancy. The eldest son, my Uncle William, after whom I was named, was twenty years older than my mother, who was the twelfth child. Two sons, John and Robert, met with tragic but not inglorious deaths. Their stories are perhaps worth telling.

John MacNeill, my grandmother's youngest son, was born in 1812, and was two years older than my mother. From his earliest years he loved the sea, and when he was twelve or thirteen he joined the Navy. Promotion came very slowly, and he felt that he was overlooked. Sixteen years crept by before he reached the rank of lieutenant, but during those years serious thoughts had taken possession of him. In 1836, he wrote, "I am very happy in the security of two friends who are of the same way of thinking as myself. It may not strike you as a great luxury, but we have the occasional use of a cabin, where we read, and of a Sunday evening, when our circumstances admit, *treat our-*

selves to prayer. . . . My *earnest prayer* for my friends and those next my heart will be for their spiritual and not temporal welfare, that they may look upon affliction or crosses as trials of their faith." In this spirit he met the delay in his promotion. At length, in 1854, when the Crimean War broke out, he went to the Baltic as commander in the *Royal George*, under Captain Codrington. He had studied gunnery, and, as a result, he was able to plant a shot in Kronstadt—the only shot, I believe, which ever reached the fortress from the blockading fleet. This feat proved that it was possible to make heavy guns effective at long range, for his shot had travelled more than three miles.

His spirit of work was expressed in these words : "It is my duty to do the best I can with my means, and to leave it to my masters to give me in time larger appliances."

In 1857 he was in command of H.M.S. *Ajax*, which was stationed in Kingstown harbour. On the 8th and 9th February 1861 a terrific storm broke over the coast. Forty years later I received a letter from a gentleman, who was a stranger to me. He told me that he had been a spectator of the tragedy which occurred during that memorable storm. He very kindly wrote me an account of what he saw, and as the story of an eye-witness I give it here :—

"As you may well understand, I can never forget the sea-tragedy of which, as a youth, I was an eye-witness. The storm had been raging during the night, and after my breakfast next morning I watched the angry waves from the dining-room window. Suddenly, three small vessels appeared rounding a point near Dalkey Island. All three seemed to be making for the harbour. The last and least of the three was forced quite out of its course and was driven towards the pier. Captain Boyd must have watched the approach of the vessel and have observed its imminent danger as it came, with difficulty, towards the rocky



CAPTAIN JOHN MACNEILL BOYD

Statue in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin

pier-side. He lost no time in ordering a boat to be lowered to take him and his men from the *Ajax* to the pier. He could have sent the rescue party in charge of some other officer, but he elected to go himself, and he, with his gallant seamen, crossed the pier and descended to the rescue, at the other side, of the distressed and sorely pressed vessel and crew.

"From the window, where I was standing, I could see the ill-fated vessel strike the rocky side of the pier. Then a huge wave came on, and absolutely lifted the sloop out of the water, carrying the vessel fully fifty feet into the air. I had never beheld or read of anything before like the sight that met my gaze. The white wave covered the vessel as it rose above the sea, and then it returned, only to break the vessel into pieces, and, sad to relate, to overwhelm the noble Captain and his brave men, just as they were preparing the hawsers to cast to the drowning crew.

"You know the rest, and how the heroes perished ! I left the house immediately after I had witnessed the catastrophe, and made for the pier ; but, so violent was the hurricane, I could make no way, and was forced to retire."

The body was recovered two days later. Public feeling decreed a public funeral, and his remains were carried amid signs of universal sorrow to St Patrick's Cathedral. His fine Newfoundland dog followed among the mourners. Monuments to his memory were raised in St Patrick's and in Londonderry Cathedrals. The inscription on the former was written by the Rev. William Alexander, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, who recently passed away venerable and beloved. The inscription simply told the story, and the verses expressed those deeper thoughts which filled the public mind. It ran as follows :—

"Erected by the Citizens of Dublin to the Memory of John MacNeill Boyd, R.N., Captain H.M.S. *Ajax* ;

born at Londonderry, 1812, and lost off the rocks at Kingstown, February 9, 1861, in attempting to save the crew of the brig *Neptune*.

“Safe from the rocks whence swept thy manly form,
The tide’s white rush, the stepping of the storm,
Borne with a public pomp by just decree,
Heroic sailor ! from that fatal sea,
A city vows this marble unto thee.
And here, in this calm place, where never din
Of Earth’s great water-floods shall enter in,
Where to our human hearts two thoughts are given,
One Christ’s self-sacrifice, the other Heaven,—
Here is it meet for grief and love to ’grave
The Christ-taught bravery that died to save,
The life not lost, but found beneath the wave ! ”

“All thy billows and thy waves passed over me : yet I
will look again towards thy holy temple.”

The story of Robert Boyd must be told in a separate chapter.

ROBERT BOYD

ONE miniature hangs among old family relics which is worthy of notice. It is of the regulation large size. It belongs to the period when the miniature painters began to forget somewhat their true function, and to be misled by the ambition of prettiness of effect, but it is a good specimen of that perhaps mistaken period. It represents a young man some two-and-twenty years of age. His eyes are blue, his complexion fair, his features irregular but not insignificant. His face, which is clean shaven, is crowned by an abundant crop of light brown hair. He looks out on one with a glance of modest daring, not unmixed with some humour and sentiment. It is the portrait of my uncle, Robert Boyd, whose tragic story stirred deeply the hearts of Englishmen some seventy or eighty years ago. It is indeed exactly eighty years next December since the last scene of the tragedy was enacted.

In 1831 Spain was in a state of political unrest. Ferdinand the Seventh, described as "infamously ungrateful," was on the throne. Whatever may be thought of his ingratitude, he was obviously deficient in prudence and sagacity. He owed the restoration of his throne to England and the sword of Wellington. As soon as the Iron Duke had driven the French out of Spain (1814), Ferdinand was replaced upon the throne. It was an opportunity which, well and wisely used, might have secured to Spain peace and sober freedom. But the king

knew little of the forces then at work, or, if he knew, he disdained or undervalued them. In 1820 he took the oath to maintain and respect the Constitution, but, only three years later, he violated the Constitution by dissolving the Cortes. Soon the despotic spirit moved along the fatal path of violence. Those who were suspected of attachment to liberal views, or even to the Constitution, were treated with rigour; many were arrested, and not a few were executed. Riego, afterwards recognised as a patriot and hero, perished among the victims, and some of the noblest and most enlightened men of Spain were driven into exile. Among these was General Torrijos, who came to England, and, during the four or five years of his residence, attracted to himself a band of young Englishmen full of generous enthusiasm for liberty. They believed that they had found in Torrijos the hero of their hearts—the man who shared their love of freedom, and was, in their eyes, a martyr to her cause. He brought with him also the romance of adventure, and, what was more to young and ardent souls, the living hope of achieving something great and worthy in the name of liberty. He was, in Carlyle's phrase, "a kind of living romance," and, being possessed of intellectual power and fine talents, allied to a "noble and chivalrous character," he was just the type of man to fire the imagination and evoke the spirit of sacrifice in the generous heart of youth. Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin) came under his spell. John Sterling, whose soul yearned after great things, felt his nature respond to the call of liberty, and with him his kinsman Robert Boyd (then a lieutenant in the H.E.I.C.) was brought under Torrijos's influence. The result was the ill-fated expedition which gave rise to so much controversy.

Torrijos left England for Gibraltar in 1831. Robert Boyd sailed with him. In the list of those captured Robert Boyd's name comes third, Torrijos's name being



ROBERT BOYD

first, and that of Juan Lopez Pinto, colonel of artillery, being second. At Gibraltar the whole company waited, looking anxiously for news from Spain. At last there arrived a message which encouraged them to believe that the hour had come when a blow for freedom could be successfully struck. General Moreno was then Governor of Malaga, and Torrijos and his companions could hardly doubt that the moment of opportunity had arrived, when a letter came from Moreno saying that he and his troops were ready to join Torrijos as soon as he landed on Spanish soil. The letter seemed the climax of reports which had previously been received, for those reports stated that matters were in "a very unsettled state," that "great uneasiness prevailed," that the ferment was great, and "troops were moving about." Evidently the public authorities were uneasy, for a proclamation had been made in Malaga forbidding the people to speak of politics, or repeat reports, "under pain of death." All seemed to indicate that the hour was ripe when the letter of Moreno gave definite pledge of armed support and assured them that "the district of Malaga was ready to rise with them." (*Times*, 1831.)

It was not surprising, therefore, that Torrijos, eager and long-expectant, should seize what appeared to him to be a happy opportunity. He set sail from Gibraltar. When half way between Gibraltar and Malaga the appearance of some Spanish vessels diverted them from their course, and, instead of continuing it to Malaga, they were obliged to land at a coast village named Fuengirola. They had scarcely landed when they discovered that they were the victims of Moreno's treachery. They were attacked. They took refuge in a farmhouse, at which, before long, Moreno appeared at the head of three hundred troops, and the little company had no alternative but to surrender.

The conduct of Moreno was treacherous throughout. He had tempted them to embark by promises of help : he had kept himself acquainted, by spies, with all their movements : he had deliberately forced them to land at the point best suited to his purpose. He had beguiled them by invoking his honour ; for he had pledged it to Torrijos when he declared himself ready to join the movement of revolt. When Torrijos reproached him with his treachery, he replied, "I used the word honour to entrap the enemies of the king." In matters of national safety there will always be questions on which casuists may argue, and the place of moral principle in such affairs may be difficult to define ; but it has not often happened that a man has deliberately pledged his honour and sacrificed it with such cynical indifference. In the present instance, perhaps, Torrijos ought to have been on his guard, for Moreno's honour was by no means stainless. Some twenty years before he had inveigled, under the pretence of protecting them, upwards of five hundred French settlers—men, women, and children—into the Plaza de Toros of Valencia, and had them murdered there in cold blood. Ten or eleven years before, at Cadiz, he had massacred seven hundred people who had been invited to a public spectacle. But the man of simple courage and chivalrous nature takes truth and honour for granted, and hardly thinks of asking for guarantees ; his very virtues make him the victim of unscrupulous craft.

The capture of the little company was followed by their incarceration in the prison at Malaga. Mr Mark was British Consul there. He heard that there was a British subject among the prisoners, and accordingly he made an application to Moreno, the Governor, for leave to visit his countryman. In reply, Moreno answered that there was no British subject among them. It seems impossible to suppose that this answer was given in ignorance. The

official list of the prisoners was in Moreno's possession, and the third name entered was Don Roberto Boyd, who was, moreover, described as "Ingles." Mr Mark having failed, so far, with Moreno, applied to Madrid. He sent thither an express messenger, and at the same time wrote to Moreno asking that no fatal or final action should be taken till despatches in reply arrived from the capital. But Moreno was anxious to prove his zeal by expediting matters, and, before any answer could arrive from Madrid, he ordered the execution of the prisoners. They were therefore removed from Malaga to the Convent del Carmen. They arrived there faint and worn-out, having been eighteen hours without food. The refectory of the convent became, as has been said, the condemned cell of Torrijos and his comrades.

The Consul had not given up hope of saving young Boyd's life ; and this hope, destined to be cruelly frustrated by the action of Moreno, had been passed on to Boyd. Mr Mark managed, through an Irish friar, to send to Boyd some account of the steps which were being taken for his protection. Further, this friar laid before the Governor a memorial from Mr Boyd. Here Moreno showed his cold-blooded and cruel disposition. He received the memorial, and told the friar to come to him in two hours, when the memorial would be translated and the necessary steps taken. The priest communicated the pleasing intelligence to Mr Boyd ; but, alas ! he was taken out with the first, and shot, in spite of the hopes which had been so wantonly raised.

It is here that our interest is drawn to the feelings of young Boyd himself. What are the scenes and sights around him at this critical hour ? What are the thoughts that fill his mind ? His heart goes to his home and kindred. He wishes that, whatever may befall, they shall know that, notwithstanding the dark circumstances of his

last hour, no dishonour rests upon his name. His last letter, though tinged with some boyish exuberance of sentiment, is nevertheless manly and pathetic. I have this letter, now yellow and faded. Though it is dated December 10th, 1831, the postmarks, which indicate, I conclude, the date of its arrival, bear the date February 7th, 1832. Here it is :—

“MALAGA,
“CONVENTO DEL CARMEN,
“10th December 1831,
“Midnight.

“*Private.*

“MY DEAREST WILLIAM,—The dismal news that this letter conveys, you I trust will break to my beloved and revered mother in the easiest and best manner. Ere this letter reaches you I will be mouldering in my grave in a foreign land. The preparations for death are going on rapidly around me ; and as I sit chained among my fellow-sufferers in the refectory, where I write from, the harbingers of death, robed in the livery of the grave, are flitting round me, *agonising*, as the Spaniards have it, the poor wretches at their confession. Violent have been the attacks they have made upon me to make me recant, and, if any such story should go abroad, you will know what credit to attach to it.

“I am, thank God, calm and perfectly resigned, and at some future day I feel a presentiment that my spirit will claim retribution for my wrongs. Dark will be the deed that will be done this night in the Convento of the Carmelites. Accusation is conviction.

“Think of me at times as I at this moment think only of the affliction that this news will bring upon my dear, very dear, brothers and sisters. Let them take my last dying love, and, if the events of my life should pass before them, let them forget the follies of earlier times in the reflection that I fall in defence of what I hold dear, and that there is not one dishonouring spot on the exit of your brother. He is the more fortunate. Yea, he hath finished. For him there is no longer

any future. His life was pure, bright ; without spot it was, and cannot cease to be. No ominous hour knocks at his door with tidings of mishap. Far off is he, above desire or fear. No more submitted to the chance or change of the unsteady planets. Oh ! it is well with him.

“Last, best love to my mother. Adieu.

“Yours till the last, affectionately,
“ROBERT BOYD.”

“Mark you that I die like a gentleman and a soldier. I am to be shot with sixty others in about an hour.”

He was evidently doubtful whether this letter would reach its destination, and he took the precaution of writing a duplicate, which is in the possession of my brother, the Rev. Archibald Boyd Carpenter, Rector of St Olave's, Hart Street, E.C.

At the same time he wrote the following letter to an old friend who was then at Gibraltar. This letter, like the former, betrays his anxiety lest any false report of a change of his opinions should be circulated. I have no clue to the surname of the friend to whom it was written. I give it, therefore, as it was printed in the newspapers of the time :—

“The following letter was written by Mr Boyd just before the executioners of Ferdinand of Spain had deprived him of life :—

“MY DEAR HARRY,—Before this reaches you you will have lost a friend who was sincerely attached to you. The preparation for death is going on, and in two short hours ‘life's fitful fever’ will be terminated. The clanging of chains is ringing in my ears ; and those harbingers of disaster, beings clad in the livery of the grave, are flitting before me up and down the refectory of the convent where I write from. I am surrounded by them, pestering me to recant ; but as my faith is a peculiar one, and as my sins (such as they are) cannot

be absolved thro' their mediation, I feel it unnecessary to say to you how I wish any report as to a change of tenets to be contradicted.

"I have sent about one hundred and sixty dollars to the English Consul.

"Think sometimes of your old crony.

"I have some friends yet in Gibraltar, and, as it would be imprudent to enumerate, judge who they are, and put my last kind wishes to them into your own words.

"God bless you, my dear Harry. May you be happier and more fortunate than—

"Yours affectionately,
"ROBERT BOYD."

"H. —, Esq., Gibraltar."

On the morning of Sunday, December 11th (though, as a rule, no execution in Spain takes place on a Sunday), the convent bell began to toll, and at half-past ten the prisoners were led forth to die. When they reached the beach they were blindfolded and placed kneeling in a line. Torrijos asked to be allowed to give the order to fire, but his request was refused. "I am ready to die," he said ; and then, as the handkerchief was bound about his eyes, he cried, "Fire, grenadiers—fire fearlessly !" The soldiers fired. Torrijos fell, shot through the eye. Young Boyd fell unharmed, but he seems to have risen up ; but, if so, it was only to be shot down again.

The crowd of spectators were allowed to rush upon the dead and plunder them. The hateful process had just begun when Mr Mark (son of the Consul) drove up, and, flinging a fragment of the British colours over Boyd's body, claimed it in the name of his country. Thus the body was rescued from the indignities which befell the other victims, whose remains, after being robbed and stripped of any ornament, were flung into the police dust-carts and cast into a

ditch which had been dug in the Campo Santo. Boyd's body was taken to the Consul's house, where it lay in state till the evening of the following day, when it was taken to the English burial-ground, where the service was read by the British Consul, who rose from a sick bed to perform this last office for his countryman.

On the merits of the affair it is needless to enter. My uncle took his risk when he joined the expedition ; and Lord Palmerston, perhaps, said no more than the truth when he declared in Parliament that, however they might lament Mr Boyd's fate, "his death was justifiable according to the law of nations. Mr Boyd was found in arms acting against Spain, acting against its authorities, in union with persons who were considered traitors to its Government." (*Hansard*, 3rd ser., xxiv. 939, 1834.)

To the same effect was the comment of *The Times* : "In adopting this dangerous course Mr Boyd must have been well aware that he deprived himself of all claim to special protection as a British subject." On the other hand, it must be remembered that the British Consul, in his despatch of December 12th, 1831, wrote : "Mr Boyd committed no act of hostility whatever. He was entrapped. And Don José Torrijos himself, and all the principal personages, Calderon, etc., declared to the last moment, when they were about to pay the forfeit of their lives, and during the whole of the night when they were in the Capilla preparing to die, that Mr Boyd's life ought to be spared, as he was merely cajoled into the voyage, of which he had no previous knowledge." (*Correspondence relative to the seizure and putting to death of Mr Boyd*, Parliamentary Paper, July 4th and 7th, 1834, page 18.)

Setting aside, however, all questions of international law, the affair was marked by treachery. Mr Addington, in describing the matter, said that they were entrapped.

Treachery was followed by indecent and cruel haste. The execution was a violation of the ordinary usages of justice. It was carried out without even the form of a trial. If this fact is within the condemnation of the Spanish Government, even where Spanish subjects were concerned, this fact, as far as Mr Boyd's case was concerned, was "an outrage against the British Crown" (*The Times*).

Here was a young British subject, full of ardour and generous sympathy with a people oppressed by a despotic ruler, who, ensnared by treachery, finds himself a prisoner on Spanish soil, and who confessedly had not committed any overt act of hostility, and who, notwithstanding the protests of the British Consul, is shot down without the semblance of a trial. It was not to be wondered at that indignation waxed hot in England when the facts were known ; but what is to be wondered at is that Moreno seems to have been visiting England¹ at the time when the affair was being warmly discussed. *The Times*, which took, as usual, a sober and temperate view of the facts as they were related to international law and exonerated the Foreign Secretary from the charge of indifference, nevertheless reflected the just anger which all Englishmen felt when it wrote : "Nothing that we have now said, however, can prevail with us to desist from the earnest hope that, at least, the voice of public indignation will have some retributive effect ; and that, though international law is unable to reach the person of Moreno, the force of public opinion may yet avail to drive him from this free country and compel him to seek an asylum far from us, in some land of despotism, where he may linger out an existence embittered by the reflections of an avenging conscience" (*The Times*).

Retribution was not long delayed. Moreno, on visiting Madrid, found himself treated with coldness. He now sold

¹ He was staying at 9 Fitzroy Street, London, in the early days of July 1834.

the honour, which he boasted he had employed to entrap the enemies of the king, to those who were bitter foes of the monarch. He joined the Carlist rebellion, and was shot by his own soldiers. The Poet Campbell's forecast was fulfilled—

“Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.”

Retribution did not stay her hand at the simple avenging of treachery : retribution now raised monuments in memory of those whom Moreno betrayed to their death. Three years after the tragedy a solemn anniversary service was held in the chapel of the convent which had been the last resting-place of the victims. The service was attended by the Governor and officials of Malaga ; “the British Consul was present in full uniform” ; a sermon was preached, in which Torrijos was extolled as a patriot. The next year, *i.e.* four years after the tragedy, the Queen Regent ordered a pension to be paid to the widow of General Torrijos, the pension to be the same as that to which the General himself would have been entitled. And, in 1836, one of the principal streets in Madrid was officially given the name of Calle Torrijos.

In the cemetery at Malaga there stands a monument bearing this inscription :—

To the memory of
ROBERT BOYD, ESQ.,
of
Londonderry, Ireland,
The friend and fellow-martyr
of Torrijos, Calderon, etc.,
who fell at Malaga, in the
sacred cause of Liberty,
on the 11th December 1831,
aged twenty-six years.

The memory of his ardour and fate still remains in Spanish hearts ; for when, a few years ago, my eldest son visited Malaga, he was welcomed and fêted as the grand-nephew of the young Englishman who had ventured and lost fortune and life in the cause of freedom.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION

IN 1851 I first visited London. The Great Exhibition was the attraction. We were the victims of a great pioneer of railway excursions, Marcus by name. We left Liverpool at 8 a.m., and we were landed in London about 5 or 6 p.m. The day was hot ; the journey was weary. We soon tired of the many nice things we had provided to pass the time ; but we endured, and at length transferred ourselves at Euston from the train to a four-wheeled cab. How much the great metropolis fell in our estimation when we beheld this public vehicle ! In Liverpool the four-wheeled cab was generous, wide-seated, and set with a safe stability upon its wheels ; but this product of London was a starved, rickety, narrow-chested, hesitating sort of machine. However, such as it was, it conveyed us to our lodgings in Jermyn Street. We had rooms over a tailor's shop. On one side the windows looked out on St James's Church. The clock struck the hours and the half-hours and, I think, the quarter-hours also. Its voice, heard with this reiterated persistency and in such close proximity, made sleep impossible to my mother. Some change of rooms was made : my elder brother Henry and I were given the better room and the benediction of the clock. We spent, if I remember rightly, about a fortnight in London. We saw the Great Exhibition. We wandered through its aisles and corridors. We saw the huge column which was supposed to represent the total mass of gold which Australia had yielded. We saw the tragic pictures which represented the hard lot of

the little sweep boys who were driven in those days to climb the chimneys. There I first heard of Lord Shaftesbury's devoted work in trying to abolish this crying evil. We saw Gibson's tinted Venus ; we heard discussions concerning it. We heard the question debated whether the tinting of statuary could be viewed as good art or not. We paid little attention to the statue itself. My mother was shocked by it, and we had a feeling passed on to us that it was not quite correct to heed it much. It was one of the vanities of Vanity Fair.

Once I was separated from our party, and I found myself alone and lost in the huge and perplexing glass house. However, I took my courage in my hand. I thought I knew my way, and I walked back to our lodgings in Jermyn Street, pleased that my topographical instinct had been correct. My father and mother thought more of my exploit than it deserved. At any rate, it reassured them that I need not necessarily be lost in the great metropolis, though I was only ten years old.

A small collecting mania took possession of me during this visit to London. London seemed to swarm with affable beings who pressed literature upon us. Handbills, cards, advertisements were being distributed wholesale. The spirit of acquisitiveness awoke within me. I accepted all and everything, and at the end of our short visit I had collected two thousand of these advertisements. I took them home, and for a time I kept them, but at length they went the way of the earth. Had I made a scrap-book of them there would have been many relics among them to amuse and satisfy the curious who like to know how things were done sixty years ago.

What was the general impression left upon me by the Exhibition ? Of the inside my recollection is little more than a bewildered and distracted vision of many things

only half comprehended. A few things, however, stand out clearly—the Tinted Venus, the Gold Column, the representation of the unhappy and ill-treated chimney-sweeps, and last, not least, the Koh-i-noor. This sums up all that I can recall of the interior. Of the building itself I can say more. We first saw it on the evening of our arrival in London. We walked along Piccadilly, past Apsley House, to Hyde Park. The brilliancy of the daylight had gone. The gentle, pearly light of evening was around us ; and there, like a diamond palace, seen in a clear silver light, was a building—vast, severely beautiful in its outline, amazing to my young eyes, and yet so natural in its form that it satisfied even while it astonished me. If Edmund Burke is right in saying that some element of the terrible mingles with the sublime, and that a sense of tenderness and affection enters into what is beautiful, then the Great Exhibition building could be called neither beautiful nor sublime. It was a supremely satisfying vision to me. It did not awaken awe ; it stirred no feeling of tenderness, and yet it was to me a thing of beauty, and the joy of it abides with me still. I have one of Baxter's coloured prints of it hanging in my room as I write. There have been other exhibitions and Crystal Palaces since, but none impressed me so much as Sir Joseph Paxton's creation for the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was opened with hopes of the dawn of a better age, in which the rivalry of nations would henceforth be their rivalry in the production of all that might make for the beauty and comfort and joy of human life. The dream was a splendid one, and may yet come true. We heard at that time happy and hopeful words in which this dream was told. Within three years our hearts were stirred with martial thoughts and scenes when the bands played and the troops marched through the streets to embark for the Crimea.

LATER INFLUENCES

THE environment of early days gives an atmosphere to life which is never lost. Then the canvas is painted with a hue which gives its tone to all that is afterwards depicted there. Liverpool gave to our lives the tone which comes from the sea and the ships. Always the sight of the broad river, the bounding ocean, and the moving vessels comes to me as of friendly things, and wakens the exhilarating sense of freedom and enterprise, and perhaps is responsible for a certain impatience of conventions which fetter, or seem to fetter, the liberty of the soul.

The Mersey may, to some, seem a dull, brown, "monotonous" mass of water ; but I have seen the Mersey like a wild, live thing, racing and raging, tossing impatiently the ferry-boats and tugs which have intruded on its life. Once, at least, I have been in danger when crossing it. We started from the pierhead at Liverpool to go to Egremont. My father was with us. The tide was running fast, the wind was strong, and our little ferry-boat danced and dipped as it made its way across the two miles of river which must be traversed. When we reached mid-stream we found that the movement of the wave and tide made steering difficult. Sailing vessels and steamers were being jostled out of their course, and the swirl of the water caused unexpected deviations. Suddenly, a huge green-and-white revenue cutter—broader, deeper, and larger than our ferry steamer—appeared on our port side. Then she was lifted high

above us, and swung towards us, broadside on. For a moment she towered over us, as though halting before crashing down upon our deck. I heard my father's voice—"Down upon your knees!" And then the great craft was slowly and gently lifted away by another wave. It was my first experience of perils by water.

On the Mersey, Mr ffolliott, who had been my father's curate, had a strange experience. He was appointed chaplain to the Sailors' Mission. His duty was to board vessels in the river and give what spiritual help he could. One day, when the tide was running swiftly up the river, he was in his boat and his little daughter with him. The tide carried the boat with such rapidity that, before it could be avoided, its little mast was caught by an anchor chain, and the boat was capsized. Mr ffolliott, seeing the danger, with great presence of mind threw his little daughter upon the chain, to which she clung and from which she was soon rescued. Mr ffolliott himself was flung into the river and swept away by the tide. The little daughter made her way home, and dashed into the house exclaiming, "Oh! Ma, Pa's drowned!" But papa was not drowned. Being a man of good nerve and good sense, he turned on his back and let himself go with the tide. He came to shore some distance up the river, and soon after appeared at home, once more startling his half-stunned wife.

Mr ffolliott was a gentleman, with some literary perception, loyal, and kindly. I was a kind of curate to him, for I used to read the lessons for him at the afternoon service. It was a trial to my young nerves to mount the steps to the desk from which the lessons were read and to face the great though sparsely filled church. Mr ffolliott left to take up the work among seamen.

This leads me to speak of another of my father's curates. He was a man of very different stamp from Mr ffolliott,

and had been educated at St Bees. I will not give his name—let us call him St Bee. He raised our academic ire by the pretentiousness of his hood. He wore a hood which was an amalgam of white and crimson. The two colours were so arranged that, while by an expanding movement you could exhibit both, by a deft folding movement you could exhibit either the white or the crimson colour alone. The effect of this was that Mr St Bee appeared sometimes to the uninitiated as a Cambridge Master of Arts, and anon as an Oxford Master of Arts. Happily, however, no such illusion could survive when he preached. No graduate of any university could perpetrate the horrors of his pulpit affectations. He could marshal words, but he was guided by no literary instinct. Thus, on one occasion, he asked, with a would-be pathos, "What must be the feelings of a mother for another mother who has lost a child under similar circumstances?" Another time he was tempted into a descriptive style. He pictured the angels contemplating the Crucifixion. He described them as standing, "with pensive admiration and drooping wings, looking down upon the venerable Jesus, when, as by an electric shock, the cross was raised." Fortunately, the torture of this man's ministrations was short-lived, and my father obtained the help of worthier men.

We came, it will be seen, much under the influence of various preachers. At the time of which I speak Liverpool was well supplied with them. It had not always been the case. At any rate, a story told us in my boyhood suggests that the town was largely under the spell of a spiritual torpor. The story was of an Irish bishop who landed at Liverpool one Sunday morning. Being wishful to go to church, he asked the waiter at the hotel whether he could tell him of a "good evangelical preacher." The phraseology was lost upon the waiter, and his reply showed that he did not

understand. Whereupon the bishop returned to the charge, and asked, "Is there any clergyman in Liverpool after whom people cry 'mad dog'?" The reply was prompt. "Yes, certainly ; Mr Buddicom." Mr Buddicom had passed away from Liverpool before my time of conscious memory.

The circumstances of my father's church, which I speak of elsewhere, gave us the opportunity of hearing many preachers as we wandered from church to church. We thus had experience of various styles of preaching, and, with youthful infallibilism, we became severe critics. We noted the rotund preacher who rolled his body slowly as he rolled platitudes from his mouth. We appreciated the man of painstaking earnestness who sought to make plain the spiritual message of his text. We delighted in the man who seemed to be possessed by his subject, and who could concentrate all his powers of thought, word, voice, and gesture on the work of making his hearers feel and believe as he believed and felt.

The Rev. Hugh M^cNeile, or Dr M^cNeile as he was usually called, was pre-eminently the dominating clerical influence in Liverpool during my boyhood. I use the word clerical rather than religious, for Dr M^cNeile's influence was in the world of clerical or ecclesiastical thought rather than in the personal and spiritual domain. I do not mean that there were not people in his congregation who profited by and valued his religious teaching. Still less do I mean that his lead on religious questions had no following ; but Dr M^cNeile's name was identified chiefly with those controversies which may be fitly described as ecclesiastical. He had great gifts. He had a fine presence, an erect frame, handsome features, a well-set head crowned with radiantly silver hair, a dignified bearing. He spoke and accompanied his words with graceful, restrained, yet suggestive gestures. His utterance was deliberate, his voice of fine and flexible quality ; he could

raise it to notes of thunder, he could sink it to a whisper, and not a syllable would be lost by the audience. He could make it vibrate with emotion, yet you always felt the instrument was under control. His intellectual equipment was not great. He was not a deeply read theologian. He was not a great scholar. He was prudent enough, perhaps, not to run the risk of sacrificing clearness to erudition. The consequence was that he never floundered as men do who try to talk of what they only half understand. He might make mistakes, he might betray the limitations of his knowledge, but he never befogged himself or his audience. He could state his case with crystalline lucidity ; he could enforce it with arguments which people could understand. He was master of certain small arts which are often foolishly disdained by many learned and earnest men. He could appeal to the ever varying emotions of men ; he could be vehement or gently persuasive ; he could be sentimental or sagacious ; he could be denunciatory and ironical.

He was the orator of Liverpool in his day ; he was the ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν of the town. I remember seeing him walking towards St George's Hall one evening, and my brother Henry, at my side, quoted the Homeric words describing Agamemnon. If he lacked anything it was the passion and abandon which has marked the greatest orators. He could play upon his audience as a skilful musician upon his instrument, but he never swept them off their feet in the storm and tempest of his own passion. This gives rise to what has always seemed to me very paradoxical in the reputation which he bore. He was regarded by the outside world as a firebrand who flung out, recklessly, dangerous sparks in all directions. This implied passionate thoughtlessness and fanatical want of consideration ; but when you listened to his deliberate and measured speech, he never gave the impression of the man, eager of heart, who cared little about the form of his speech

so long as he delivered his own soul. He was the quiet, reflective, grave speaker who never allowed emotion to hurry him into rugged sentences or passionate inexactitude of utterance. He was, of course, a party man ; he had, probably, never considered the other side of the question, but he was not intemperate in spirit. If he seemed to be fanatical, it was due to his limitations of knowledge and thought, and not, I think, to any lack of self-control.

I remember an orator of the frothy order speaking at some length and labouring hard to make a simple matter obscure. I recollect how Dr M^cNeile followed him and in a few simple sentences rescued the point from the mists and set it clearly before the audience.

He had gifts, and his gifts were admirably cultivated. He had studied elocution, it was said, under one of the Kembles, and he was often spoken of as theatrical. This, added to his fondness for controversy, led some to regard him as deficient in what would be called evangelical zeal. I remember one incident which had the effect of completely banishing this impression from more than one mind. I was at a meeting held in the Liverpool College (the Collegiate School, as it was then called). The meeting was on behalf of missions to the Jews. The Bishop of Chester was in the chair. Dr M^cNeile was one of the invited speakers. There was a slight confusion in the body of the hall while the Bishop was speaking, but little notice of it was taken ; it only lasted for a few minutes. Various speakers followed the Bishop, and at length Dr M^cNeile was called upon to speak (his speech was usually kept to the end of the meeting). He rose, and was greeted, as he always was, with great applause. He bore it for a short time, and then by a gesture of his hand seemed to ask the people to desist. He began his speech. He said that many incidents passed us by and left but small impression, but that there were

incidents which seemed to come with the force of the voice of God Himself. "To such an incident," he continued, "I allude. Your Lordship may have noticed a slight disturbance in the hall while you were addressing the meeting. It was a man who came here, let us hope, with the love of his fellow-creatures and of his Redeemer in his heart. My Lord, he is dead!" The whole heart of the audience seemed to leap as he uttered these words with the deep, solemn, and startling emphasis of which he was master. Another speaker would have been tempted to enlarge on the sad event—not so Dr M^cNeile; he turned from it at once. He began to speak of the object of the meeting—the claims of the Jews. Our Lord was a Jew. The blessings which were ours as Christians came to us from the Jews. The Bible which brought us consolation was handed to us by the Jews. So, but with evident effort, he continued to speak of the purpose of the meeting. But after a little he broke off as one to whom the continuation of such a theme was no longer possible. "I cannot continue the theme," he said. "God has given us another message to-night, and we must hear it." And then he began an appeal which was full of evangelical fervour. Were we ready for the great summons which must come to all? Were we clothed with that righteousness which would stand the scrutiny of Heaven? Those who had doubted his personal conviction of the old truths so dear to them were delighted, comforted, satisfied. And when Dr M^cNeile sat down he received the greatest tribute he had ever received from such a meeting. Not a cheer was heard. The voice of applause was hushed under the solemnity of the appeal which had been made. He sat down in a silence so profound that the rustling of a falling paper would have been heard. I tell this incident because it is one which carries us out of the atmosphere of controversy in which his name

was so much involved. It takes us into more sacred air, and it brings us nearer to the true man.

One other incident I must tell. When we were leaving Liverpool, after my father's death, I went with my mother, as she wished to bid "Good-bye" to Dr M^cNeile. As we were leaving, my mother mentioned that I was to be ordained before long. "Oh!" he said, "I wish I had known that." Then, coming near to me, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and he said, "At first you will think that you can do everything, then you will be tempted to think that you can do nothing; but don't let yourself be cast down: you will learn that you can do what God has for you to do."

There were revivals in Ireland in 1859, and the wave of spiritual emotion reached (though with perhaps slackened force) the people of Liverpool. At any rate, there came over to Liverpool a very remarkable young Irishman, Henry Grattan Guinness. He was then only two-and-twenty, I believe. He preached in Hope Hall, Liverpool, night after night, and the crowds were so great that it was difficult to secure a seat, or even to gain admittance, except by going very early. I went with my Aunt Fanny to hear him. We found the crowd, great and dense, surging at the doors. My aunt, who was gifted with a persistent effrontery, was not going to be defeated. She whisked me round to the rear of the building, and, when Mr Guinness arrived and was being surreptitiously let in, she darted forward, and cried, "Oh, do let us pass in with you!" I saw a faint flicker of a smile on Mr Guinness's face, half illuminated as it was by the gas-lamp above us. We were passed in, and found seats near the platform. But so eager were the people at the doors, and so reluctant to believe that there was no chance of admission, that the whole service was disturbed by moans and cries and sounds of conflict round the doors. Mr Guinness called out, "Shut those doors!"

but this was not easy, and at length he had to go out himself, and round to the front, where he succeeded in allaying the tumult and getting the doors closed. He then returned to the rostrum or pulpit, but, instead of continuing his sermon, he changed his subject and addressed us on a new text. He had a most persuasive manner, a full and tender-toned voice, and a passionate love of his fellow-men seemed to be the undercurrent of all he said. I heard him preach several times, but I remember very little now of what he said, though at the time he made a great impression on me. One passage I do recall. He was speaking of the joy and growing brightness of the Christian life, and he suddenly said : "As you go forward, your light will increase and so will your darkness." And then he added, "Let me explain what I mean, lest you should think me a fool. If I take this lamp out into the night it will throw a circle of light all around it, and the larger the circle grows the larger will be the encompassing circumference of darkness." I kept wondering whether the explanation of the sentence was the expression of a thought which had long been a conviction of his own mind, or whether it was an explanation (seized upon at the moment) to make good a sentence which had escaped him unawares. He was too young to have gathered many convictions of experience. I think it was the inspiration of the moment ; but however this may be, the sentence expressed what I suppose we have all found to be true, that enlarging darkness does follow enlarging light, but happily the light shines in the darkness all the time.

Mr Guinness's youthful work was very sincere and very earnest of its kind. I felt sorry when he lost himself, in later years, in the maze of prophetic interpretation ; but, nevertheless, I always cherish a grateful memory of the influence he exercised when I was young.

Among the preachers I may include one whose influence on our lives was outside the church. I may have heard him preach, but, if so, he left little impression on my mind ; but as he was a constant visitor, we often heard him talk ; and he was a man whose conversation was probably more influential than his preaching.

He was a second cousin of my father. We always spoke of him as "Dr Carpenter," though my father called him by his Christian name, William, and he always addressed my father as "Henry." I think I see Dr Carpenter—a tall, big man, dressed in a swallow-tail coat, with an ample white stock, above which appeared his broad, clear-skinned countenance, with its finely marked eyebrows, and a chin singularly free from the dusk of recently reaped beard. He spoke in a soft, gentle voice, with a pleasant and persuasive intonation and in a fashion which had the directness of a child. He had many memories in common with my father, and some of these had elements of genuine humour. He was one, moreover, whose piety was sincere and unconcealed. He was not a thinker, nor a great student, but a man of practical personal religion. He knew Bishop Vowler Short of St Asaph well. "My lord," he said, "I pray for you every week." "Yes," was the reply ; "'bishops and curates,' I suppose." "Yes, that, but more ; I pray for you personally." What Dr Carpenter said to the Bishop he could have said to numbers of others. He devoted two hours every Saturday morning to personal intercessions on behalf of a long list of special friends. He prayed for them by name, walking up and down his study as he did so. There was no hint of affectation, no arrogance of piety, in the man. He was, as I say, like a child. Was it the thing which he felt should be done ? He did it, and he spoke of it as though it were the most natural thing in the world. He never talked "goody" to

us boys ; there was no need. The man was a living epistle, as it seemed to us—gentle, charitable, kindly, with an unruffled calm of soul and a child-like spontaneity of utterance. There was no gloom about him—no affected seriousness.

Lady Dorothy Nevill has remarked that the men of the Early Victorian period took themselves seriously, and seemed to think that the spirit of frolic was a little unseemly. There is truth, I think, in this ; but, in the case of my father and his cousin, there was a spirit of genuine humour always ready to break out. “Henry,” would Dr Carpenter say—“Henry, do you remember John Parsons ?” My father’s face would sparkle with mirth : “Indeed, I do !” Then would follow tales of that strange, strong-willed, and practical clergyman so well known in the Isle of Man seventy years ago.

Mr Parsons employed a page-boy. Whenever he had to engage a new boy some such conversation as this would take place :—

Mr Parsons—“What is your name ?”

Boy—“John, sir.”

Mr Parsons—“That won’t do for me. If you come here, you must be Charles. Do you understand ?”

Boy—“Yes, sir.”

Mr Parsons—“All right. You can go outside and wait while I write a letter.”

After an interval Mr Parsons would apply his test. He would shout “John !” If the boy answered to the name he would be met with the rebuke, “You won’t do for me. I told you your name was to be Charles.” If the lad had the wit to take no notice, presently Mr Parsons would shout out “Charles !” If the boy then responded, he had passed the test and would be engaged.

One time Mr Parsons was sorely puzzled. His kindly heart was distressed because there were several old men and

old women whom he wished to place in the parish almshouses ; but, alas ! the almshouses were limited in number, and they were full. Six old men occupied the six houses set apart for men, and the women's wing was filled by six old women. There were candidates for the almshouses, but there were no vacancies. Could nothing be done ? Mr Parsons reflected, and, as he did so, a happy inspiration came to him. He immediately visited the almshouses and paid a call on one of the old women.

Mr Parsons—" Well, Betty, and how are you ? "

Old Lady—" Oh ! pretty well, for a poor old body like me. "

Mr Parsons—" Oh ! you want someone to cheer you up. Don't you find yourself a bit lonely in the long winter evenings ? "

Old Lady—" Well, it's not for me to complain. "

Mr Parsons—" I think you would be better of a companion. What would you say to getting married ? "

Old Lady—" Married, sir ! Why, who would be having the likes of me ? "

Mr Parsons—" Oh ! you leave that to me. I think it would be good for you, and I think I know the right man too. "

Old Lady—" It don't sound likely, sir ; but your Reverence knows best. "

Thereupon Mr Parsons visited one of the old men, and made him admit that a house where a man lived alone was always a muddled sort of place. He then proceeded to point out what an excellent help old Betty would be. In the end, so the story went, Mr Parsons had six vacant almshouses, for he married the six old men to the six old women !

We listened to stories of Mr Parsons, and we never tired of them. They always had such a strange medley of humour and practical wisdom about them. Here is one story which shows the practical thoughtfulness of the man.

A parish tragedy had occurred. The son of one of his parishioners had committed suicide. Mr Parsons promptly visited the house. He found father and mother and the family distressed, distracted. The shock of the occurrence had bewildered them. Mr Parsons took command of the house. He ordered the whole family to bed. He dosed them with some soothing medicine, and while they slept or sank into the stupor which follows shock he busied himself on their behalf. The room where the death had taken place bore traces of the tragedy. Mr Parsons had it repapered : he moved the furniture : he so transformed it that it was like another room : no familiar object remained to recall the horror of the past. When the family came down again they came into rooms which were set free from all painful associations.

The last scene of this vigorous clergyman's life was thoroughly characteristic. He lay dying, and he knew it. He issued his orders for his own funeral with a calm decisiveness. "Mind," he said, "I go at ten o'clock. I have always been a punctual man, so I go at ten o'clock—not a minute later. But then," he said, "matters are sure to go wrong, for I shan't be there to see to it myself."

Another incident caused my father and his cousin infinite merriment. It so happened that my father had visited the Isle of Man, to speak on behalf of the Church Missionary Society. In the course of his speech he made use of an old Manx legend. The governor of a certain castle, whose ruins were well known in the island, had in his charge a prisoner who was under sentence of death. A reprieve arrived, but the governor kept silent about it and allowed the prisoner to be executed. The moral of the story, as used by my father, was a simple one. It is treason to humanity to keep them ignorant of the good news which has come to the world through Christ. At the close of the

meeting, a clergyman, who enjoyed considerable popularity as a preacher and speaker, came to my father and questioned him about the story, which he said was quite new to him, though he knew the island well. So far there was no cause of merriment, but the merriment came in the use which the popular preacher made of the story, and of which Dr Carpenter was an auditor. At a meeting the popular preacher spoke somewhat as follows :—

“Often have I wandered along the romantic shores of the Isle of Man, and my eyes have rested upon an ivy-clad tower, the picturesque remains of an ancient castle. As I have gazed upon that venerable ruin a strange fascination of horror has possessed me as I recalled the story of foul treachery enacted within its walls. Since my childhood that tale of wrong has filled my heart with pity and terror as I heard it told from my nurse’s lips,” etc.

Then followed the story, with its application. What laughter did this instance of “high-falutin” plagiarism awaken around our tea-table !

BOOKS

Books ! They all have a fascination for me. To be let loose in an old-book shop is one of the joys of life. There variety in a hundred forms can charm. What variety of subjects offer themselves ! History, travel, poetry, philosophy, romance hold out welcoming hands to you. What variety of expression, too, these subjects wear ! for type gives expression to a book. What fineness of work in these Elzevirs ! What delicate diligence in this Giunta Dante ! What can rob from these miniature classics issued by Pickering the air of refinement ? Do you not feel that a learned carefulness lingers in these Aldine editions ? Do you realise that this *Divina Commedia* represents Petrarch's handwriting, Francia's typefounding, as well as the Aldine printing ? Do you not feel grateful to Zotti for this strong type and these ample margins ? What unalloyed satisfaction fills your soul as you open these Baskervilles ! Are you not conciliated at once by the honest integrity written large upon their pages ? The genius and character of the old printers have provided you with rich variety here. When you pick up a book marked by stingy slatternliness of type it will only serve to make you value the splendid extravagance of page and print which rejoices your eyes in this Dante from the Ancora press. The printers have neither speech nor language of their own ; they simply pass on to you the words of others ; but, nevertheless, the voices of the printers are heard in the old-book shop, and

the rich copiousness of their speech has gone through all the world.

What variety of costume too is here ! From venerable and comely vellum down to torn paper rags ; from the workaday library calf to the richly tooled and highly gilt morocco ; from the splendid livery and tooled ornamentation of a Roger Payne to the sedate and unobtrusive apparel of Zaehnsdorf.

Then what pleasure to take a volume down from the shelves, to handle it with a worthy and reverent affection, to turn over its pages, to revel in its type, to pick up a sentence of wisdom here or a happily turned phrase there, and put it back with a sigh, reflecting that not the riches of Golconda would suffice to slake a bibliophile's desires ! And yet, though a sigh born of the consciousness of slender resources may be allowed, how far from mean or malicious emotion is such a passing feeling ! For the joy of the book-lover exists apart from covetousness of possession. It is generous, magnanimous, brotherly. It has no grudging, for it is founded in the literary charity which rejoices in the diffusion of learning. It knows that, however great may be the possessions of any, there is still no diminution in the good which is open to all. It can share and appropriate the philosophy of the *Purgatorio*:—

“ Quello infinito ed ineffabil bene
 Che è lassù, così corre ad amore,
 Come a lucido corpo raggio viene.
 Tanto si dà, quanto trova d' ardore :
 Sì che quantunque carità si stende,
 Cresce sopr' essa l' eterno valore.”

Purgat., xv. 67-72.

But I must come back from my day-dreaming. Yet the joy of the old-book shop is, that you can linger there and dream over each book as you dandle it. And herein it is

so much more to be desired than the shop replete with the newest and most recent books. The proprietor of the old-book shop is usually a man of knowledge and literary feeling. He possesses, too, a happy art of patience : he can affect a sagacious indifference : he has his own work to attend to. He can continue posting up his next catalogue while you wander about the shop. His experience teaches him that the genuine book-lover is not to be hurried or harried. He therefore leaves you to ramble and to ruminate in peace. He is at hand to answer any question ; he is glad to give you information. He takes a genuine pleasure in discussing different editions. You like a book—he has a better copy upstairs. You find a second edition of *Rokeby*—he has a first edition in some choice corner. He brings it out with affectionate pride, as though just willing to sell but not anxious to part with it. You understand the man ; he is a book-lover too ; you can spend an hour pleasantly and profitably in his society. What peace there is in his shop ! Quiet and companionship are there together. The proprietor is a helpful friend.

As for the dapper young men who flutter about in new-book shops, it is not so with them, but they are like anxious hens cackling vociferously over their charge. You stroll in. You wish to look round. You learn much by looking and examining in silence, but you are not allowed. The sound of flapping wings is heard. A voice is at your ear. “ Have you seen Canon Noodle’s last work ? ” The creature has marked your white tie ! He assumes your taste. You murmur some imbecile civility, anxious to continue your own method. Canon Noodle’s book is placed upon the counter. An air of superiority and disapproval passes upon the assistant’s face. He brightens up, however. He seizes upon a twin-volumed octavo, *A Defence of the Accuracy of the Prophet Ezra*, showing that his inventory of the

number of temple spoons brought back from Babylon is entirely correct, and setting forth therefrom a line of evidential value of the inspired character of the Old Testament. The work is ponderous. The young man becomes blandly persuasive—everybody is reading it. He suggests somehow that only criminal ignorance would refuse to read it, and not to buy it would be a serious dereliction of clerical duty. You try to escape. The book does not interest you. Indeed, just because you are a clergyman you do not want theology thrust upon you, but the persistent affability of the young man does not perceive this. The ranges of human thought and predilection are far above out of his sight. He continues to bring to your notice book after book. He abandons theology with an air of grief-stricken disappointment. He thrusts before you travels, illustrated books, county histories. He insists on your admiring the latest specimens of colour printing. Your balked brain is never allowed to complete the examination of a single book that might interest you. At last the truth is forced upon you—the young man must stay in the shop, you need not. So, bidding him good day with what courtesy you can command, you leave the shop jaded and annoyed. The chatter has tired you ; and the annoyance of the affair is, that you have only a day or two in town, and your one chance of noting and selecting a book or two which would really help you has been snatched from you by the cheerfully unobservant and indefatigably peripatetic salesman of the shop.

There are shops where once I went which now see me no more, for I have been driven away by the obsequious obtrusiveness of such irrepressible interrupters of one's peace. Not that the shopmen of new-book shops are all of this type—far from it. There are some excellent, intelligent and understanding men who take pains, know how to be

silent, and get what you want with cheerful appreciation. My picture is, however, drawn from experience, and, as a rule, to go from the new-book shop to the old is a step from storm to stillness.

My love for the old-book shop is the same as my love for a library, and this dates probably from my early associations. The house at home was well supplied with books. In our youngest days we each had our little set of bookshelves. We took a pride in the number and arrangement of our small libraries. The most voluminous work which adorned our shelves was a set of six or eight volumes of the *Juvenile Missionary Instructor*. We each of us had a set. My brother Henry had a set, half-bound, with scarlet leather backs ; my brother Archie's were green ; mine were purple. The Bible, the Prayer Book, the *Pilgrim's Progress* found their place on our shelves.

My mother used to read to us on Sunday afternoons. We had Mrs Sherwood's *Stories on the Church Catechism*. I am afraid that this book did not arrest our attention. India and Indian scenes did not appeal to us ; and though we may have felt a passing thrill of interest when the devout sergeant tied up the naughty child (was it very naughty ?) to the bed, nothing else lingers in my memory of this dull but well-intentioned work. Very different it was when my mother read us *Frank Netherton*, or *Ministering Children*. There we had scenes of more real life and truer human feeling. We had left conventional standards behind. We were hearing about real boys and girls. I know that my eyes grew misty over *Frank Netherton*, and I wept (I hope unseen) when *Black Beauty* was sold.

Later, other and stronger books began to make their appeal to me. Novels and Shakespeare were forbidden to our private reading ; but my Aunt Fanny would read to us some romances, and our imagination was stirred. I well

remember my first introduction to Sir Walter Scott's novels. I was in the public lending library with a friend. While I waited I picked up a book. It was *Ivanhoe*. I opened it at the story of the siege. I was entranced in a moment. I felt the stir of war : I heard the clash of arms : I was in a new world. Something of the same experience was mine when I made acquaintance with Byron. I read *The Corsair*, and for two or three days it was to my mind like wine. I had been to a palace of enchantment : I had supped at a wondrous banquet. I began to keep a little book in which I entered quotations which pleased me. My reading outside school-work was desultory, probably more extensive than thorough ; but, happily, the wise influence of Mr Glynn made desultoriness of mind impossible. So I read in various directions, and forceful passages of poets and orators were abiding joys to me. The love of books grew ; and when I began my clerical life I had, between books inherited from my father and books collected by myself, a library far larger and more various than falls to the lot of most young clergymen ; and my happiest hunting-ground in my curate's days was to be found in the old-book shops. In later life my sport in these fields has been restricted ; increasing demands upon time rob one of leisure. The hours at one's own disposal grow fewer ; and as I hasten from one call of duty to another I cast wistful glances at the secondhand-book shops in which I once spent so many moments of glad abstraction.

I am afraid that I have lost sight of what I intended when I began to write about books. I meant to have set down the books which blended with other influences in my young life. Some I have mentioned, but in a haphazard fashion, I fear. We were brought up, of course, on *Line upon Line* and the *Peep of Day*, upon the *Pilgrim's Progress*, upon Mrs Sherwood aforesaid, upon *Tales from English History*. In the Bible we were well trained. Later came

the books of adventure—*Robinson Crusoe* and *The Island Home*, for example ; till the circle enlarged and poetry entered the arena, as I have shown. I bought Coleridge's works, and a little volume containing Beattie, Collins, and Gray, at a bookstall in Liverpool. Milton we were taught ; portions of Pope, and many of Campbell's poems we learned early. So the poetical environment was various, till Tennyson came and for a time dominated us all.

EXCURSIONS

LIVERPOOL is a place of ships. The broad bosom of the brown Mersey welcomes them with wide hospitality. Like a woman, she makes difficulties at first, but once the bar is crossed there is generous welcome and unstinting accommodation. To the Mersey, for the last sixty or seventy years, the largest vessels afloat have come. "There go the ships and there was that Leviathan." I remember seeing at Liverpool two vessels that were the wonder of their day. My father took me down to the docks when I was five or six years old, and there I saw the *Great Britain*, the largest ship afloat. So large she was that report said the dock entrances were too narrow, and that she had damaged the stonework on entering. Later, when I was eighteen or nineteen, the *Leviathan* (or the *Great Eastern*, as she was afterwards called) came to Liverpool. She was expected first at Holyhead, and this expectation led to one of my experiences of rough weather and loneliness.

It was agreed that we should go to Holyhead and see the monster ship. My aunt was coming over from Ireland, crossing *via* Kingstown and Holyhead. It was thought well to intercept her there. I was told off to go in advance to Holyhead to watch the arrival of the Irish mail-boats and keep my aunt at Holyhead.

I started on a Friday. Friday was not the sailing day of the City of Dublin steamers, in which we had shares ; but a little steamer named the *Druid* plied on Mondays,

Wednesdays, and Fridays between Liverpool and the Menai Bridge. It was determined that I should go by this steamer, and take the train for Holyhead at Menai Bridge station. I started with light baggage, and I embarked upon the steamer *Druid*. It was an awful day. As soon as we had cleared the Mersey we encountered the storm. The sea had, to my eyes, changed its colour. As a rule the waters were deep, fresh green, but that day they were tawny yellow. It seemed as though the welter of the storm had routed up and absorbed the sand of the North Wales coast, and was flinging it about in tempestuous rage.

I was soon reduced to a recumbent posture. I would not go below. I lay upon the bench below the bulwark. All the billows and waves seemed to go over me. The day was fitful—clouds and sunshine fought for supremacy. At one moment I was drenched with the waves; at the next the sun came forth and streamed down warming beams upon my saturated garments. Ill? Yes, I suppose I was ill; but I was reduced to a condition of half-stupefied inertia.

I could not direct my thoughts. My mind lay open to the invasion of irrelevant imaginings, and became the victim of a reiterated quotation. The vessel pitched and rolled; the sky bowed down to meet the waves; the sea rose up to meet the clouds. The sun scorched me—the waves soaked me,

“I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat.”

And my poor brain was tyrannised over by the lines which followed :

“The sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a weight on my weary eye.”

And I found myself adding :

“And Christ would take no pity on
My soul in agony.”

And so for hours, as the tempest raged and the billows beat upon the vessel, I lay—not able to move or struggle, but just to endure till the tyranny was overpast.

At last we reached the shelter of Anglesey, and were in quieter waters. We little thought of the tragedy which was about to occur within a few short miles of us! But afterwards we heard that in that weltering and storm-lashed sea the *Royal Charter* had gone down, ending her successful “record” passage in hideous and fatal wreck.

The storm had so delayed our arrival that I feared I should miss the last train to Holyhead. By dint of hurrying and carrying my own luggage I just caught the train, and found myself, close on nightfall, in the, to me, unknown town of Holyhead.

I had been commissioned to look for lodgings. There were, no doubt, hotels at that time, but they were not attractive to me; and, for our purpose, lodgings were better and less expensive. I wandered about the town looking for tickets which announced apartments or lodgings to let. At length the brilliant moonlight shining down upon a window revealed the much-wished-for card. I knocked at the door, and modestly asked for rooms, explaining that I wanted a night's lodging for myself, and that I was the precursor of others who might remain some days, if satisfied. But here came a check. The hour was late: I was unknown. The landlady, half willing, was yet doubtful whether to admit an unauthenticated stranger who came with only a handbag. I explained myself, telling the good lady my name and my home. Then I was admitted, for the landlady came from my father's parish

in Liverpool. She gave me a front room, over the door. She supplied me with food in her little back room (the kitchen, if I remember rightly). It was late, and I took my supper in the handiest place, and talked to my landlady about Liverpool.

I was, as may be supposed, tired out. The day had been long and exhausting. I was ready for sleep, and I entered my bedroom with satisfaction and hope. But hope springs eternal, and hope is often fallacious. There are small influences at work which can dissipate our imaginings and destroy our hopes. Hard prosaic facts were my foes that night. Little creatures, vile and venomous, scattered my anticipations of sleep. The consciousness of inimical and unclean presences took early possession of me. The benign influences of sleep were thwarted. The night was one of wakeful horror, and the bright morning was welcome to my sleepless eyes, for with it I could escape from that bogey that pursueth by night. I found other lodgings the next day, and the memory of discomfort soon passed away.

The weather was bright. The sea was a deep blue, and the waves flung up merry white crests as they rolled towards the brown rocks. The harbour was alive with incoming and outgoing steamers. Around me was picturesque scenery and stirring life ; but beauty of scene without companionship is little use.

“ Nature in zeal for human amity
Denies or damps an undivided joy.
Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;
Joy flies monopolists ; it calls for two ;
Rich fruit ! Heaven planted ! never pluckt by one.”

This was to be my experience on that memorable Saturday. Whatever might be my feelings under other conditions ; Holyhead that day was “shocking to me.” It was a mere wilderness—a desolate and detestable spot to which I was

bound, and in which I must remain for possibly days in loneliness.

I began to reflect that, if my aunt did not arrive, and if none of the family from Liverpool arrived that day, I should be condemned to spend a lonely Sunday. My solitude could not be relieved till Monday was well advanced. I began to feel a sort of terror at the possibility of spending perhaps forty-eight hours in a place which seemed to me to be strange, chilling, and lonely. As the hours went on, and no familiar face appeared on the deck of the steamer, and no well-known form descended from the train, my apprehensions of prolonged solitude grew almost to agony point. The weary day wore through with its recurrent disappointments. No one had arrived. There was now left only one chance—the last train might bring my elder brother from Liverpool.

I went to the station. There the red-tape which prevailed would not allow me on the platform. I had to wait outside the station in the dark. This, I felt, added to my fears, for it created another chance against me. Even if my brother arrived, I might miss him. He might elect to go on to the boat station or slip out some other way. At length the train came snorting into the station. I could hear it. Through the glass of the closed doors I could see the passengers crowding from the train into the booking-office. I watched them eagerly, half despairingly, looking for the one face I longed to see. At last I caught sight of him. He came in the stream of people. I was in a terror that I might miss him. I knew his dreamy and unobservant nature and his proneness to act on some strong and strange impulse. He might take for granted that as he did not see me on the platform I was not there. In that case he might go back to the train. These and a hundred other disquieting apprehensions (for

thought, as Hobbes says, is swift) filled my mind in the few seconds during which the passengers made their way to the exit. So I waited, the victim of nameless misgivings, till my brother emerged in the crowd, and I was at his side, guiding him with speechless delight to the lodgings which for me would not be lonely throughout the coming Sunday.

On the Monday we met my father and mother at the station and my aunt at the boat. We established ourselves in the lodgings, looking forward to the sight of the great ship. But instead of Brunel's large vessel came the news that there had been an explosion on board, and that the vessel had put into some western port for repairs. Thus our expedition ended in disappointment, save for the exhilaration which a few days in Wales brought to us all.

And I had learned a lesson. I had taken at times a sentimental view of solitude : I had dreamed of its charms : I now learned its drawbacks ; and if I could not say with Cowper,

“How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude !”

I should at least have endorsed his prayer,

“But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper ‘Solitude is sweet.’”

We were great walkers. Liverpool is happily placed for those who care to be within easy reach of fine scenery. Wales—North Wales—was our natural holiday-ground. The City of Dublin Steam Packet Company ran a steamer three times a week from Liverpool to the Menai Bridge, stopping at Llandudno, Beaumaris, and Bangor. My father and mother were shareholders in the company, and shareholders in those days had the privilege of travelling free on the company's steamers. My father transferred to our names shares enough to secure to us this privilege ;

consequently, we often made excursions into Wales. The whole district between Llandudno and Carnarvon, and southward as far as Capel Curig and Festiniog, and eastward to Wrexham, was well known to us. We could manage our thirty miles a day without discomfort. We reduced our travelling kit to a minimum, and learned to carry all we needed. We loved the mountains and the lakes, the wide-spreading views gained from some height, the tumbling waters of the eager streams, the invigoration of the air, the glory of cloud and sunshine, and the sense of achievement, and, after our walk, the rest at some country inn or farmhouse. Sometimes we outwalked our strength.

One walk I well remember : it was our longest, and an unintentional achievement. We were staying at Beaumaris with some cousins. My elder brother Henry and I set out in company with our cousin Harry Mulvany. We left Beaumaris at twelve in the morning, intending to walk towards Bethesda village. We took the ferry and crossed over to Bangor. At Bethesda we refreshed ourselves with some lemonade, and continued our walk as far as Capel Curig. There we agreed that it would be insipid to walk back by the same road, so we determined to go round by Llanberis. I am afraid we did not stop to calculate distances. We toiled on, and when we reached Pen-y-grwyd we felt it was time to eat.

We held a small council of ways and means, and to our dismay we discovered that we could only muster half a crown between us. As we were obliged to keep three pennies to pay our way across the Menai Bridge, our available resources were reduced to two shillings and threepence.

We expended this at the little inn, where we fared upon bread and cheese and beer, not daring to indulge further. Thus refreshed we started on our homeward walk. Llanberis Pass, with its wild scenery, was soon left behind us, and,

to shorten the road, we elected to go not by the main road, which would have taken us to Carnarvon, but by the Port Dinorwig Railway.

Then began the horrors of our journey. We were footsore already. I, for my follies, was walking in a pair of low shoes, which had become sadly heel-worn. Picture the torments of the road ! Night was closing in. We were on a railway track ; the sleepers were raised ; the permanent way was depressed. We had to choose between striding from sleeper to sleeper—a somewhat long stride, and stepping into the hollow and up again to the sleeper—a compulsory undulatory movement, most trying to pedestrians. The on-coming darkness added to our pangs. However ready we were to make the brave effort to stride from sleeper to sleeper, we were doomed, as night came on, sometimes to miss the stride. Thus our walk became a series of uncomfortable compromises between overlong strides and an involuntary switch-back kind of step. For ten miles we endured, and at length emerged upon the welcome highroad which flanks the Menai Straits, and we felt that the worst of our labour was over. At a cottage on the road we craved a drink of water, and in the dark behind me I heard my brother Henry murmur his desire for even a crust of bread. Thus sore bestead we marched towards the Menai Bridge, where we parted with our hoarded pence.

On reaching the other side my brother and cousin declared that they must sit down and rest. I did not dare to do so. I had reached that stage of fatigue when I must either go on or give up altogether. I shouted to them, therefore, that I would go on and reassure our kinsfolk that we were safe. I walked on like one in a dream. All I knew was that I had lengthened my stride and that I was carried onward by a kind of soulless mechanical effort. I

heard the clock strike eleven as I left the Menai Bridge. It was a quarter to twelve when I reached Beaumaris and relieved the anxious heart of my aunt and cousins. At twelve o'clock my brother and cousin arrived. My brother and I were past all thought of food: my cousin gaily attacked an ample meal. The next day we returned home by steamer to Liverpool, and for the first and only time, I think, in our boyhood lives we were content to lie down in the saloon the whole of the homeward journey. Our feet were blistered, and our bodies craved quiet and rest. The walk had been long and carried on under great disadvantages. We had traversed forty-seven miles, and our only refreshment had been bread and cheese, beer and lemonade. The forty-seven miles had been covered between 12 o'clock (noon) and 11.45 at night. Eleven hours and three-quarters for forty-seven miles was not a bad record.

Another walking excursion brought me a very vivid experience. I started with my cousin James Colby for Carnarvon. From that point we walked towards Snowdon. We slept at the inn known as the Snowdon Ranger. The next day we walked through Beddgelert and on to Festiniog. There we inquired whether there was any hotel at which we could sleep on our way to Bala. We were told that there was "a fery gude hotel at Ruthven." For Ruthven accordingly we set out, hoping to reach it before nightfall. We trudged on, mounting high lands and crossing rocky wastes. Rain began to fall, and after a time darkness overtook us. I suggested that we must have travelled far enough, and that Ruthven must be at hand. We looked round, and presently we espied a light. We turned down a farm lane and walked towards the welcome light. Someone would tell us the road. We soon reached the farmhouse: we knocked. A little Welsh maid opened the door, and we caught a glimpse of a large stone-flagged kitchen, well filled

with men. We asked, "How far are we from Ruthven?" The maid answered, "This is Ruthven." "Could you tell us, then," we asked, "our way to the hotel?" "There is no hotel at Ruthven," was the discouraging reply. "Oh!" we expostulated—"oh! but we were told there was a hotel. Is there no place where travellers can find rooms?" "Oh yes," said the maid; "we do sometimes put up visitors, but to-night——" She glanced back at the well-lighted room: "To-night! it is the Harfest Home."

It was a sad blow. We stood before the brightly lighted door; in the darkness without the rain was coming steadily down. Were we to turn away and pass into the darkness and along the unknown roads? We ventured a further question: "Could we have a room?" A consultation ensued, and then we were invited to inspect the one possible room. It was in the roof, and it was reached by a stone stairway which was wholly in the kitchen. The room was large and simply furnished; the door, however, was not provided with lock or bolt. A wooden latch was its only equipment. However, here we were offered a roof over our heads, with food and the chance of rest; so we accepted the room! In the kitchen we were served with a simple supper. Round the room the Welshmen gossipped and drank their harvest ale. Our supper ended, we went up the stairway to our bedroom. My cousin was quite placid, but I was the victim of nervous apprehensions. Here we were in a lonely farmhouse, in an unprotected room, while downstairs there were congregated men of whom we knew nothing—some of them, perhaps, belonging to the class of rough and irresponsible harvesters who tramped from county to county for casual work. My anxiety was the door. I drew what luggage and furniture I could, and placed it against the door. Having made the best possible defences, I went to bed; but my mind was ill at ease, and I could not sleep. Presently I heard my cousin's

regular breathing. He, with his confiding soul, had gone into the realm of rest. I was awake alone. I listened to the sound of voices in the kitchen below. Every movement and sound suggested danger, but the murmur of the voices went steadily on. I must have dozed ; but to my thinking the sound of the voices below never ceased, till all at once I became aware of a change in the sound. It was no longer a confused murmur : it was now the sound of one voice speaking with solemn cadence. Presently there came the grating sound as of chairs pushed over the stone floor, then the voice resumed its solemn cadence. Immediately there flashed upon me the conviction of what was taking place below—someone was conducting the household prayers. My apprehension vanished. I fell into a quiet slumber. When I awoke it was broad daylight. We dressed and went downstairs. The kitchen was empty : the door was open and the morning sun was shining brightly upon the threshold. Simple breakfast was served. This ended, we made ready for the road. We asked the Welsh maiden how much we owed for our night's entertainment. She replied, "Half a crown." We paid it cheerfully, giving the little maiden something for herself ; and so we went on our way, carrying with us pleasant memories of the farmhouse at Ruthven, where a simple piety reigned and where extortionate hospitality was unknown.

We tramped the next day (Saturday) to Bala, where we spent the Sunday. On the Monday we walked to Wrexham, where I arrived more than weary. I remember that I described my sensation of fatigue by saying that I felt as if my backbone had been drawn out of me and I had been beaten with it. I must have looked tired when we reached the hotel at Wrexham, for the following morning a kindly man asked me, sympathetically, how I was, saying he had noticed my fatigue the previous evening. The fatigue I

felt was new to me. I think that the silence of my travelling companion increased my feeling of weariness. He strode on with an unvarying tread. He never hazarded a remark, and when I spoke he gave me in reply a friendly, inarticulate gurgle. He was a dear, good fellow, and I loved him well ; but he was not gifted with the light talk or running pleasantries which cause time to pass quickly and unobserved.

CAMBRIDGE AND VOLUNTEERING

THERE is a day of my youth which is set about with brightness. I can close my eyes, and the whole scene comes before me. It is the old home, No. 5 Great George Square, but the doorstep and the hall are all flooded with light for me. The eyes before me are kindling with joy ; the hands which hold mine are warm with affection. For a moment reserve seems to have fallen away like a veil, and soul is looking into soul, and pure, unalloyed gladness passes into each.

Can I so restore the facts that the gladness and brightness of that day may be understood ?

My brother Henry had been at Oxford for a year and a half. The great hope and ambition which was entertained for him at home was that he might win the Hulme Exhibition. This was an exhibition of value and advantage ; it was tenable for three years ; it was worth £120 a year, besides £30 a year to be spent in books ; it was given away on the result of "Moderations," at Oxford. Preference was given to sons of clergymen in Lancashire living south of the Ribble. My father always hoped that my brother might win one of these exhibitions.

Meanwhile, I had been sent to try my fortune at Cambridge. I went to compete for an open scholarship. I left Liverpool on 1st June—my parents' wedding day. My father came to the station and started me on my way,

and then, alone, I took the tedious journey to Cambridge. I had to change trains at Peterborough, and I saw, for the first time, the Cathedral. The view of the west front filled me with a new-felt wonder.

I arrived at Cambridge with the knowledge that there was one good friend ready to advise me : I was not disappointed. I received much kind help from the Rev. R. Machray, who was then Fellow and Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and who, later, was the first Archbishop of Rupertsland—loved for his own sake and honoured for his devoted and long-continued work in Canada. To him I went whenever I was free. He gave me test examination papers and some small amount of coaching. When I first went to see him, he asked me what I had read. I told him. He shook his head. "I do not think," he said, "you will win an open scholarship. The men who compete successfully have read more than you have ; they are, at least, one subject ahead of you." This was not encouraging. However, Mr Machray was not content with asking me questions about my reading : he sought to test my available knowledge. He, accordingly, gave me some test examination papers. I did them as well as I could. When Mr Machray had read my papers, he grew more hopeful. He said, "Most men have read more than you have, but few men know what they have read as well as you do. I think you may succeed." Here was my first reaping of the harvest, for which my old mathematical master had sown. His method had given me a thorough mastery of my subject. What I read, I knew. I had so grasped the principles that I did not fear any paper, or questions, on the subjects within my range. It was a pleasure to be encouraged by such an experienced tutor : it is a pleasure now to commemorate his unfailing and helpful kindness. I appreciate it more fully to-day than I did in 1860, for I can better

estimate the sacrifice he made in allowing me to invade his rooms and take up his time and attention.

My enterprise in pursuit of a scholarship kept me in Cambridge for about three weeks. I tried my fortune twice and failed. I tried the third time and won. My brother Henry came over from Oxford and spent the last few days with me. He came with the news that he had reached the goal of our hopes and had won the Hulme Exhibition.

We had to wait at Cambridge to hear the result of my last venture. The result was made known one day late in June, when a half-sheet of notepaper posted up on the boards in St Catharine's College announced that I was one of three scholars elected. Spratt, now Fellow and Tutor of St Catharine's College, was easily first in classics. Metcalfe, a Yorkshireman from Wensleydale, was first in mathematics. I was, I believe, second in both, and obtained the third scholarship awarded. My brother Henry insisted on my going again to the College that he might read the notice of my success.

We left Cambridge together, and travelled home to Liverpool. I shall never forget our arrival. My Aunt Fanny was at the window of the front parlour (we should call it boudoir to-day)—she was looking out for our arrival. The moment she saw the cab drive up, she vanished from the window, and, in her eager gladness to be the first to welcome us, she opened the hall door for us. Her eagerness was the cause of the one shadow which fell upon an otherwise glad day. I brushed by her as she stood within the doorway; I felt that my first greeting must be for my mother; I knew that she would be wounded, if I stopped to greet my aunt. I therefore hurried on, and, in doing so, gave grievous offence to my aunt. I was sorry, but I felt I could not do otherwise. In any case

there would have been offence. I had to choose, and my choice put my mother first. To her and to my father, therefore, I hastened. My mother's face seldom expressed her emotions ; my father's face was radiant, as he gave his hands to my brother and myself : he could appreciate, better than anyone, the meaning and value of our success. And still (though this happened more than fifty years ago) I can vividly see the scene : the light pouring in upon the hall ; the marble-topped table, with the statuette of Sir Walter Scott upon it, while above it ticked the clock which had been our mentor in school-days ; the shining mahogany chairs which flanked the table ; on the left the parlour door, through which my aunt had hurried ; between the parlour door and the hall table, my father and mother, facing the light. The glow is still on my father's face ; his glasses glisten with the light which streams in from the open door. Behind the glasses, I can read the tenderness and the gladness which dwell within the eyes.

In the evening we showed photographs of Oxford and Cambridge ; and in all my father took a keen interest, but it was almost vain to induce my aunt to look at them. She wore the countenance of offended dignity. I was sorry, and, even as I write the story, I feel sorry still. She loved me well, and, although I did not know it at the moment, she had spent the days of my absence in choosing and buying for me the watch which has been my companion ever since. I felt for her then ; I feel more for her now ; but I acted in obedience to an impulse of filial loyalty. Perhaps I might have managed things better, but it is hard to say. Let me put the matter away. Let me think only of that happy day of our joint success, of the sunlight streaming through the hall and of the welcoming smile upon my father's face. Memories like these are, in hard and difficult times, like—

“The rills, that glitter down the grassy slopes
Of Casentino, making fresh and soft
The banks whereby they glide.”¹

When I went to Cambridge, patriotism was in the air. Tennyson's voice had called the youth of England to arms. “Form, form, Riflemen form,” he sang, and in response to his stirring verse riflemen did form and made themselves ready to meet the storm. Patriotism was everywhere : it was more than a fashion, it was a deep conviction : it was a call of duty, and it was followed without any bubbling of sentiment : it was obeyed as inevitable : its authority was unquestioned. My opportunity to obey this call did not come till I was in my second year at Cambridge. Then I came of age, and my first act was to offer myself as a volunteer. On my twenty-first birthday, at Jesus College, Cambridge, I took the oath of allegiance to the Queen before the tutor, Mr Morgan, who was then captain of the Cambridge University Volunteers.

Volunteering was not mere play. We drilled, and I found the uniform a trial to the flesh ; it was heavy and hard. The rifle exercise was a test of muscular strength, for the old rifle was cumbrous and weighty. Personally I found its weight a great obstacle in shooting : it was no easy matter for me to take a steady aim with a rifle ponderously disposed to depression. I was fain to be content with a score of 50 per cent. of hits when I was at the butts.

The review days were fatiguing. In 1862 we had a field day in Hyde Park, where the Oxford and Cambridge corps were reviewed together with the Inns of Court, the “Devil's Own” as they were called. Then we suffered from

¹ “Li ruscelletti che dei verdi colli
Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,
Facendo i lor canali freddi e molli,
Sempre mi stanno innanzi.”

Inferno, xxx. 64-67.

heat, and from the new orders given by the War Office. What was happening we did not know ; the significance of our evolutions was, of course, a mystery to us. I only know that we were screamed at by an excited sergeant because we loaded with the muzzles of our rifles pointed according to our instructions, but these differed from the instructions as the good sergeant had received them.

In 1863 we made an excursion to Oxford, where a review of both the Oxford and Cambridge corps was to be held. We had a hard and trying day. We left Cambridge early, about eight o'clock, I think ; we travelled by train *viâ* Bletchley, and after some four hours we reached Oxford. We had been promised lunch on arrival, on payment of a fixed sum : we had paid it, and after the tedious railway journey we were ready for it. Judge of our disappointment ! We were drawn up on the slope which leads to the Oxford railway station ; we were then told off in files to receive our lunch. We filed past a window out of which came a hand ; the hand carried a paper bag ; in the bag were three sandwiches ! A second but irregular movement allowed a few fortunate ones to secure from the same hand a glass of ale. I was not one of the fortunate ones. We were obliged to be content with our dry sandwiches. We were then marched off, we knew not whither, but as we took the road and met the signpost which pointed towards Woodstock, my future brother-in-law, William Peers, glanced over his shoulder at me as much as to say, "We are in for a long march." However, Woodstock was not our destination. We were halted in the Cowley Marshes : there we met the Oxford corps, and there we attacked an imaginary foe. The rain began to fall, and for a time it was so heavy that operations were suspended and we grounded arms to enjoy or endure the downpour.

I had my small adventures that day. Twice we were

ordered to charge the enemy, who held a position—as we supposed—beyond a fairly broad ditch. When we came to the ditch I leaped, holding my cumbrous rifle as best I could. I just cleared the ditch, but in doing so I drove the muzzle of my rifle into the soft damp soil. We were hardly across the ditch when we were summoned to retire. Again I had to face the ditch, and this time, being more anxious for my rifle than for myself, I failed to reach the opposite side, but I scrambled out of the water bearing my rifle unharmed. Once again came the order to advance, and the ditch was crossed ; then the retreat sounded, and a fourth time the ditch had to be passed. Of the whole, I twice cleared the ditch and took muzzle-toll of the mud : twice I saved my rifle at the expense of drenched feet and a scramble. Some of my comrades in arms were alarmed, fearing the explosion of the mud-filled rifles, as not only mine but those of others were charged with mud. However, we rammed the mud home, and when the order to fire was given we safely discharged our rifles into the air.

After the commanding officer had given a harangue, which few of us could hear, we were marched off to Oxford, where the Oxford corps most hospitably entertained us. My company was No. 1 Company, and we were entertained by No. 1 Oxford Company at Christ Church. The march proved sufficient to bring us into Christ Church Quad with fairly well-dried uniforms. After dinner in hall I was among those who were guests of Mr Tottenham, the coxswain of the Oxford University crew of that year. Later in the evening the bulk of the Cambridge men returned to Cambridge. The Oxford L. and N.W. station was crowded : good fellowship and good feeling ran high. The Cambridge men entered the carriages ; the Oxford men filled the platforms and clambered on the roof of stationary trains : cheers loud and long made the roof re-echo as the

train left for Cambridge. I was a spectator, for I did not return to Cambridge that night—my future brother-in-law and I slept, or tried to sleep, at the Clarendon Hotel.

When I left Cambridge I parted with my uniform. I regret that I did not keep some one of its silver ornaments as a relic and remembrance of the days of happy fatigue when I went volunteering. My opinion is of little value, but I think that many old volunteers will share the regret which I felt, and still feel, that the volunteer force was disbanded. It had won a place in English life : it was a recognised body of citizens whose influence tended to call out self-denial and to awaken patriotism. Whether the territorials will take its place remains to be seen ; but I may be allowed to doubt the wisdom of destroying what is good, even with the hope of providing what is better. Wisdom, I think, would counsel us not to throw away existing material, but to exercise our skill in adapting it to new conditions.

One memory, which is bound up with the London volunteering expedition, has for me a special interest, for it served at a later time to bring me into friendly conflict with Sir Henry Irving. On the evening after our review in Hyde Park, I went with my brother Henry to the Lyceum Theatre. It was my first experience of the theatre. The play was *Louis XI.* : the chief actor was Charles Kean. I looked and listened with all the eagerness of novelty : nothing seemed to escape me where everything was new and wonderful. Of Charles Kean's merits as an actor I must have been an indifferent judge, as I had no standard of experience by which to judge him, but to my young fancy he was effective and impressive. At one point his gesture and facial expression more than satisfied me. It was in the scene in which the Duc de Nemours, after having secreted himself in the king's bed-chamber with the object of killing

him, agrees to spare the life for which the king pleads in such craven fashion. Then comes the moment when it is necessary for Nemours to escape from the room. The king opens a door on the left of the stage: he lets Nemours pass out: he then closes and locks the door, and, as he turns away from the door, his face bears a look of malignant joy. In this way Charles Kean told the audience that the man who had just spared the king's life had been treacherously trapped.

Some years later I saw Henry Irving play *Louis XI*. At the close of the play I visited him in his room. I said, "This play interests me much, as it was the first play I ever saw. I saw Charles Kean play it." "That is interesting," said Irving. "Tell me, was there any feature in the play, as you saw it, which struck you?" Now, in Irving's rendering of the scene with Nemours, he, as king, let Nemours pass out of the room, but he gave no hint to the audience of the treachery. I therefore described to Irving Kean's telling gesture and expression at that moment. "That is a very good point," said Irving, "but you know Kean never did it." I was taken aback. "But," I said, "I saw Kean do it." "No," said Irving; "you have dwelt upon it and evolved it from your imagination." "But," again said I, "it was my first play; my whole attention was excited; I can to this day see Kean's face and its wicked smile of triumph." "No," said Irving; "I have Kean's prompt copy of the play, and there is no hint of such a thing." "But would such a thing be noted?" I asked. "Yes, everything," was the reply, "to the smallest detail." Thus the matter became one of conflict between my memory and imagination. I have failed to meet any friend who can support my recollection of the incident, but I am still disposed to trust my memory, and I should be grateful to any friend who could reassure me.

MAIDSTONE

PLACED on the east bank of the Medway, and spreading itself tentatively on the west bank, stands the town of Maidstone—Maidstone unaggressively proud and unostentatiously sleepy. About it lies a “land of hops and poppy mingled corn.” In their season the fields become, when the hop-poles are piled, “the tented fields” of which Tennyson sang. The Medway flows through the town under the walls of the old Palace, and past the lazily busy little wharves at which the barges discharge their cargoes. The river may be charged with fickleness: now its brown waters flow with quiet innocence, kissing the green meadows and lapping idly against the buttresses of the bridge which unites the eastern and western parts of the town; but, again, the river rises like an angry creature aroused to sudden and swollen wrath, and overleaps its boundaries, spreads over the meadows, obliterates the tow-path, and menaces the old Palace walls. We lived in the old Palace, and I remember a night when we sat up watching the rise of the river. It had submerged the footpath and had risen above the level of the drawing-room floor, and we anxiously waited, fearing that it would climb over the window-sill. Happily, it began to fall at the critical moment when we were debating whether or not to remove the furniture. But whether the river flows with sedate modesty or rises in tawny rage, high above it, looking down with unmoved dignity, stands the old church with its venerable tower.

If Guido Orlandi was right when he sang :—

“ Amor sincero non piange nè ride,”
 (“ True love neither weeps nor laughs ”),

the old church may stand as the symbol of the undisturbed faith and patient, undemonstrative love to which religion testifies in a world of changing fashion and variously agitated moods.

This old church, with its deep chancel and broad aisles, was the centre of my first experience as a curate. The town, with its High Street flanked with shops, its minor streets sprinkled with them, its rows of unobtrusive, self-respecting little houses, its courts and alleys, its few dignified old mansions and its squalid purlieus, yielded, in the old parish attached to the church, specimens of various grades of life and character. Among them my work lay happily, most happily, under the guidance and affectionate helpfulness of the best of vicars, the Rev. David Dale Stewart, the worthy son of a worthy father.

Mr Stewart was tall and active ; he walked with spring and elasticity ; his countenance beamed happiness ; his bright brown eyes kindled with amusement and kindliness ; he was absolutely destitute of that painful self-consciousness which is often given to take offence and to see imaginary injuries, or to fancy some intentional slight. He had a happy art of interpreting men's actions from a religious standpoint. “ I passed So-and-so when I was coming down to church ; he wouldn't look at me ; I know he meant no personal discourtesy ; it is only shyness and fear of the parson.” On another occasion he received an anonymous letter, and his frankness and shrewdness of character stood him in good stead. He walked straight up to the man who had written it, and, holding out the letter, said, “ Now, why did you write that letter ? If there was anything to

complain of, why not have come straight to me and talked it over?" Such words, spoken without the least tone of wounded feeling or resentment, disarmed hostility.

With such a good man as my chief, my loyalty was invincible. My feelings on one occasion may be imagined. I met a neighbouring clergyman, who complained to me that Mr Stewart had taken a funeral which was not rightfully his. I knew the case; and I said that the deceased man had always attended the Parish Church, and that the family wished Mr Stewart to take the funeral. "Yes," said the clergyman (whose aspirates were doubtful), "but 'e's got my 'atband." I was amazed; it was a surprising revelation of the mean motives which might lodge even in clerical bosoms.

Mr Stewart's kindness to me was beyond words. He had a real interest in my difficulties, and he shaped my work with method. From first to last he was always a kind, genuine friend, living a life of absolute single-minded diligence, rejoicing in the message he believed he was sent to give to the world, charitable in his judgments, able to appreciate other men's abilities, absolutely contented to be where God had placed him and to do what God had given him to do.

He had his little quaintnesses of thought. He was never eccentric in action or conduct, but he had a devoutly literalistic method of interpretation. His mind had never opened to the philosophy of poetry. During his absence Mr Gould, the headmaster of the Grammar School, had preached more than once. On his return Mr Stewart asked me the subject of Mr Gould's sermons. I told him that Mr Gould's text, on the previous Sunday evening, had been from Rev. xxi., v. 25., "There shall be no night there." "Well, well," said my dear Vicar, kindling with happy curiosity, "what did he make of it? Did he say there would be no

night in heaven ? for you know there will be." I looked at him with doubt of his meaning. "Yes," he said, "there will be ; for 'they rest not day nor night.' " I could hardly keep my face in serious pose. He was fond of talking about heaven, and he had formed very definite views of his own, all of which he could defend by Scripture texts. I remember his describing the mode of residence in heaven. He seemed to think that a kind of saintly collectivism would prevail there ; the dear home bonds which make life here so precious would be deprived of all significance ; the "many mansions" did not mean the maintenance of special affections or the recreation of home life ; our abode would be common—I ventured to suggest—"like barracks" ; he replied quite seriously, "Yes, like barracks."

His very simplicity of character betrayed him into laughable positions. For instance, wishing to proclaim his mission as a preacher of One who was measurelessly above all other teachers, he chose for his first text at Croydon, "All that ever came before me were thieves and robbers." He was genuinely surprised and gently amused when the churchwarden remarked, "You were a little hard on your predecessors—were you not ?"

But whatever amusement of thought these small matters occasioned, no one could dream of laughing at Mr Stewart : he was so translucently sincere, so devoutly simple-hearted. I was with him two years, and never by word or action or even gesture did he show any sign of unchristian temper or feeling. I learned to love him then, and, looking back, I know that my love for him to-day is deeper, truer, and more tender than it was five-and-forty years ago.

Maidstone was my home for two years. We lived in one half of the old Palace. It had been a residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury in other days. It was a picturesque stone house, venerable in grey and green, with a garden at

each side and a small lawn in front, with stables near the gate. A side gate led to the old Parish Church. The other half of the house was occupied by Lady Frances Riddell—a fine and venerable figure who gathered round her friends from many quarters. There I met the Lushingtons, though I hardly realised at the time their connection with Tennyson. I was too much occupied, I suppose, with my own affairs—I had been recently married, and I had brought my little wife to the old Palace as to a new home ; we had our own small cares and joys, and I was not alive to the significance of things and people outside our own range of the moment.

Maidstone, as I look back upon my life there, was a place of quiet and yet perplexing experiences : there was little or no enthusiasm among the people ; meetings were seldom interrupted by questions or heartened by applause ; there were few signs of responsiveness or appreciation. Mr Stewart used to relate to me that a famous old champion of Protestantism, disgusted with the passive audiences, said : “ Kent is the Dead Sea of England, and Maidstone is the Dead Sea of Kent.” But if the people lacked demonstrativeness, they were quietly kind and possessed useful neighbourly virtues.

I was with them at a time of short but severe sickness. The cholera came up the river and fell upon Maidstone—at least it was supposed to have been brought by the barges which plied between Chatham and Maidstone. It was August, and my Vicar was away, and I was in charge of the parish. My wife and my mother were absent. My brother, then a Cambridge undergraduate, and I were keeping house at the old Palace. One day, about half an hour before morning prayer, I was summoned to visit a sick man. He lived in a kind of rookery called Padsole, a corruption of Pad’s Hole—the retreat of the footpads of a former day. It was a curious kind of court flanked with small houses ; it

could be entered from the Ashford Road, which was on a high level, or from a much lower lane. At the lower end the houses were set more widely apart ; then after a turn to the left the court narrowed, and at its upper end it narrowed still further, till the entrance from the Ashford Road was reached. It could not be called a very sanitary dwelling-place. Such was the spot to which I was summoned.

The sick man occupied one of the houses near the lower entrance of the court. I hurried from home, both because the message was urgent, and because the time before morning prayer was short. I entered the house, and a fine, tall man was stretched upon the bed. I knew him as a regular attendant at church, where his striking figure was always to be seen just below the pulpit. He was the first victim of the cholera. As I entered the room, his dark eyes were fixed upon me with a wistful, apprehensive look : I felt as though his soul was asking mine to tell him the secret of life and death. All cheap thoughts and mere conventional phrases seemed to me valueless at the moment : shall I say that I felt like one who had no oil to give to one whose lamp was fast going out ? What I said I do not know : I said what came uppermost. I may have knelt at his bedside and prayed ; but I can recall nothing : the one thing that remains with me is the look of those deep-set eyes as they questioned me. I left and went to church for morning prayer, and a little before two o'clock I went once more to Padsole to visit the sufferer. As I entered the court, making my way to the house, a woman shouted out to me : "It's no use your going in ; he's gone." The man was taken ill about ten o'clock : he was dead before two. This was my first introduction to cholera.

It raged in Padsole, a quarter which invited disease. The people residing there were strangely apathetic ; a sort of dull fatalistic spirit fell upon them ; they seemed indifferent to

precautions. The municipal authorities acted according to their lights ; but the light of forty years ago was sometimes darkness. Trained nurses were unknown, at any rate in Maidstone ; but women, called nurses, were employed to look after the cholera patients. Brandy also was provided ; but brandy in the hands of inexperienced and frightened people does not always do good.

I visited one poor woman ; she had, I think, been removed from her own home to an empty house in Padsole. She was a stranger to me ; but when I was called to see her, she was lying (so it seemed to me) upon the floor, clad only in her nightgown. There appeared to be no bedding in the room : the sufferer was writhing with pain : the nurse was there, but the nurse was intoxicated. Twenty-four hours later I buried the poor sufferer. At the graveside was the nurse—still intoxicated ! It was a hideous tragedy ; but who will blame the nurse ? an ignorant woman, called to a task for which she had no training and no qualification, suddenly thrust into a peril which her ignorance magnified. Was it to be wondered at that she flew to the brandy to allay her fears ? She was simply panic-stricken, and acted as her fears urged her to act. Happily, the cholera did not last long ; but to me—young, inexperienced, and alone—it was a trial and a revelation. Did I feel fear ? Yes, of course I did. The disease was rampant ; its effects were painful ; it slew with frightful swiftness. It would be affectation to say that I did not experience some fear as I went to the infected quarter ; but it was my duty to go, and I had to put fear behind me. I took the precaution of always nibbling a piece of biscuit or bread before I entered the stricken region.

Happily, life has its comedies as well as its tragedies, and life at Maidstone had changes from grave to gay. Marriages afforded occasional glimpses of serio-comedy. Here are two experiences of mine.

I had to take a wedding at the Parish Church. I went to the vestry a little before the appointed hour, and there I met the expectant bridegroom. It was my duty to see that the banns had been duly published. I took up the Banns' Book and I asked the man for the name. He told me that it was Waghorn. I turned over the entries, but no name of Waghorn could I find. The bridegroom-elect came anxiously to my side and looked over my shoulder as I once more searched the book. Suddenly he stopped me, saying, "There it is." I read the entry, but it announced that a Mr Vaughan desired to enter into holy matrimony. The name written was Vaughan, not Waghorn. "But," persisted Mr Waghorn, "that is the entry: the bride's name is right." I explained that the law required both names to be correct. "Well," said Mr Waghorn valiantly, "I will be married by the name in the Banns' Book!" My reply was that I could hardly connive at that.

The only thing to be done was for me to consult the Vicar. Accordingly, I went to the Vicarage. Mr Stewart came down and faced the difficulty. The first question was, how had the wrong name got into the Banns' Book? We made search in the vestry drawers, and we found, in Mr Stewart's handwriting, the original strip of paper containing the names of bride and bridegroom correctly written. Waghorn was the bridegroom's name as inscribed there, but in the book it had become Vaughan. My Vicar had entered the name in haste, and had, unfortunately, converted Waghorn into Vaughan. Dismay now reigned in the faces of the bridal party, and the dismay was not lessened when Mr Stewart explained that the only thing to be done was to get a marriage licence as soon as possible from Canterbury, though, at the earliest, the wedding could not take place till the next day, adding that, as the mistake had been his,

he would of course bear the cost. But Mr Stewart's genial manner and kindly words failed to chase the gloom of disappointment from the eyes of the little company who had come from far, and who had the wedding feast prepared, and the honeymoon provided for.

Then I began to play the part of hair-splitting advocate. I suggested to Mr Stewart that the value and validity of banns depended not on sight, but on sound; that it was the public declaration in church by the voice of the clergyman which was of moment, and that in this case, even if the name had been written correctly, Waghorn, the officiating clergyman might have elected to pronounce the *gh* soft, in which case it would have sounded to the congregation something like Waughan, and this was very near to Vaughan: would a mispronunciation of this kind wholly invalidate the publication? Mr Stewart hesitated, and then seized on the suggestion as affording a possible way out of the difficulty. "Yes," he said, "and the bride's name is so remarkable that no one could fail to notice it." It was Dulcibella Mary Susanna Thorpe. If there had been anyone wishing to forbid the banns, the striking character of the lady's name was a protective challenge. So the couple were married, and went away relieved and rejoicing.

Another wedding incident remains in my memory. It was the day fixed for a confirmation at Maidstone. The Archbishop was expected. The candidates were arriving and being escorted to their seats. The Vicar of Tovil—a small parish about three-quarters of a mile from Maidstone—had brought in his young people to be confirmed at the Mother Church. He was, however, in a difficulty, and he applied to Mr Stewart. He wanted to find a clergyman who could be spared from the confirmation service and would be willing to go to Tovil to take a wedding there.

He had arranged the wedding for an earlier hour, and, had all gone right, the wedding would have been over before he left Tovil to come to Maidstone. But all had not gone right. The bride and bridegroom had appeared, but they had failed to bring the certificate to show that the banns had been duly published in the bridegroom's parish. The Vicar could not therefore marry them at the appointed hour, and he was obliged to leave them with the promise that he would seek the help of a clergyman to marry them—if the certificate could be brought to the church in time, *i.e.* as soon after half-past eleven as possible; for in those days weddings must be celebrated before twelve o'clock noon. I was entrusted with the duty of going to the rescue of the unfortunate couple.

I reached the village and ascended the steps of the church, to find the door locked, and no sign of any life or movement. I knocked at the church door, and after some little delay an eye was laid to the keyhole on the inner side of the door, and after my explanation that I had come to perform a marriage, the door was stealthily and suspiciously opened. The woman who opened it explained that it had been closed to keep out some of the unruly spirits of the village. I went up the church aisle, and I found two or three people seated near the pulpit and east end of the church. Two of these—a burly-looking man and a comely woman—I discerned to be the bride and bridegroom. I asked, "Has the certificate come?" The answer was, "Not yet." I asked, "How far had the messenger to go?" The reply was, "Yalding—seven miles distant." I then inquired when the messenger had started, and the answer was, about a quarter to ten, and he had gone on horseback. I made a mental calculation, and I said, "I am afraid he may be too late: he has fourteen miles to travel, and he may lose time in finding the clergy-

man : he will certainly lose some in obtaining the certificate. However," I said, "if he returns by a quarter to twelve, there will be just time for us." It was by this time after half-past eleven. In order to lose no time, I went to the vestry and put on my robes, and, thus ready, I returned to the chancel. We waited in anxiety. Meanwhile the church doors had been opened, and a large congregation had gathered in the church—all of them were aware of the time-problem which confronted us. The church was as still as the grave : everyone seemed breathless with expectation. A quarter to twelve came, and no sign of the messenger. The minutes ebbed away, and five more were gone, when someone at the porch said, "He is coming." I went within the rails, and at nine minutes to twelve a man rushed up the aisle and put the certificate in my hands. I beckoned to the bride and bridegroom to draw near, when to my horror the bridegroom rose from his seat, prostrated himself upon the floor, crawled like an animal across the intervening space, seized the rails, and pulled himself up to a kneeling posture. The man was powerless, having been paralysed in his lower limbs. But, whatever happened, there was no time to lose. I commenced the service, but when the moment came for the bridegroom and bride to repeat the words of mutual pledge, nervous agitation possessed them, and they stumbled, and faltered, and blundered continuously, futilely, fatally. More time was lost, and I dreaded lest the clock should strike before the essential part of the service was finished.

Meanwhile, the now crowded church was following the service, not, I fear, with pious, but with excited interest. They viewed it as a race between the parson and the clock. Never had I such an entranced audience ! At last, just as I pronounced the words declaring bride and bridegroom to be man and wife together, the church clock over our heads

rang out the noonday hour. Then, as though the weight of silence were suddenly removed, the whole congregation became restless, almost unruly ; the relaxation from suspense had come ; the village interest in the wedding bespoke itself in whispers, nudges, smiles, and even loud-voiced remarks. I had to throw rebuking glances at the congregation ; once or twice I paused to enforce silence. But at length the service was over. The village clerk or sexton then came to me and suggested that the signatures should be taken in the church to avoid the procession to the vestry. It was a humane and thoughtful suggestion, as I found, for the bridegroom had been carried into church on the back of a friend. Then I understood what had caused the gathering of such a large congregation. This, too, explained the locking of the door earlier in the morning. The excitement of the village had been aroused by the spectacle of a cripple as bridegroom, and they had assembled to see a bridegroom who had to be carried to the altar. To this small excitement was added the other of the race against time. Happily we were able to spare the bridegroom some pain by entering the names and receiving the signatures in the chancel instead of the vestry.

My work at Maidstone was arranged methodically by Mr Stewart. Certain parts of the parish were given me to visit. I kept a book and chronicled my visits. Among the streets assigned to me was Paradise Row. There is a Paradise Row in most parishes, I believe, and, as a rule, they are not places in harmony with their name. Paradise Row in Maidstone, however, was neither squalid nor confined. A row of trim little houses, of self-respecting aspect, held themselves at a decorous distance from the roadway and interposed a modest grass-plot between their doors and the little gate that opened upon the road. These were some of the houses which it was my duty to visit. It was nervous

work when I had to approach the unknown door and make the acquaintance of the residents.

Judge, therefore, how much I was taken aback when, after knocking at one door, I was met, before I had spoken, with this remark: "I don't want you!" I looked, and through the chink of the half-opened door I saw a tall, lean old man, with a hawk-like face and scanty white hair. He gazed at me repellently and repeated, "I don't want you. You only come to make me uncomfortable." I glanced at him and answered as cheerfully as I could, "I hope not. I have only come to make your acquaintance." "No," he replied; "you are come to talk religion and to make me uncomfortable. I know all about it. I have studied it all, and I don't want you." "Well," I said, "I will make you a promise. If you will let me come and see you as a friend, I will never talk religion unless you do." He looked at me hard, as if to be sure that my words were genuine, and then he said, "You can come in. I know all that can be said. I have read all about it, and it is all without proof. I am now over seventy, and I shall soon know the great secret."

I kept my promise. I visited him regularly and I never began the subject of religion, but he nearly always did; he could hardly keep off it. He spoke often, of course, in an ironical vein, and, when the Austro-Prussian war broke out, he derided the religion which prompted men in both camps to invoke the aid of the God of battles before attempting to slaughter one another. Thus, in one way or another, the subject of religion came up, and it was always started by him. At length, one day, when he had been speaking more gravely than usual, and assuring me that he had read all that could be said, I asked him—for Cambridge studies were fresh in my mind—whether he had read Paley's *Evidences*. To my surprise he confessed that he had not. "Oh!" I

said, "but you ought to read them. His book is a leading book on Christian evidences." I offered to lend him my copy. He accepted, and at my next visit I brought it and left it with him.

Some little time passed, and he said nothing about the book, till one day, after he had started the subject of religion, I asked him whether he had read any of the Paley. He answered no. He evidently did not care to attempt it. "Well," I said, "I wish you would read one chapter—the chapter on the Resurrection," and as I spoke I found the chapter and put the book in his hands. He stood with his face to the window and began to read. I waited and watched him. He read, occasionally nodding his head, and uttering a "Humph" now and again. I did not press him to talk, but I left him with the book. On my next visit, true to my promise, I talked of various things, but not of religion, and I made no reference to Paley, when, suddenly, he broke out, "I believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead and that He is our Saviour."

Shortly after this I left Maidstone, and the old man, so oddly honest, passed out of my ken. Looking back over more than forty years, I feel that people of the present age will softly laugh at the idea of Paley being so effective with a thoughtful man. But whatever changes in apologetics may have occurred, and however true it may be that old weapons have become obsolete, the story of old warfare has its interest, and the frankness of the old man in acknowledging the force of a line of argument which was new to him is a pleasing memory. Beyond this, too, there lies the deeper spiritual aspect of the incident. It is well, sometimes, to be brought to realise that power which comes we know not whence. It is well also to learn patience and hope in work. To condemn the unpromising is to judge before the time. Dante could say :

“Ch’ io ho veduto tutto il verno prima
Il prun mostrarsi rigido e feroce,
Poscia portar la rosa in sulla cima.”

Parad., xiii. 133-5.

He had seen the unpromising plant bearing at last a beauteous flower : he had seen the vessel which set out all prosperously perish in the haven’s mouth. Let none judge hastily. Hope may mislead, but none the less prejudice may misjudge. Let none be too swift to judge. There is a fulness of time. Should we not wait for that ?

ST JAMES', HOLLOWAY

MEMORIES, full of reverent feeling, gather fast as I think of this church and parish. To those who find reverence only in what is fair and of comely aspect, this will perchance seem impossible. St James' Church could boast of no beauty. It was and is, if possible, worse than those square brick churches which never pretend to possess architectural harmony, for poor St James' has a kind of irritating pretentiousness. It has veiled its brick with a façade of stone. It has invented a poor substitute for a spire, by a series of stone erections, which culminate in a basin and ball. Within it is square and featureless. Small pillars support the gallery, and above is another gallery. The roof is flat and broken by a sky-light. The general colouring is brown, for a brown paint clothes the pews and the front of the gallery. It has a pulpit in the middle, with a reading-desk below. It has no claim to beauty, and yet it can claim affection, reverence, gratitude. It has had its history; it has played its part in the religious life of the neighbourhood. Ignorance may deride it, but ignorance so often lacks imagination that it fails in capacity to discern the "things which are excellent." In these days, when stately and handsome churches, rich in furniture, and splendid in stones of many colours, are the vogue, I can well understand that poor St James', Holloway, may provoke a smile. But is the smile a wise one if tinged with contempt? Is there no need for grass, even if roses are fair? May I quote :—

“I looked where the roses were blowing,—
 They stood among grasses and reeds ;
 I said, ‘Where such beauties are growing
 Why suffer these paltry weeds?’

Weeping, the poor things faltered,
 ‘We have neither beauty nor bloom,
 We are grass in the roses’ garden—
 But our Master gives us this room.

.
 ‘We have fed His humblest creatures,
 We have served Him truly and long ;
 He gave no grace to our features—
 We have neither colour nor song.

‘Yet He who has made the roses
 Placed us on the self-same sod ;
 He knows our reason for being—
 We are grass in the garden of God.’”

Yes, the ugly old church!—at first such a failure that Bishop Blomfield was wroth at its appearance,—though it cannot raise its head among the handsome churches of the metropolis, yet it has been the nursery of babes in Christ and the home of thousands who have reached a fuller age in Christian experience. I can say this without incurring the charge of egotism, for I am speaking of what the church had become before I knew it. The material fabric was the ugly, uninteresting building I have described. The church which was built up within it was a church of simple, honest souls, whose outlook on life had been raised to such a level that piety had discarded the temptation to be a sham, and a deep, earnest conviction of the reality of spiritual life had laid hold upon their hearts. They formed a society of true-hearted men and women who loved their Lord, and who strove, severally and unitedly, to do His will. The very atmosphere of the church and parish brought me a message which helped,



ST. JAMES', HOLLOWAY

while it humbled me. They were so much better than I—those devout and simple-minded souls to whom I was sent to minister. Whence had this atmosphere come? Under God, it was owing to the untiring and unique work of one man—the Rev. William Bell Mackenzie—my predecessor, and the first vicar of the church. Fidelity and fixity marked his life. He lived till he was sixty-four years of age. He had been ordained thirty-six years, and in that time he served but one curacy, St James', Bristol, and one incumbency, St James', Holloway. The thirty-two years at St James', Holloway, were devoted to building up his flock in faith and love—a generation's work for the regeneration of the people. Slowly he gathered round him, not only an attached and appreciative congregation, but a band of trusty and faithful men and women, genuinely interested in the good of the parish and neighbourhood, and keenly alive to missionary responsibility.

In 1870 Mr Mackenzie was ill, and I went to be his helper. Holloway was completely unknown to me. I had heard, in a casual way, of Mr Mackenzie by reading advertisements of his writings, but of him or of his work at St James' I knew nothing. It so happened, however, that a good London merchant, who knew me as curate at Trinity Church, Lee, was acquainted with one of the churchwardens of St James', Holloway, Mr Sawbridge by name. Through him I was asked, first to help, and then to come as more permanent assistant to St James', Holloway.

In the summer of 1870 I began my work there, though I did not move from Lee till Michaelmas, when I took up my residence at 50 Highbury Hill, where I lived for something more than nine years.

I learned to measure and value the force and durable qualities of Mr Mackenzie's work. He had been no emotionalist, as he was no ceremonialist. Religion was to

him a practical power, whose end was transformation, or elevation of character. His sermons had not been elaborate theological expositions or sensational appeals, but calm and quiet attempts to set forth the relationship of Christian truth to life—the life, that is, of the heart and conscience, as well as of conduct. His teaching, carried on with vigour and patience for more than thirty years, had created a church organisation which was marked by a quiet and assured sense of affectionate dutifulness and genuinely pious feeling.

He had established a monthly meeting for communicants ; this was held on the Friday before the first Sunday in the month. It was designed to be a calm and solemn preparation for the Holy Communion. The service on these occasions was quite simple. Two or three hymns were sung (these were sung without any musical accompaniment) ; there were a few prayers and an address dealing with the spiritual conditions needful for the Holy Communion. I confess that when it fell to my lot to conduct this service, I felt more deeply than at any other time the responsibility of my task and my unfitness for it. I found myself in the large school-room, surrounded by some hundreds of people—many of them old and experienced Christian people—all of them accustomed to the ripe spiritual teaching of Mr Mackenzie. On the other hand, there was a sense of support given me by the good people gathered there. They were all animated by the attraction of that Love which has transformed the world. They were all looking forward to kneeling together, in recognition of that bond which is stronger than love and mightier than death. The sense of the Communion of Saints was vivid among them, and I shall never forget the stirring of heart which awoke when, at the opening of one of these services, that band of Christians broke into singing the hymn—

“Come, let us join our friends above
Who have received the prize,
And on the wings of faith and love
To joys eternal rise.”

The gathering was impressive ; the obvious sincerity, the transparent earnestness of the company was impressive ; and the quiet and subdued manner in which they dispersed at the close was impressive. In all, one felt that the clergyman who had worked among them had been, indeed, their pastor, and had led them into the peace and tranquil joy of that safe sheepfold, whose Shepherd gave His life for the flock.

In the nature of the case, I saw but little of Mr Mackenzie ; he was too ill. I was occasionally allowed to see him—a strong-faced man, with firm lines of unmistakable force. He lay upon his bed and would talk to me like an elder brother. Once he took my hand in his, and, looking at the pallor of his own worn hand and the flush of health in mine, he said, “Life and death—life and death.” I do not know whether he had then given up hope of recovery—I think not ; but, as it happened, he never rose from his sick-bed. The end came on 22nd November 1870. It was a night of rain. Mr Tucker, the clerk of the church, came to me in the evening, about seven o’clock, to tell me that Mr Mackenzie was dead.

The next ten days were very trying ones. I had to carry on the work of the church, and to endure the inquisitive speculations of those who were prompt and eager to ask who would fill the vacancy. The question meant much to me, as it would have been, perhaps, more than an inconvenience had I been obliged to leave the neighbourhood, where I had taken a house, after abandoning a position at Lee which was fairly established and, from a financial point of view, lucrative. However, I steeled myself against

the hints, innuendoes, and indiscreet questionings of inconsiderate people. I tried to remember that I was in the midst of a people who were mourning—justly mourning—the loss of one who had been, for a generation, their teacher and friend. I resolved to put the matter as far as possible from my mind. I had before me, moreover, the difficult and painful task of preaching on the Sunday, and, therefore, of expressing in some way the thought and sorrow of Mr Mackenzie's flock. I endeavoured to identify myself with the feelings which filled their hearts, and I found my text for the Sunday morning in words which described, as I hoped, their trouble of heart and, as I felt, my own inadequacy—"My heart and my flesh faileth ; but God is the strength of my heart" (Psalm lxxiii., v. 26).

I spoke what I felt. An event had happened which had spread sorrow and dismay in faithful hearts. The leader had fallen, and what could the people do? The shepherd had perished, and where could the sheep look for their pasture? It may seem trivial to chronicle these matters, but there are circumstances in life in which it is difficult to keep at a distance the feelings and stirrings of personal interest. At this vacancy my own personal interests were strongly appealed to. To make matters worse, the conversation which was rife, wherever I went, tended to awaken keenly the consciousness of these interests. Those days were days of inward battle ; they demanded from me the most determined resolution, if I was not to become the victim of paralysing anxiety, or of ambitions, which seemed to me to be irreverent and demoralising. I might say that in those days my faith was put to the test, and I should say so, were it not that such a phrasing of the story would suggest a worldly sort of faith. If any reader should be tempted to criticise me here, let him remember that I was married and had six children and but slender private resources. He

will then, perhaps, realise the severity of the struggle to live through those days of suspense, and to keep completely out of influence the personal factor. Looking back, I can say that the hardest battles of life are those fought with self ; this is the one ever-present foe ; the great crisis-fights are those which are fought within. Interpret life as we may, there are moments in which we cannot do without God ; we must invoke His aid against the foe within. The victory lies in the gift of being ready to meet life's vicissitudes with calmness. Such a victory is won with the conviction of the presence and providence of the living God, in whom worldly anxieties and ambitions may be vanquished.

On the Friday (2nd December) following the anxious and sorrowful Sunday, the communicants' meeting was held as usual. After it I paid a visit to Mr Mackenzie's sorrowing family, and I then returned home. It was after nine o'clock when I reached 50 Highbury Hill ; there I found a letter awaiting me which had arrived by the last post. My wife and I went upstairs to be alone for a few minutes. I opened the letter. It invited me to be Mr Mackenzie's successor. It was a moment to be remembered. What had come was almost unexpected ; we had endeavoured to put the thought of it away. We were thankful and happy in our thankfulness, for anxieties, which might easily have become heavy practical burdens, were swept away ; we had a home, a local habitation, and a name. It gave us a permanent home ; the days of our wandering were, in a sense, ended ; we could rejoice together in this ; and the memory of the pure gladness of that moment is a bright memory still.

I shall never forget my first introduction to Abraham Rust, Chartist and cobbler. "Yes," he would say laughingly, "I'm a snob. You know that. All in my trade are called snobs—I'm a snob." I knew him well, and we were

good friends, but my introduction to him was somewhat formidable. I was walking one day down George's Road, the main thoroughfare or rather backbone of the parish of St James', Holloway. North and south ran the great thoroughfare—the Holloway Road, but stealing out of the Holloway Road and running to the west, between a number of two-storied dingy houses, was George's Road—the central road of the parish, which divided it into two fairly equal parts. I had only recently been appointed vicar, and I was walking down this crowded central road when a strange-looking man addressed me.

"Are you," he said, speaking not very clearly, "are you the vicar?" He stumbled over the word, hardly pronouncing it, but I caught his meaning, and answered, "Yes." Then he said, "I want you." "All right," I said. "What is it?" He began to walk along the road, and evidently expected me to accompany him. He was shabbily dressed in clothes that had an air of worn-out dandyism about them. His face was dark and flabby and a little sodden. He wore a moustache, and somehow he suggested to me the kind of man who might have dreamed of playing Romeo at some strolling theatre. He walked on, and I walked beside him, and once more I asked him, "Well, what is it?" He said, "You'll see: come on." I thought to myself, "I am the vicar of this place, and I am here to be of service; I suppose I had better see this out." So we walked along the narrow pavement, till my escort stopped at a door and ushered me into a cobbler's small shop. He then silently and with an air of mystery closed the door, and I found myself in the presence of three men.

My Romeo-like guide kept behind me; at my right was a shabbily dressed black-coated man who said nothing; right in front of me was a man who, compared with the others, seemed almost Herculean: a big man, with strag-

gling, light reddish hair, a sallow, inharmonious face, and an ominous cast in his eye. All were silent. I confess that I felt insecure.

I looked at them and said, "Well, you have brought me here: what is it you want?" There was silence and an evident hesitation, till the big man said, "Well, 'tis hard to say." "However," I said, "you are not afraid, I suppose. You have brought me here—tell me what it is." "Well," said the big man, who was the only speaker among them, "we've been saying that there are such things as dumb dogs." "Yes," said I; "but what might this parable be? Who are the dumb dogs?" "It might be you," replied the big man, gaining courage. I asked in what way I was to be considered a dumb dog. "Well," began the big man, Abraham Rust, "we're a law-loving and law-abiding people." I said that I was glad to hear it. "Yes, we're a law-loving and law-abiding people, and we call them dumb dogs who allow the law to be broken and don't say anything to stop it." I asked him to explain what he meant. "Well," he said, "the law says that public-houses are not to be opened during church time, and that law is broken every Sunday in your parish."

I naturally sought further information, and Rust said, "If you put a couple of sovereigns in a man's eyes he can't see, and if you put another in his mouth he can't speak. I'll take you to see the public-house. The policeman has his eyes shut with gold and his mouth closed with it. The man from the public-house gives a whistle and the policeman walks round the corner, and the public-house is emptied or filled. You ought to interfere." I promised that if he would tell me the name of any public-house in my parish where such things were done, I would write to headquarters. On inquiring further, I found that the public-house in question was some distance outside my parish.

My curiosity, however, was stirred, and I said, "But tell me, what is your interest in this matter? You are not bound to go to the public-house at legal or illegal hours." "That's quite right," said Abe Rust, "but we're weak sort of fellows, and we want to be protected against ourselves."

This was the beginning of my acquaintance with Abe Rust, one of the most interesting men I ever met. I never talked politics with him unless he started the subject. This, however, he was very ready to do. He told me how he had marched with the Chartists on the eventful day when they attempted to overawe the House of Commons. He was, I think, proud of having played his part that day. He was never violent, never uncharitable in his judgments. He had his opinions, and he could state them strongly, but there was none of that vulgar tone of denunciation which, in the present day, serves in place of argument. The fact was that Abe Rust thought and reasoned, and though filled with infinite pity for human suffering, he never allowed himself to be the victim of sentimentalism. He would take nothing for granted, and tested the statements even of his chosen leaders. In the old Chartist days he had followed, as so many of his class did, Tom Cooper. Tom Cooper, Chartist and infidel lecturer, as everyone knows, embraced Christianity in his later days and gave lectures on its truth. Of this Abe Rust used to talk in this fashion: "Yes. I knew Tom Cooper and heard him often. Once when he was lecturing about the evidence of design in the universe, Tom said that the foot of the camel was exactly adapted to its task of walking on the desert sands. He described the spongy character of the foot; but I wasn't going to take it on Tom Cooper's word, not I! So one day I went to the Zoological Gardens, and when the camel had finished its job of taking the children round on its back, I said to the man

in charge, 'Mate, will you let me have a look at this beast's foot?' Well, he let me look at it, and sure enough there it was, just as Tom had said." This was the spirit of the man's mind; he wished to find out truth for himself; it was no use to plead authority with him. He often reproached me because, he said, "Church of England children are not taught the reasons and grounds of their faith. I was taught," he used to say, "in Mr Bickersteth's school, and we learned the reason of things. Yes," he said, "in the public-house I always hold a brief for the Church of England, but the Roman Catholic fellows can give a much better account of themselves than the Church chaps can." He would give me examples.

At one time, when a parliamentary election was pending, I was visiting Abe Rust; he began to talk about it. Finsbury was to be contested—William M'Cullagh Torrens and Alderman Lusk were the Liberal candidates—Mr Lucraft was the candidate who to-day would have been described as the Labour candidate. I did not doubt for a moment where Rust's vote would go; he would never, I thought, support Conservative or even Liberal. So I said, "I suppose you will go for Lucraft." "No!" he said, speaking most emphatically, "No, I won't." I said, "I am surprised. Whom are you going to support?" "Oh! the old men," by which he meant the sitting members, the old-fashioned Liberals. I then said, "Do you mind telling me why?" "I hate little men," he said with a most decisive fervour. "Little men are the enemies of the poor; little men tread them down and do things which the big men would not do." Much practical experience had taught Rust one truth, which to-day is ignored—*Noblesse oblige*—the big men will not descend to the tyrannous methods on which little men embark without scruple. When will people realise that small men are much more dangerous and

tyrannical than great men? It is the evil of democracies to distrust greatness.

Abe Rust was to the local public-house what Ben Jonson was to the Mermaid and Dr Johnson to the Club—he was the acknowledged king of the company. I knew this, and when I wanted to reach men who were more often seen at the public-house than at church, I sought Abe Rust's aid. He brought, on one occasion, I remember, some twenty men in his train to a special service for working men: he just went to the door of the public-house and said a word, and the men trooped after him. Some had never been inside a church for years. One man came to the church door still smoking his pipe, till Abe Rust made him put it away. He understood the people among whom he lived and for whom he worked.

"What would you do," he said to me one day, "what would you do about working on Sundays? Often a working man drops his boots in at my window late on Saturday or early on Sunday, and says, 'Ye'll let me have them for Monday's work, Abe?' What would you do? I can't let the man lose a day's work." "I'd mend them for him," said I, "but I think I'd manage to come to church at any rate once on Sunday."

"One should be ready to go when death comes," was Rust's reflection one day. "When I was in the hospital," he said, "next me was a chap whom I did not know; he was right down ill. I was in the hospital for two or three weeks. One day my neighbour in the next bed suddenly pulled himself up by the bed pulley, and looked at me and said, 'I guess, mate, I'm going to hook it,' and then fell back dead. I shouldn't like to go like that."

I left the parish in 1879. I lost sight of Rust. I wonder how he went when his time came!

Among the people of St James', Holloway, the greatest

friendliness existed, and this in spite of great varieties of temperament, knowledge, and social status. It is the privilege of a clergyman to know all sorts and conditions of men. To be successful among them he must be blessed with a saving sense of humour, but it must be good and appreciative humour—the capacity to enjoy the amusing and to realise the solid goodness which often lies obscured beneath comic or even repellent outward features. Let me picture one of my people at Holloway. I do so not because he was better or worse than many others, but because I can bring out a contrast between him and his neighbour which may awaken useful reflections. Let me call my friend Mr Josiah Jones. He was a man of middle age, somewhat broad-set, with grey hair which hung a little loosely over his forehead. He had an expressive face, a bright eye, and features which told quickly the story of his emotions. He had been brought up as a Wesleyan and had been accustomed to the utterance aloud of pious feelings. He would occasionally bring out an expressive Amen. He was regular at church, a man of genuine piety and natural devoutness. He had had only an imperfect education ; when he spoke his deficiencies were obvious, and his aspirates were doubtful or non-existent. But he had a genuine curiosity for learning ; whatever defects might have marked his early education, he had a real love of knowledge, and his love ran in the direction of poetical, musical, and artistic studies. He had a complete edition of Valpy's classics, and he read them. He could sing—not very well, but with genuine pleasure to himself.

He astounded us one day by arriving at our school committee meeting with an armful of books, each carefully wrapped in clean white paper. These he proceeded to distribute among the members of the committee. Judge of our surprise when we opened the books and read on

the title-page—"Poems by Josiah Jones." What about the merits of these poems? They had been written with obvious interest to himself; they contained many expressions of experience, a true appreciation of life on the side of beauty and faith. They could not be considered poetry in the higher sense, but they disclosed character—personality. They showed true feeling; they were genuine expressions of an emotional nature, which had reached a refined and devout atmosphere of thought.

The same spirit which led him to take up his pen and write led him to take up his brush and paint, or to go to the piano and sing. It was all very comic—ambition to write without poetical gift; ambition to paint, which mocked itself with its failures; ambition of knowledge, side by side with lack of culture. Yes, it was comic, but was it not heroic also? Shall comedy destroy our sense of courage? A man emerging from sea or flame, from which he has rescued a fellow-creature, may present a laughably dishevelled appearance, but we are not blind to the noble qualities he has displayed. Neither did the amusing aspects of Mr Josiah Jones' varied ambitions blind his friends to the dignity of conception which governed his view of life. Life was ever opening to him treasures which in his young days had been out of his reach. He felt that to live, ignorant or unappreciative of these treasures, was a kind of treason against life. By necessity his working days were given to trade; by choice his leisure hours were devoted to studies which would refine and inform his mind. Trade was very well in its way, but trade should not have dominion over his soul. When he came home he would shut his door upon the shop completely. It was to him a pain and grief—I think, almost a degradation—to give his mind then to the sordid cares of business. Was it not a desecration of the happy hours of glorious opportunity?

Next door to him lived an acquaintance who brought home with him his business cares, or at least a mind which could not shake itself free from market fascinations. "When I go to visit him," said Mr Josiah Jones, "he begins within five minutes to talk of the prices in the market, the vicissitudes of stocks and shares ; but I say to him, 'Let us leave the shop ; let us talk of other things, of some passage from the *Iliad*, or of the exploits of 'Ercules, if not of the poems of 'Omer.'" Laugh as we may, here was a soul struggling to escape an environment which he felt to be inimical to his mental health, as the atmosphere of mere money-getting must be. It is to the soul what the atmosphere, tainted with mercury, is to the bodies of those who are engaged in the manufacture of looking-glasses. If our own generation could devote its leisure hours to studies as worthy as those of my friend Mr Josiah Jones, there would be more mental sanity, more contentment, and more happiness ; for, as Mantegazza has reminded us, "*La felicità è la salute morale*" : its secret is within ; all that keeps the soul clean fosters its growth, and elevating studies bring tranquillity of spirit ; the draughts of the springs of Parnassus assuage the thirst and refine the taste. Unlike the draughts of lower pleasures, they satisfy ; they do not intoxicate.

Thus I chronicle some experiences of life and character at Holloway, and as I write I know that there are affections which were born there, and which will never die. Only a few days ago I visited two old friends who still live in the neighbourhood. I went in unexpectedly. Do you know what it is to catch the fragrance of a flower which transports you in thought to other and happy days ? I felt the same influence as my old friend started up to greet me with a look of surprised gladness. The fragrance of an old-world flower seemed to meet me : the thirty or forty years'

interval seemed to fade away : time does not count where love is. The outward features of the place had changed : gaunt warehouses and intrusive chimneys had risen up where simple cottages once were ; an air of nervous haste had infected the main arteries of traffic ; green fields had succumbed to the mason and his trowel ; the outside of things had changed much ; but the heart and life below the surface had not changed. The population had changed : a new generation had arisen, and I walked about, an unknown man, along the streets where once I knew everyone. Buildings had changed : people had changed ; but the hearts of my friends were the same as before.

Among the members of my congregation at Holloway there were a few whose former homes had been at Nottingham, and who still had many friends there. In this way I became acquainted with what I may call a Nottingham circle among my people. The Nottingham people were proud of the literary names which had cast lustre upon their city. Ichabod Wright, unrivalled translator in his own way of the *Divina Commedia*, was proudly spoken of ; Kirke White, of an earlier generation, tenderly and lovingly claimed. But the living representative of literature in Nottingham, at the time of which I write, was Philip James Bailey, the author of *Festus*.

I met him first at the house of Mr Samuel Smith, at Woodberry Down. A tall, grey-headed, grey-bearded man, somewhat reserved in manner at first, but gradually unfolding with quiet geniality as the evening banished social self-consciousness. He would then speak, but never egotistically, of poetry. He did not, I think, fully appreciate Browning's power. Tennyson he acknowledged as holding a sovereign place, but Browning, in his more ambitious writings, was to him enigmatic. The lighter verses of Browning he cordially admired, and he read to us, with

great delight and warmly expressed admiration *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. He read it well, and his reading of it was the central and memorable feature of the evening.

Later, I met him at Nottingham, but the meeting was a brief and hurried one. I only recall his leonine aspect as he sat at the supper table. Little was said, for there was (owing to pressure of work) no time for prolonged conversation, but our meeting on that occasion served to keep the link of our acquaintance unbroken. He was very friendly. He sent me an old copy of Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, a poem he valued and admired. He also kindly wrote his name, together with a line from the poem, in my copy of *Festus*. His niece, Miss Carey, of Nottingham, also sent me a signed photograph of the poet, taken when he was seventy-eight years of age. It was signed for me in 1901, when Mr Bailey was eighty-five, just one year before his death.

In sending me the photograph, Miss Carey quoted some words of Mr Bailey which, I think, will now be read with interest. In his poem, *Festus*, he had used words which spoke scathingly of Bishops. It described them as those who

“impalaced, mitred, throned
And banquetted, burlesque if not blaspheme
The holy penury of the Son of God.”

In 1901 his words were :—

“I should like the Bishop of Ripon to know that I regret writing, as I did, about bishops in the *Prayer* in *Festus*. They were so different fifty years ago. It was knowing . . . the Bishop of Ripon that made me consider the lives of other bishops, and, finding such good men, makes me wish to alter the passage.”

There may be some readers of *Festus* who will like to know that better acquaintance with a class of men who are exposed to considerable criticism led to kindlier feeling and more friendly appreciation of their efforts for good.

HELPERS BY THE WAY

EVERY nation has its famous men, and every life has them also. At least, life brings us into contact with men who, whether great or not, have appeared great in the realm of our personal experience. Whatever they may have been to the world, such men are great to us. They are great to us because they have shed some light upon our path or brought some warmth to our hearts. Thinking of these, I feel inclined to cry with the ancient sage, "Let us now praise famous men." In other words, let me commemorate those who brought encouragement, interest, or inspiration into my life. There were some whom I met whose influence in one way or another I can never forget. They had their little weaknesses, no doubt, but as I think of them now their failings or eccentricities pass out of mind, and they live in my memory, enshrined in the sanctuary which gratitude has raised. "*Quand nos amis vivent, nous voyons les qualités qui leur manquent ; s'ils meurent nous nous souvenons de celles qu'ils avaient.*" This is better than recalling mistakes or errors or wrongs. The good which men do outlives them, and can never be interred with their bones.

I have spoken of men who exercised influence in my earlier life. I am thinking now of those whose voices gave me a cheering hail when I was set forth as a laden vessel upon life's perilous sea. I had left the safe port. I had

dropped the pilot. I was a curate no longer. Full responsibilities were mine.

First let me mention Richard Harvey — venerable, kindly, faithful in friendship, self-effacing in conduct, persistent in good wherever it could be done.

The Rev. Richard Harvey was Rector of Hornsey and Canon of Gloucester. He invited me to preach at Gloucester Cathedral, at one of the evening services held in the nave. I went. As we were about to leave the house, robed and ready for the service, he looked at my hood, and said, "You are a Cambridge man?" I replied, "Yes." He said, "So am I." He said, "What college?" I said, "St Catharine's." He said, "So am I." He asked, "What year did you take your degree?" I said, "1864." "Ah!" he said, "I took mine in 1814." And so I went across College Green to the Cathedral, in company with Canon Harvey, who had graduated half a century before me. Thus our acquaintance began. How tenderly kind he was! He asked me when I must leave. I told him I must take an early train, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, as I had a Bible-Class about noon. I begged him to let me leave without disturbing anyone. About seven the next morning I came downstairs ready to start. There, in the dining-room, not only was my breakfast laid, but there, stooping over the fire, sat Canon Harvey, with a saucepan in his hand, ready to boil an egg for me.

He was a man full of interesting reminiscences. He had been curate to Bishop Blomfield. He told me that on one occasion he found Bishop Blomfield about to address a letter to a Nonconformist minister. He looked up, and, holding the pen in his hand, he said, "'Reverend,' Mr Harvey? Call a man what he calls himself," and proceeded to address the envelope to the Reverend Mr So-and-So.

One story should be told. The Rectory of St James', Piccadilly, was vacant. It was in Bishop Blomfield's gift. He offered it to Mr Harvey, who accepted it. When he had accepted it he took himself to task. "I asked myself," this was the way he told me the story, "whether I was the right or fit man for the place. 'Richard Harvey,' I said to myself, 'Richard Harvey, if the Lord Jesus Christ were patron, would He make you rector of St James', Piccadilly?' And I was bound to answer 'He would not.' So I told Bishop Blomfield that I could not go; but I said, 'If you want the right man for it send John Jackson, the Vicar of Muswell Hill.'" John Jackson was offered the Rectory, and accepted it. There he became known to the world of influence, and he became successively Bishop of Lincoln and Bishop of London. Are there many of the spirit of Richard Harvey? His was that rare spirit which did not seek for high things, but worked with diligence in matters useful but obscure. He would tramp for miles to gather promised contributions for the S.P.G. He would efface himself, and was always ready to put forward men of fitness and ability.

Bishop Moorhouse was at one time his curate. He valued him and his preaching highly. He met the Vicar of Islington, Daniel Wilson, and he said, "Well, I've got a curate!" "Keep him in his place," said Daniel Wilson; "keep him in his place." "I will," said Canon Harvey. "I'll keep him in the pulpit and myself in the reading-desk."

Such a man was free from the small envies which so often darken other minds. His soul was set upon good and upon the spreading of good in the world. He welcomed, generously and warmly, anyone who seemed gifted with the capacity of helping forward its cause. From such souls, as Dante told us, envy departs:—

“Ma se l' amor della spera suprema
Torcesse in suso il desiderio vostro,
Non vi sarebbe al petto quella tema.”¹

It is something to have met such magnanimous souls, and as I read life there are more of them to be met with than disappointed men imagine. There is littleness and meanness in plenty, but if we look for magnanimity we shall find it. If we disbelieve in good we shall fail to find it. The fears which envy breeds paint life black, as De Segur said.

“L'humeur et la peur font tout voir en noir ; et où tout est noir, on ne voit plus rien.”

Before I close these recollections of one who was so good a friend to me I should like to let him speak for himself. Here is a letter which he wrote to me more than thirty years ago. I had been appointed Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, and I had written to tell him. I give his reply, as it has one or two characteristic touches in it.

“RECTORY,
“HORNSEY, N.,
“21st May.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I was truly rejoiced to receive your letter. It will give me an increased interest in dying, as it will be one step for you in advance from Hon. Chaplain to Chaplain.

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“To-morrow I complete fifty years from Institution to Hornsey, next Tuesday fifty from induction, and, on 31st, fifty years from reading in and preaching.

¹ I give Ichabod Wright's rendering of the passage and its context—

“Because your wishes to such objects tend
As are diminished if another share,
In envy's full-blown sighs they ever end.
But if the love of the celestial sphere
To higher objects had allured your care,
Your breast would not be troubled by that fear.”

Purgat., xv. 52-57.

"I have been trying, but have not yet succeeded, in getting a preacher for a Jubilee dirge. Liddon, Archbishop of York, and Bishop of Peterborough are obliged to make excuse.—With our kindest regards, ever your affectionate friend,
R. HARVEY."

He signed himself what he truly was—my friend, and always full of affection. It was to me a valued friendship, and this friendship came to me in an unexpected way. I owed it to Canon Liddon.

In 1873 I was invited by Bishop Claughton, then Archdeacon of London, to preach at St Paul's Cathedral. Canon Liddon was the Canon in residence. In the vestry, before service, he asked me whether I had ever preached in the Cathedral. When I said no, that it was my first venture, he said, "Then preach to Sir Joshua Reynolds. His statue is on the other side of the dome, just opposite the pulpit."

His kindly interest, both before and after the sermon, was helpful to me.

It was owing to the way in which he mentioned me that Canon Harvey gave me the invitation to Gloucester, and from my visit there I must date Canon Harvey's friendship.

I was never able to persuade Canon Liddon to preach for me. He wrote very kindly whenever I invited him; but he frankly said that he had little or no faith in the use of single or solitary sermons. One of his letters is perhaps sufficiently characteristic to warrant my reproducing it here.

"³ AMEN COURT,
"ST PAUL'S, E.C.,
"22nd Dec. 1883.

"MY DEAR MR BOYD CARPENTER,—I have indeed to thank you for your very kind letter; but I am obliged to ask you to allow me to decline your invitation. The truth is, I could not attempt it without (1) getting into trouble with I know not how many kind friends in London and elsewhere, for not preaching

in their churches ; or else (2) making up my mind to do nothing else in life. And, as regards this last alternative, I have not thought of late years that single sermons—at any rate mine—are of much spiritual use to people. Our best chance of bringing them to a true knowledge and love of our Lord seems, humanly speaking, to lie in letting them see the internal unity and ministry of truth as it lies in a single mind, and this obviously is impossible within the compass of a single sermon.

“Pray believe that I am very grateful to you for all the kindness implied as well as expressed in your invitation, and let me remain yours very truly,

“H. C. LIDDON.”

“The Rev. Canon Boyd Carpenter.”

One of the last times I met Canon Liddon was at the Temple. I remember the conversation at dinner. Between Canon Liddon and myself sat a lady of a vivacious spirit. She flung out, in an irresponsible kind of way, ideas which, though containing some truth, were expressed in a sprightly form which challenged criticism and which did not commend themselves to Canon Liddon’s judgment. “I like modern sermons,” said this lively lady to the greatest preacher of his time—“I like modern sermons, because they don’t go in for doctrine and that sort of thing : they are so much more human : they seem to me so much more Christian than the dogmatic preaching.” “I have never,” said Canon Liddon, “been able to understand what is meant by undogmatic Christianity.” “Oh ! well, you know, I mean that we are told truths as they are, and we are not taken back to the authority of a lot of ancient writers—old fathers and that sort of thing.” “I have never advanced a single truth in the pulpit for which I could not give ancient authority,” remarked Canon Liddon. Happily, something

caused the conversation to swerve in another direction. I have given my memory of it, because it struck me as characteristic of two classes of mind. I do not claim to reproduce the exact words, but I think that I have given the general significance.

The same evening I walked homewards a good distance with Canon Liddon. It was at the time when the Burials Question was being hotly discussed, and opposing answers were given to the question—"Ought the churchyards to be opened to Nonconformists?" I do not think that this controversy had been mentioned as Canon Liddon and I walked through the almost deserted streets; but when we reached Piccadilly, and were abreast of St James' Church, Canon Liddon drew me by the arm, and, as he peered through the churchyard railings at the darkened church beyond, he said, with earnest emphasis, "If I were Kempe" (then rector of St James') "I would enlarge the church till it covered the whole area of the churchyard!" This was by way of being a countermove to the claim to invade the churchyard. He spoke with genuine feeling.

It is passing from the serious to the trifling to tell a story of egg-flip; but Dean Church told me that he was walking one day with Canon Liddon when they met Mr Gladstone. Canon Liddon had been suffering from his throat; and Mr Gladstone, after expressing the hope that he was better, broke into an eloquent eulogy on the value of egg-flip. To use Dean Church's words, "He began to speak in his fluent and affluent way of the virtues of egg-flip," illustrating the point by numerous references to various members of the House of Commons who had been saved from breaking down in their speeches by resorting to the help of egg-flip.

Among others whom I place in this goodly company of kindly spirits is Anthony W. Thorold, who became successively Bishop of Rochester and Bishop of Winchester. I

first knew him when he was vicar of St Pancras. Frequent letters passed between us during many years. I kept nearly all those which he wrote to me. Few men could write letters so tender to those who were in sorrow, or so quaintly humorous at other times. Here is one, concerning a clergyman, in answer to an inquiry of mine. Replies to such inquiries are, as a rule, brief and businesslike, and scrupulously free from any touch of imagination ; but Bishop Thorold relieved the monotony of the business by the following reply : "M.— is a good, strong Evangelical. His wheels are of the pony-carriage width, not the waggon."

Another, in reply to a similar inquiry, is set in a different key. I give it in full, as it shows the generously mirthful spirit of the man.

"JERSEY,
"27th March 1895.

"DEAREST BISHOP,—How is it that when I see your handwriting a bird begins to sing in my heart ? It is a great faculty to create music, especially when it is vocal.

"If I told you that the Rev. Y. Z. was a rather feeble and inane youth, perhaps, you would not believe me ; perhaps, such is the malevolent shrewdness of your nature, you would immediately suspect that I wanted to keep him, and my poor device would have failed.

"So I will say he is one of the very best curates in Winchester or in the diocese. I gave him both his orders, and he has been in admirable training under Mr A.

"I don't promise not to get him back again. You have settled the question of Free Trade.—How are you ?—Most affectionately,
A. WINTON."

Here is a sentence from another letter, written when he was removing to Farnham on his appointment to Winchester —"I do so look forward to seeing you both at Farnham,

where you shall ride on the tusks of the white elephant and wonder at your brother's folly in ever going there."

Another, whose kindness is still a cherished memory to me, was Dr Vaughan of the Temple. Was there ever a man more courteously self-possessed than Dr Vaughan? His calm serenity of manner, his consistently unruffled utterance, his gentle voice which added a charm to every kind thing he said, and which robbed his irony of its sting, were the outward attractions of a personality which won reverence everywhere. How could any fail to yield respect and even veneration to one so conspicuously sincere, single-minded, and unselfish?

More than once, as the world well knows, he had been offered a bishopric. I asked him one day why he had declined. He answered (as though it had been a matter which had been discussed and decided in the highest court of man's nature), "That was settled long ago." As it was, he held a nobly unique position in the Church of England. His utterance on any great occasion, it was known, would be one wholly outside the passion of party: it would be characterised by reverent common-sense. I have many of his letters. I held him in such high esteem and affection that I never destroyed one single letter which he wrote me. One could go to him in any difficulty, feeling quite sure that he could and would give that leisureliness of attention without which sympathetic counsel is valueless.

How warmly he welcomed you! How courteously and gravely he listened! How prettily he could dismiss you!

The Temple was like a city of refuge to us. There we could find quiet. The Master's house was like the house of the Interpreter. There grave wisdom and true piety, without emotionalism, were to be found. There, too, was a ready hospitality. Dr Vaughan smiled his quiet and calm smile, while Mrs Vaughan poured out her new

ardours, telling of singular dreams, of strange appearances at the hour of death, uttering her shrewd paradoxical judgments on men and things, or breaking into happy irrelevancies which betrayed a kindly heart always ready to adopt any good project which appealed to her. Insight was hers and a loyalty in friendship which never failed. One laughed at her fickleness of speech, because one knew that there was no fickleness of nature. What matter if she glided without warning from one topic to another or mingled moods—grave and gay—in grotesque confusion. Hers was a sterling and faithful nature, whimsical, kaleidoscopic, if you will, but unshaken in faith and friendship.

So these two very different beings ruled at the Temple till the burden became too much for the Master's weakening frame, and the Temple work was laid down. "Yes," wrote Mrs Vaughan, "the Temple has passed into the region of memory. We shall never see it again. It was a sad 'Farewell' when it came to 'the wild regret of the last good-bye,' and I descended that staircase for the last time, and turned round at that little iron gate to take one long last look."

We saw them later in the quiet Deanery of Llandaff. Dr Vaughan was far from well. It was a brief visit, but a rekindling of old memory. Shortly afterwards the end came. Then the long-stored, long silent, and reverent affection of thousands broke into utterance, till Mrs Vaughan was "amazed at the torrents of sympathy, grief, and reverent admiration that came rushing from every quarter." And no wonder, for no man in his day had done more for the Church than Dr Vaughan. It is still a blessing to us that something of his spirit dwells in the hearts of men who were once his pupils and are now among our rulers in the Church. If there were more of it the Church would be more effective for good.

I find that I have said little or nothing which can be

described as a characteristic story of Dr and Mrs Vaughan. There are many stories current, but, for myself, their memory is of two good, kind people, whose kindness is sacred because it was opportune and unfailing. They belong to that little company which brought hope and encouragement into my life when such things were rare. They brought revelations to me of the power and charm of simple goodness.

“La bonté,” said Octave Feuillet, “est le seul charme qui soit permis aux vieillards ; c’est la coqueterie des cheveux blancs.” Time, indeed, robs men of youthful charms, but my memory of the older men whom I have met invests them with a charm surpassing those of youth. This charm sprang from the unselfish goodness of their hearts, and this doubled the power of the spell which they threw over us ; for single-minded goodness, to use one of Edmund Burke’s phrases, “practises no managements.” It is enough that it expresses itself. It possesses itself in light ; and its coquetry, if such a thing can be assigned to it, is delightful because it is artless.

In 1868 the political world was aroused by the Irish Church question. The controversy began earlier, for I remember reading a paper before the Clerical Society of Maidstone on the position of the Church in Ireland. This must have been in 1866 at the latest. But the tumult increased ever more and more, and the climax of excitement in London was reached when a great meeting was held in St James’ Hall to protest against the proposed disestablishment policy. It was a remarkable meeting. The ground floor of the hall was set apart for clergymen ; a perfect sea of black coats and white ties filled the whole area. The platform showed a galaxy of ecclesiastical, legal, and political luminaries. Two incidents occurred in the course of the meeting ; twice over, the meeting seemed resolved not to listen to the speakers. When the Bishop of Oxford

(Wilberforce) rose to speak he was assailed with a storm of hisses. He waited ; he tried to speak. The chairman, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Longley), interfered, and threatened to dissolve the meeting if the interruption continued, and, at last, the Bishop was allowed to speak. He denounced the "sibilant geese" who had raised the opposition. He spoke with his ready words, and he skilfully handled his subject. He sat down amid unanimous applause. Such was the first incident. The second was parallel. When Dean Stanley rose, the audience showed impatience and even hostility ; they would not listen. Dean Stanley's frail figure and unimposing presence failed to conciliate their temper or to provoke a generous patience among them. He had not the popular gifts suited for the task to which he was called. I recollect his quiet endeavour to lift the audience to a higher level of thought than that dictated by the passions of the moment. They would not hear, and I recall the amused and not unkindly contempt which his face expressed as he retired from the unequal contest. I had never seen Dean Stanley before, and I hardly thought then that I should live to know him and learn to value him as I did in after years.

A few years later I was invited by Canon Farrar to preach one Sunday afternoon at Westminster Abbey. It so happened that I had arranged to take a party of seventy young men to see the Abbey on the Saturday. Dean Stanley, to whom I had written, kindly promised, though I had no claim of personal acquaintance, to show the party over the Abbey. We arrived, and, after a short delay, the Dean joined us. As we were moving from monument to monument in Henry VII.'s Chapel the Dean came to my side, and in a whisper asked me my name. I told him. He seemed a little troubled that he had not recollected it. However, he said, "Yes, and you are preaching here to-

tomorrow, are you not?" This was my first introduction to the Dean. He was always full of kindness. He fairly took away our breath on this occasion ; for, after we had gone through the Abbey, he brought us into the Jerusalem Chamber, where tea was provided for the whole of my large party. We had never dreamed of such hospitality.

During our circuit of the Abbey I noticed the Dean's quickness of response to any sign of interest shown by the young men. If any of them asked him a question, he would not only answer, but he kept it in mind, and he would call the young man's attention, later on, to anything which threw fresh light or added new interest to the subject. His fund of historical information never failed. His happy art of grouping his reasons for any particular conclusion was conspicuous more than once. Thus, when one asked whether the stone of the coronation chair was not supposed to be the stone on which Jacob rested his head, the Dean (after recounting some historical facts which told against such a theory) wound up with a final and practical argument—the stone of Scone belonged to a species unknown in the Holy Land. The spot where Jacob slept was a place where limestone rocks and few others were to be found.

This Saturday afternoon at Westminster Abbey was long remembered by the young men of our Institute : it had enlarged their range of knowledge and awakened a new interest in national history and national monuments. For myself it was the commencement of a very happy and friendly intercourse with Dean Stanley.

I have always kept the letters of interesting people. Among these I have more than one post-card from Dean Stanley—in common with Mr Gladstone he had a love of post-cards ; but one post-card which I have has sad associations for me ; it only contained an invitation to dine with him before preaching at the Abbey, but it was the last

communication I had from him, and, if I am not mistaken, it was the last post-card written by Dean Stanley.

I remember once reading the opinion that no one knew how to sympathise who had not learned to listen. The art of listening is even harder to win than the art of speaking, and it has a greater charm. Dean Stanley delighted you when he spoke, but he charmed you when he listened. He was not as many who give you an attention of courtesy but not of interest. His mind travelled with yours as you spoke. Indeed, one sometimes left his presence with a feeling of shame when reflection made one realise how much one had been led to talk and how little Dean Stanley had said. Yet any little he said on such occasions was to the point and helpful.

Once I remember how patiently and with what a pleased and amused smile he listened to a little American girl, barely out of her teens, who most vehemently declaimed her views respecting the death of the Prince Imperial and the blame which should be meted out to Captain Carey. Dean Stanley let her run on till her breath and vocabulary seemed to be exhausted, and then he said, with inimitable suggestiveness, "But they do say, you know, that his horse ran away with him."

Charity in Dean Stanley was well blent with courage—a rare and high combination. These qualities once showed themselves so conspicuously that a clergyman, who differed completely from him in view, felt constrained to pay tribute to them after one of the stormy meetings at which a grant to Bishop Colenso was violently opposed by a majority of the clergy and valiantly defended almost alone by Dean Stanley. This clergyman, who himself told me the story, said, "At the close I went to Dean Stanley and said, 'Mr Dean, may I shake hands with you? I don't agree with you; but I confess that, if the orthodoxy is on one side, the Christianity is on the other.'"

BROWNING

My first meeting with Browning was at a dinner-party given by the late Mr Theodore Walrond at his house in Lancaster Gate. This could not have been earlier than 1881, not later than 1883. The dinner-party was a large one. I sat about the middle of the long table ; Browning was near to the hostess. On that occasion I heard him tell a story, the authenticity of which was afterwards very vehemently denied, when plausible reasons were advanced for discrediting it altogether. As the story was made the subject of later controversy, I think it as well to set down here my recollection of it. I cannot, of course, pretend to give Browning's words, but substantially, as I remember it, the story was as follows :—

D'Israeli was present at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, and, in the course of the evening, he spoke. In his speech he said that people had sometimes reproached the British race with their lack of imagination, but it was only necessary to look round at the pictures which adorned the walls of the Academy to find the refutation of the charge. When the dinner was ended the guests dispersed and went through the rooms examining the pictures. D'Israeli met Browning, and, going with him round the exhibition, whispered, "Singular want of imagination shown here." When Gladstone was told this story, he exclaimed, "Did he say that ? Then I call it hellish !" Such was the tale as I heard it from Browning's own lips. I give it with the reserve that I cannot pledge my memory as infallible,

but I think that what I have set down is substantially what I heard. I confess that I was amazed when self-constituted champions of Mr Gladstone denied the whole story and characterised it as a fiction, indeed as impossible. Various *à priori* reasonings were given with the object of disproving the possibility of the story—Mr Gladstone would never have used such a word as “hellish.” Further, it was impossible, inasmuch as Browning disliked D’Israeli, and systematically refused any introduction to him. I heard all such accounts with amused surprise. They only served to show me the curious mental deficiency which partisans often display. There was nothing malicious nor unkindly in the tale as told by Browning. It only illustrated D’Israeli’s humour and Gladstone’s want of it. The whole controversy was ridiculous and unnecessary. It was often carried on in my presence with such acrimony that I felt it hopeless to intervene, and say, “But I heard Browning himself tell the story.”

I did not meet Browning again till I met him at Oxford. The University of Oxford did me the honour of conferring upon me the Honorary Degree of D.C.L. I was invited to be the guest of the Provost of Queen’s on that occasion. On the eve of my departure I received a note from Dr Jowett, telling me that Browning was staying with him, and inviting me to prolong my visit by spending a night at Balliol. I was glad of the opportunity, and the next day we migrated from Queen’s to Balliol.

There are visits the charm of which lies in the number and variety of the guests and in the happy possibilities of enjoyment which numbers and variety can command. In such cases the number of permutations and combinations is so great that the chances of dulness become a negligible quantity. But there are visits of another kind, the charm of which lies in the fact that the guests are few and that

free and intimate conversation becomes possible and natural. The conversation, too, is necessarily general ; the social atmosphere is not disturbed by a number of centres of conversation, which create sometimes a feeling of disturbance in the laws of social gravity.

Our visit to Balliol at this time possessed the charm which can be felt when the guests are few. The party was very small. No one was staying with the Master, except Browning. The only guest invited to dinner was Mr Peel, son of the then Speaker of the House of Commons. We therefore sat down to dinner only six in number. My wife went in with the Master, and my daughter, Annie, with Browning. I said to my daughter, "Nannie, you are seventeen and Browning is seventy. If you are wise, you will keep a record of this dinner and of all you hear from Browning and Jowett." Whatever might befall her, I felt that the remembrance of the day when she was taken into dinner by Browning was one which in later years she would recall with great and growing pleasure. I wonder if she kept any memoranda of the evening ! She is now at the other side of the world ; but whatever new interests have come into her life the memory of that night will hardly have been blotted out. For Browning showed some of his most delightful qualities that evening, and not the least of these was the kindly way in which he sought to draw out, and add to the pleasure of the shy girl at his side, finding little ways of setting her at her ease. He noted her refusal of some of the dishes ; he advised her to try the mutton ; he praised the strawberries and sought to persuade her to take some. In these and other ways he endeavoured to bring her into the enjoyment of the moment.

At dessert Browning commented on Sir Henry Taylor's well-known line,

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

He did not think that it represented the truth of the matter. It was quite in harmony with his cheerful optimism to take this view. He spoke of life—its joys and sorrows. Life's comforts were greater than its sorrows,

“Because their sources deeper are.”

He referred to poems sent in for competition at the time of the erection of a statue for Burns, and told how Lord Houghton had quoted with approval the final couplet of a poem, which was otherwise bad :—

“Scotland shall prosper while each peasant learns
The Psalms of David and the Songs of Burns.”

Browning was full of talk ; he bubbled over with good nature and genial enjoyment. He described with keen and humorous delight his own experience when receiving his Hon. D.C.L. degree at Oxford some years before. The undergraduates lowered down from the gallery a huge cartoon, representing Browning with an immense head and a small body. Before him a group of people, representing the members of the Browning Society, stood with outstretched hands imploring him to explain his poems to them, while Browning waved them off in despair as of one who had no explanation to give. After this a red cotton night-cap was let down. It was intended, no doubt, to reach Browning's head, but it lighted by mistake upon the head of some worthy Divine. The Vice-Chancellor, indignant at these interruptions, sought to punish the offender—Browning felt that it would be ill-judged to do so. He interceded for the culprit, and was successful, and so saved the authorities from a step which, besides being unpopular, would have made the whole affair ridiculous.

In the drawing-room Browning began to speak of Leigh Hunt. His portrait was to be seen in “Mr Skimpole,”

and was so readily recognised that Leigh Hunt felt it, and (as I understood Browning) complained that it was "as if I was dining among my friends and a slap in my face."

Leigh Hunt used to affect the great unconscious, and allow his wife to receive money on his behalf. He (Browning) enlarged on the difficulties and dangers of this temperament, mentioning the case of another literary man who took an unspeakable advantage of a confidence. A nobleman had sent £20 through Browning to aid this man in his distress. The man sought to know the name of his benefactor, and Browning told him in confidence. Shortly afterwards the nobleman sent on to Browning a letter which he had received from the very man who had been helped and who now begged for a loan of money. "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," said Browning—the mendicant habit grows. In appearance Leigh Hunt was thin and tall—a veritable Skimpole. In contrast with Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb was named. Browning once asked Barry Cornwall who was the best man he ever knew, and Barry Cornwall at once replied, "Charles Lamb." Browning expatiated on Lamb's goodness, nobility of character, and martyr-like self-sacrifice, which was rendered all the more conspicuous by the selfish indifference of an elder brother who was in business.

Browning then became reminiscent, and delighted us with tales of his boyhood. When he was eight years old he went to a kind of dame school, which was kept by a Mrs Reader and her daughter Anne. One regular ceremony at the school was the weekly combing out and oiling of the hair of the pupils. Mrs Reader was fond of hymns, and was wont to sing them as opportunity offered. The weekly hair-dressing was such an opportunity, and so it went on to the accompaniment of the hymn "Sweet is the Work, my God and King." This was sung to the tune known as Portugal New. In telling this, Browning vividly illustrated

the whole procedure. The head to be treated was held in Mrs Reader's hands as the hymn began—"Sweet is the Work." The comb was applied to the hair and tugged through the tangled locks as the hymn went on—"But fools can never rise so high. Like brutes" (tug at the hair) "they live—like brutes" (further tug at the hair) "they die." Then came the preparation for the final anointing of the head, while the singer continued—

"But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart."

By this time the dame's hands were ready with the oil, and as she smeared it over the head she continued triumphantly—

"While countless blessings on me shed
Like holy oil upon my head."

While telling us this tale Browning was full of mirth. The memory of his infant experiences was given with such a keen sense of the comedy of it all. But immediately, as though wishing to check any foolish inferences, he began to speak in terms of great admiration of Dr Watts' character. He admired the greatness which he showed in turning from high intellectual work, such as his answer to Leibnitz, in order to write children's hymns. Flippant people will, I suppose, still deride Watts' moral songs; but there will always be those who, like Browning, can appreciate magnanimity and understand the dignity of soul which minds not high things, but knows how to concern itself with the needs of little folk.

During the evening Browning referred to Lord Beaconsfield and his speech at the Royal Academy dinner, so that there could be no question of the general truth of the story I have already mentioned.

A propos of Lord Beaconsfield, Browning expressed his surprise at finding that Beaconsfield did not know Carlyle.

He evidently felt genuine admiration for Beaconsfield ; he spoke of his loyal patience with his wife, who must have tried him much by her habit of talking nonsense. "I'll get Dickens to put you in his next novel," was a specimen of this talk.

Browning repeated the story of Beaconsfield's reply to Bernal Osborne, now so well known. "How do you manage to live with the old woman?" was the impertinent question. The answer was, "Because I have a quality, the strength of which you are not perhaps in the habit of reckoning—gratitude."

At breakfast the next morning Browning appeared bright and full of ready conversation. He told us that he was an early riser, and was always up at six o'clock. He did no night work.

The conversation turned on poetry and the fine lines met with in unexpected places. Browning spoke of the metrical versions of the Psalms—Tate and Brady, Sternhold and Hopkins—and quoted with warm and enthusiastic admiration the phrase—

"Came riding on the storm."

It was "amazing" and so "active."

He enjoyed and quoted with enjoyment the old epigram upon the universities of Oxford and Cambridge at the time of the troubles, when the troops were sent to Oxford and the books to Cambridge. The turn given by the epigram was, he thought, quite admirable. This led him to speak of the Stuarts and of the statue of James II. in London. He remarked how striking it was that the statue was erected at a spot where it seemed to point reminiscently and reproachfully towards Whitehall.

Again the talk flowed back to poetry, and Browning mentioned that at Cambridge a poem had been rejected

because the word "seest" was treated as one syllable. He quoted against this principle Shelley's lines "Hear'st thou"—"Seest thou." Jowett supplied another example from Milton—

"The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome."

Browning talked a good deal about his son, and showed me with great pleasure photographs of two of his pictures, "The Metal-worker of Antwerp" and "The Interlude Pipe"—a portrait, if I remember, of Carlyle.

The remaining conversation turned on Professor Lewis Campbell's verses, which were described as "mosaic"—a description of their careful fastidiousness which was apt.

We were obliged to leave after breakfast. Browning came out with us; he handed my wife into the cab; he promised to visit us; he waved to us a kindly adieu as we started; and we had our last sight of him as he stood on the pavement at Jowett's door, smiling to us a friendly and cheery farewell. He never lived to fulfil his promise of a visit to us at Ripon; so the spare room there, which bears the names of many interesting guests, lacks one whom we would gladly have welcomed, not merely as a distinguished poet, but as one of the kindest and most magnanimous of men.

YORKSHIRE

IN 1884 we moved our home to Yorkshire. Yorkshire was not to me then a well-known country. I had paid two or three casual visits to different Yorkshire towns. I had preached at Doncaster and Wakefield and at Halifax. At Halifax a regular Yorkshire compliment had been paid me by the churchwarden. I had preached my sermon and returned to the vestry when the churchwarden came in and addressed me as follows : " Well, you did yourself good a-coming." It had perhaps passed through my foolish brain that my coming was with a view to do good to others, but, in the Yorkshire man's judgment, I was the gainer.

My first tour of the diocese of Ripon introduced me to other experiences. I stayed one night with a mill-owner, who received me with great kindness. He lived in an ornamental stone house, set in some ten or twelve acres of land. The ground fell gently to a river, and beyond the river it rose again towards the moorland. His house was adorned with well-known modern pictures, and was comfortably furnished, as is usually the case with those who, in Yorkshire phrase, are "house-proud," *i.e.* who take some pride in the equipment and comfort of their houses. I was escorted at night to a handsomely furnished bedroom. In the morning I was aroused by a knock at the door. I said "Come in," when, to my surprise, mine host entered, bearing a brazen pitcher full of hot water. He asked me if I would like a bath. In my simplicity I said yes. Mine host retired,

and a moment afterwards he reappeared, armed with a green figured dressing-gown, which he laid delicately over the foot of the bed. He left the room, saying he would wait for me. I perceived that I was expected to robe myself in the dressing-gown and to follow mine host. Outside the door I found him. He led me down a long passage flanked with the works of leading English artists. We turned a corner, and pursued our way down a second but shorter passage. Fine oil paintings still cheered our steps. At the end of this second passage was the bathroom, and there mine host left me. I must not mention his name, but he was known ever since as the Knight of the Bath.

He was a good and honest man. He had worked hard himself. He recognised hard work in others. "I like our parson," he said to me, "I like our parson. He takes off his coat to his work." His words express a great fact. No man, clergyman or otherwise, will succeed in Yorkshire who does not take off his coat to his work. Clergymen coming from the south have expressed to me their surprise at the urgent atmosphere of activity which prevails in the north.

Mine host (if I may return to the Knight of the Bath) was ready to tell a tale against himself. He told me that he purchased a coat in London. The gloss and texture of the cloth pleased him so much that, he said, he called the attention of his manager to it, and said, "That's the kind of stuff we ought to turn out." "Yes," said the manager drily, as he ran an appreciative finger over the cloth, "yes, our own cloth, sir."

The Irish are supposed to be given to bulls; but the speech of the English, if I may judge from my Yorkshire experience, is not wholly innocent of them. I was present at a parochial tea-meeting. The time of eating and drinking was over. The hot people were ranged in rows in the hot room. I sat upon the platform, facing the audience and

awaiting the moment when I was to address the people. The vicar, however, had to make a preliminary speech. His task was to review the interesting parochial events of the past year. He told his tale, and, having mentioned several small matters connected with parish work, he appeared to be reflecting whether he had embraced in his view everything deserving of mention. He brightened up suddenly—"There is one thing which I must not omit to mention. During the past year we have had the new cemetery laid out, which I hope will be a—a—which I hope will be a source of new life to the parish." Nobody smiled ! I found it hard to control my features ; indeed, the solemn faces before me forbade my indulging in mirth. It was written there that any mirth would have been unseemly.

Yorkshire experiences, however, had their serious as well as their amusing aspects. Once I was brought near to a grave trade crisis. It came about in this way :

One spring, when I was away on holiday in Cornwall, I read in the Yorkshire papers a paragraph which distressed and disturbed me much. It announced that, owing to untoward circumstances or trade conditions, it was probable that the Saltaire Works would soon be closed. The announcement dismayed me. The township of Saltaire owed its existence to the works established by the late Sir Titus Salt. The works were the centre and source of the commercial life of the place. They employed some 6000 hands. The closing of the works meant loss of employment and loss of bread to some 20,000 or 30,000 people. Such an event would be almost a national calamity. It would be a staggering blow to the prosperity of the Bradford district.

I wrote at once to Mr Edward Salt. His letter confirmed the apprehensions which the newspaper paragraph had aroused. The conditions were pressing and precarious. The only power which could save the situation was that of

money. It was a case in which fresh capital might avert a wide-reaching calamity. There could be no question of my duty. I felt bound to do my utmost to prevent such a disaster. I knew no capitalists. I had no commercial experience, but I argued that the matter was one of such importance that it might fairly be considered as one of national interest. Accordingly I took my courage in both hands, and I wrote several letters to those who could introduce me to men possessed of fitting influence. Through the kindness of H.R.H. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) I received an introduction to Lord Rosebery, who was Foreign Minister. He, though much pressed at the time, gave me the opportunity of seeing him. There is, I may remark, a great difference between men in this matter. Official position brings out characteristics worthy of notice. As far as my experience goes, the smaller the man the more difficult he is of access. Mr Gladstone was accessible, Lord Salisbury was accessible, and I found Lord Rosebery the same. On this occasion, the only one on which I had to trouble him, though much pressed at the time, he gave me an interview at the Foreign Office. I laid the whole matter before him. I enlarged on the distress into which the neighbourhood would be plunged and the shock to trade which might be felt everywhere should the calamity occur. He heard me with kindness and sympathy. I admitted, as we talked over the matter, how difficult was any action on his part. I had realised this before, but I had a definite object in view. This, however, I felt I could not state bluntly without some natural or fitting opportunity. As we spoke of the business it became clear that it was an affair for the help of the capitalist rather than for that of the statesman, and at length Lord Rosebery said, "I could, of course, give you an introduction to Lord Rothschild." This was exactly what I had

hoped for, so I said that such an introduction would be most welcome. Accordingly, Lord Rosebery wrote for me a note of introduction. I left the Foreign Office greatly cheered. A ready and sympathetic hearing, followed by such a valuable introduction, sent me away with more than hope.

The introduction was successful. Lord Rothschild invited me to meet him at New Square. It was my first visit to that great palace of finance, and I came away impressed by the practical sympathy and sterling integrity of character which ruled the great business. Lord Rothschild received me. I was prepared to tell my story. I had studied my brief, and I thought that it would be my task to lay the salient points before him. I found that this was quite needless. Lord Rothschild knew all about the matter. He was quite kind and courteous, but prompt and decisive. "I cannot touch the business myself. I know nothing of the manufacture ; and, unless I was prepared to undertake the business, I cannot lend my name in the matter. But here are the names of two men who may be able to help." This was practically all. I was grateful, for I felt that I had been kindly received ; but I confess, when I came out with nothing but a slip of paper in my hand on which were written the names of two men, I felt that little had been accomplished. I suppose that, like Naaman, I had expected the Lord of Finance to do some great thing, and therefore the fragment of notepaper in my hand seemed but a little and insignificant thing. But little things may prove themselves powerful. The little stones, said Plato, cause the big ones to lie in their places in the wall. The little bit of paper was the harbinger of success, though I did not realise it. I put myself in communication with one of the men named on the paper, Mr Daniel Delius. He lived near Harrogate, and I visited him there. He threw himself

into the matter, and a conference between the representatives of Saltaire and Mr Delius was arranged at my house. At this conference the general position of affairs was examined, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that steps would be taken to deal effectively with the whole difficulty.

After this, of course, there was little further need of my interference. Other meetings and conferences were held, and in the end means were found to carry on the business without a break. New capital was provided ; new management was arranged ; and to-day Saltaire is still the home of many thousands who draw their means of subsistence from the mills, which are now humming prosperously and maintaining the successful career which Sir Titus Salt initiated.

In the whole of the critical time I have described, I was struck by the high-minded and unselfish spirit displayed by all with whom I was brought in contact. The members of the Salt family were more anxious for the prosperity and good name of the firm than for their own private advantage. Lord Rothschild played the part of a true patriot and unselfish counsellor. Lord Rosebery showed a public-spirited interest in the matter. Mr Daniel Delius spared no pains or trouble in finding the practical basis of an arrangement. If any to-day are reaping advantage from the prosperity of Saltaire, they owe it to the public spirit, self-denying pains, and generous co-operation of those who, nineteen years ago, impressed me with their ready kindness.

It is well to recall such actions. Men are often spoken of as self-absorbed and even as rootedly selfish ; but there is a wealth of undeveloped kindness which is only discovered in some fortunate hour of urgency. On this occasion I found many ready to help. I have kind and sympathetic letters on this crisis from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (H.M. Edward VII.), H.R.H. the Princess Louise (then Marchioness of Lorne), Lord Battersea, and Baron

Hirsch, all of whom interested themselves in the matter, besides those whose practical help secured such a happy result.

I have chronicled a few experiences, amusing and serious. Let me chronicle one or two of the happy experiences which spring from goodness of character and clerical devotion.

It is the fashion to talk disparagingly of parsons. The clergyman on the stage is usually a foolish person. Even when he is depicted as a good fellow, he is drawn with a patronising hand, and little weaknesses are made more of than sterling virtues. The stage parson is seldom true to fact and life. The parson has his weaknesses : no one knows this better than a bishop ; but parsons can show among their ranks many and noble examples of quiet lives, marked by exemplary character, unstinting toil, and uncomplainingly accepted privations. I could tell of one man who lived on so scant a pittance that often his Sunday dinner-table would have been empty had not some kindly neighbour sent in some oatmeal to help the family board. Poverty, which bravely keeps its dignity of bearing and unwaveringly fulfils the high duties of its calling, has a royalty about it.

Things are somewhat better now than they were a quarter of a century ago, but the story of many a vicarage has been the story of a heroism higher than that of facing battle ; for the heroism which endures unbroken, throughout heart-breaking and hope-breaking years, is greater than the heroism which achieves glory in an hour of brief danger.

I can see one such man. He is tall, with a gaunt and sallow face, a forehead which hangs heavy over the eyes, a sandy wig falls over the sharp slope which ends at the eyebrows—a silent man, who takes all duties with undramatic calmness. His wife seems always to wear the same dress : it is a decent, but ancient black silk dress ; her white collar is met by the white lappets which adorn her white cap ; the

cap frames a hard-worn but not unkindly face ; her dark hair shows signs of grey. She may not have her husband's silent and secretive pride, but she is self-respecting—you feel it at a glance. Children ? Yes, there are children ; some have gone away ; one or more lie in the churchyard ; two grown-up daughters live at home. Servants ? There are none. Can you keep servants on £120 a year ? It is a little over two guineas a week ; it is even less than that after taxes and rates have been paid.

Long did such a man serve an outlying country parish. Then the weakness of age began to press upon him. Four-score years mean failing strength. At such an age the long pilgrimages to visit parishioners scattered over a large moorland district are not always possible. Happily, we were able to come to the rescue. We formed a pension fund, and we were able to put the old vicar at his ease, and give to his last years freedom from the cares and duties which went near to breaking him down. But lives such as his are hard lives ; they need much faith and much patience ; but they give light in the dark and forgotten places of the earth.

Of such lives of quiet persistency in good I can bear witness. Of living men I must not speak ; but of those who have gone I may speak, and, as I do so, I may tell of two whom we knew—one a town clergyman, the other a dweller in a region so remote that for the greater part of the year to live there was exile.

The town clergyman was Canon Jackson, of St James', Leeds. People talk of magnetic personalities. Thousands could tell of Canon Jackson's attractive power. Was it manner ? Was it speech ? Whence came the spell he wove around you, dissipating any initial prejudice, evoking irresistibly your confidence ? The man was one of God's dear sons, and he knew it. He believed that all men might enjoy the confidence which such sonship can claim. His handshake

was like an embrace ; with his smile he took you to his heart. We paint saints with a halo round their heads, but the aureole was always around Canon Jackson. He made St James' a place of worship. The congregation were there to worship ; the whole atmosphere of the place breathed spiritual realisation of a divine presence and power. To meet him was to be the happier ; to converse with him was to be the stronger ; to have been at prayer with him was to have had Heaven opened. Who would not be thankful in a life of anxious responsibilities for such a saintly helper ?

But I must leave the great town of Leeds, with its throbbing multitudes, and I must seek my country parson. We have to travel far. We reach the railway station, and we must now take the road. There are seventeen long and arduous miles before we can reach our destination. Arncliffe lies among the limestone hills, which, like those in the Lake district, seem to invite rain. The rainfall is fifty-five inches, the vicar will tell you. He knows all about the country-side. He will take you the short-cut over the hills, climbing briskly the 1500 feet of ascent which must be made. His threescore years and ten have left him active still. Here he comes to greet us—a slightly-built man of middle height, his face ruddy with weather, his hair turning white, his clear, smooth forehead telling of studious habits, and his refined features assuring us of cultivated taste. And we are not disappointed, for, if we spend the night with him, he will perhaps bring out his sketch-book. He has travelled in his day, and he has preserved in his sketch-book mementoes of his travels. “I want to show you,” he says, “these two sketches, as they will, I think, interest you. The upper one is a sketch of Kettlewell, where you were to-day.” We had visited Kettlewell, and we had walked back, climbing the intervening hill under the vicar's escort. “Below the sketch of Kettlewell is another. Would you know them apart ? Are they not

closely alike ?” We scrutinise the sketches. In both the rolling hills are cleft by a soft valley, along which flows a slender stream. In the centre of the picture the stream is crossed by a bridge. If there is a difference in the sketches, it is to be seen in the bridge ; the bridges are somewhat different in structure. Otherwise the sketches might pass for sketches of the same place. As we say this, the old vicar beams with pleasure ; his eyes sparkle, and, tapping the sketches with his open glasses, he says—“The upper one, as I said, is Kettlewell ; the one below it is Shechem, in the Holy Land. I sketched them both on the spot. The whole of this neighbourhood reminds me of the Holy Land, and I call Arncliffe my Jerusalem.”

Dear, happy, saintly vicar—the apostle of that dale district, devoting to it life’s best and longest years—it is your Jerusalem, the holy place of your heart and of your life-long sacrifice ! You rejoiced to note the physical resemblances to the land of promise. We rejoice to note that the spirit of a holy land dwells in your Jerusalem.

The story is worth telling. Arncliffe was a college living, *i.e.* it was in the patronage of University College, Oxford. When it fell vacant, seventy-six years ago, a discussion took place about it in the common room of the college. The assembled Fellows knew little about the remote Yorkshire village. It would be well if one of their number would visit it and report. One of the younger Fellows, William Boyd by name, was intending to spend part of his vacation in the north, and he volunteered to visit Arncliffe on behalf of the college. He went in search of the place. He travelled as far as Leeds, but no one there had any certain knowledge of Arncliffe. He was advised to go to Skipton and inquire there. To Skipton he went. At Skipton he found that Arncliffe, seventeen miles distant, was occasionally visited by a carrier’s cart. He travelled the

long distance in wintry days. Snow had fallen, and the journey was arduous and tedious. After the cheerful life of Oxford, Arncliffe seemed far, remote, and depressing—a grey and lonely spot amid isolating hills. William Boyd returned and gave his report. Arncliffe was a hamlet in a bleak and mountainous wilderness. To go there was to go into exile.

When he went to bed that night William Boyd bethought himself of the report he had given. He had made such a report that no Fellow of the college was likely to accept the charge and go into exile at Arncliffe. His heart reproached him. He thought of the few sheep in the wilderness at Arncliffe. "I have given such a report," he said to himself, "that no one will go and tend those poor sheep. It will be a discredit if none of us are willing to undertake the shepherding. As I may have hindered others from going, I ought to be ready to go myself." And so it fell out. None would go, and the choice of going came to him. True to his sense of right, he accepted the charge. He left the brightness and warmth of Oxford life, and he took up, instead, the solitary, hill-enclosed, sparsely-peopled Yorkshire village. It was an act of pure simple-hearted and conscientious devotion. The emoluments of the benefice had no attraction for him, for he was a man of good private means. He went to Arncliffe. He left behind him present attractions. He put from his thoughts alluring prospects. Having put his hand to the plough he never looked back. He went to Arncliffe as a young man. He laboured there throughout ripening manhood and years of maturity, till old age fell upon him. "*E queste fu il nostro patriarca.*" He was the parson of the parish, the centre of its best and highest life. He identified himself with their joys and sorrows. He encouraged them in their innocent amusements. He would lead the dance at a village merry-making.

He watched over their material interests. The best present he could make to himself was to spend some money for his people's good. The road which led to the village rose abruptly and sank abruptly, making a somewhat dangerous incline. To celebrate his birthday he shaved off the top of the hill and softened both the rise and fall of the road.

He turned his thoughts towards his neighbours' needs. The benefices in the neighbourhood were but scantily endowed. He set to work to improve them, and he left most of them better than he found them. Some were less than £100 a year in value. Before he died all were raised above that value.

The parish church when he went there was meagre and untidy, the churchyard gloomy and unattractive, the parsonage small and uninviting. But, under his fostering care, brightness and beauty came upon these things. The church was restored to comeliness and order. The churchyard was made God's acre, wherein plants and living flowers bloomed. The dull and rude parsonage became a pleasant dwelling, set about with a fair garden and sheltering trees. Cairns set upon the surrounding hills now became landmarks to those walking from village to village. The place which in 1835 was a forlorn and forgotten hamlet, dispirited and dispiriting, was transformed by the incessant toil and loving care of one man into a pleasing and comely haunt and home of men. The whole strength of one man's life was put into this one spot of earth. Through his labours the wilderness was made to blossom like a rose. He went there before the Corn Laws were repealed. He lived there throughout the period of the Irish famine, the revolution of 1848, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Civil War in America, the Franco-German War, the creation of School Boards, the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. All through the stirring events of this wonderful epoch he

dwelt and worked, contented and self-forgotten, for the sake of the dalesfolk among whom he had cast his lot. He went there, a young man, in 1835; he died there, a hale old man, in 1893.

In that year we laid his body in the churchyard, under the shadow of the church he had loved so well. The flowers brightened the borders of his grave. The people stood sorrowful around it while, with broken voices, they tried to sing the words which told that the labourer's task was over.

I have seen splendid funerals, attended by mourning multitudes, who marched in solemnity and state to the sound of martial music. I have heard the full-voiced anthem, or the heart-moving Dead March, as they rose and echoed beneath some venerable roof; but, though lacking these splendid accessories, there was something singularly touching in the simple rites of the remote dale village, when, beneath the kindly beams of the autumn sun, we gave back to Mother Earth, after fifty-eight years of quiet, earnest, and unostentatious toil at Arncliffe, the remains of that true saint of modern times, William Boyd, Archdeacon of Craven.

Let none say that the age of saints is past or that only one section of the Christian church can claim them. The best and holiest may stand among us unrecognised. Angels may be entertained unawares. After they are gone we begin to realise what they were. While they were with us they were bringing, though we knew it not, gladness confidence, and courage to our hearts.

“La lor concordia e i lor lieti sembianti,
Amore e maraviglia e dolce sguardo
Facean esser cagion di pensier santi.”

Paradiso, xi. 76-78.

In these good men of whom I have spoken, the sweet

cheerfulness of soul, linked with the smiling welcome they always gave us, marked a piety far removed from what General Gordon called the "Cruet Stand" type. They proved their religion by their life and actions. They commended it by the gladness and simple affectionateness which, like fragrance, surrounded them at all times.

COMEDY

I HAVE a little case at home ; it is labelled "Comedy." It contains some letters which have reached me from unknown correspondents. It serves a recreative purpose. A bishop's letter-bag is like the daily papers ; it is nothing if not serious. But, as *Punch* comes once a week and breaks the spell of seriousness, so occasionally the post-bag brings a letter to relieve the monotony of anxious and sober correspondence. Shall we open the little case and see what amusement it can afford ? Really, I sometimes think we ought to be thankful that everybody is not sane ! It is maddening to have to live amongst sedate, unsmiling seriousness. Earnestness is excellent, but for pity's sake allow us to laugh sometimes. Is not laughter God's gift, lest we go mad ? If, therefore, the mad people make us laugh, shall we not thank Him for the madness which breaks up the monotony of our conventional solemnity. Don't you sympathise with dear old Concordance Cruden—"I thought the world mad. The world thought me mad ; and the world, being stronger, shut me up." A mad world, my masters ; but yet, blessed perchance may madness be if it saves us from that worst and blackest madness, melancholia, which is stereotyped pessimism—a sad enemy of faith and hope, which are Christian graces.

Certainly this little case contains fragments which have shot some gleams of mirthfulness over the grey time of the incoming post.

Here, now, is a letter ; note its superscription. It is not addressed to the Bishop of Ripon. Besides omitting the little fringes and frills of dignity, it ignores our office. It is addressed curtly—"Boyd Carpenter." I confess that when it came I had some misgivings about opening it. Could I claim it as mine? However, on weighing the evidence as impartially as I could, I came to the conclusion that it was intended for me. I opened it, and this is what I read :—

"FRIEND,—I am constrained to tell thee that I have sinned against my God in that I did . . . give to thee titles which belong only to His dread Majesty, such as Reverend and Lord. May the Lord forgive thee.—Your wellwisher. . . ."

Now, I do protest that this seems very unfair. My correspondent confesses to a fault—a grave one in his own opinion,—but it is not for himself that he asks forgiveness. He hopes that I may be forgiven because he did wrong. Well, things are often topsy-turvy in this world, but this is a delicious bouleversement of moral perception !

You will see that these letters form a kind of journal *Pour Rire*. Now, here is another, which is frankly ambitious. I received it when I was a Canon of Windsor. The reader will, I hope, notice the happy and dramatic transition from the position of suppliant to that of patron. The humour of the letter is the absolute lack of all sense of humour which it displays.

Here is a brief abstract of its contents.

"SIR,—I heard you preach at St George's, Windsor, and as I listened I said to myself, 'Here is the man to help you.' I want you, sir, to assist me to obtain the hand of the Princess Beatrice. Take the generous part of poor Brown, without a farthing's friend. In the shortest time I want to be Irish Viceroy. I'll be

ablest Viceroy and higher husband, for I depend on promises ; one in particular, John xvi., v. 23. And when I am Lord Lieutenant of Ireland I shall walk down the room among the assembled courtiers, and I shall take you by the hand, and lead you up, saying, ‘ Here is the only man who befriended poor Brown when Brown was unknown.’ Thus will I acknowledge you among all.—Your obedient servant,

“ BROWN.”

Here is a remarkable communication. It is really a pity that, for want of a small alteration in spelling, the world should be deprived of her golden age ! It reached me without name or address, and no date except what the envelope bore. Here it is :—

“ If all the men in the world will put a small *s* before their great *he*, and a little *r* behind it, and if they send their fervent prayers up to the Father of Lights, that His child may recover from serious blood-poisoning, then prophecy may fade away, and the Christus be the Consummator.”

There is the perfume of a Women’s Rights’ bouquet about the letter ; there is much that is mysterious.

Is there less mystery in the following ?

“ 1st January 1904, A.D.

“ *To all whom it may concern.*

“ This is January 1st, 1900, Swiss time. Jerome put the clock of the world forward four years. It must be corrected.

“ This is the birthday of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was born January 1st, in the year of the world, from Adam, six thousand and one years, Swiss time.

“ This is the beginning of the Nineteenth Hundredth year, therefore the Nineteenth Century, the two words being synonymous.

"The 'Twentieth Century,' therefore, cannot begin till the Twentieth Hundredth year.

"Let us no longer be dominated by Popery."

The following asks a difficult question :—

"MY LORD BISHOP,—On Maundy Thursday I dreamt that King William IV. was my great-grandfather. Will your Lordship be good enough to ask His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury if it is true ?

"In a dream I have been permitted to see our Blessed Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary. I have also seen cherubs and seraphs.— A.* * B.* *

"Servus servorum Dei."

I add a letter, which shows that the clergy, when advanced in years, are not lacking in a sense of humour. It is an apology for a somewhat hasty withdrawal from a visitation lunch.

"EASTWOOD,
"KEIGHLEY,
"19th July 1893.

"MY LORD BISHOP,—At the luncheon on Thursday a trifling incident occurred, which troubled me at the time, and which I feel it my duty to explain. Your Lordship would observe that I rose abruptly from the table and left the room. The cause was this : The last morsel of mutton which I put into my mouth was dispatched forwards without being properly masticated. Indignant at such uncivil treatment, I suppose, the meat stuck in my throat, and refused to go forwards. It was in vain that I coaxed, and even used force. The stubborn thing would not move. So I was obliged to leave the room. When I got into the next apartment it relented and proceeded on its proper way. I then returned and resumed my place at the table. While the meat was sticking in my throat I should have laughed, had I been able, for Shakespeare's lines in Hamlet occurred to me :—

““ Oh ! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and dissolve itself into a dew,””

“and their ludicrous application to my then present circumstances nearly upset me.

“Your Lordship will, I am sure, pardon this trivial explanation of a trivial incident, and believe me, ever respectfully yours,
J. Room.”

Enterprising tradesmen, in their eagerness to promote business, may rob themselves of all sense of humour. The following letter from a tradesman may therefore be given as a pendant to Mr Room's letter :—

“REVD. SIR,—I have been for years burying the deceased poor members of the Guild of St Alban at cost price. The enclosed is a list of prices. In many cases it does not nearly cover cost. I am now wishing to extend the benefit to anyone sent by a clergyman who thinks them deserving and fit persons to have the advantage.—I am, Revd. Sir, your obedient servant,
“X. Y. Z.”

Sometimes hallucinations destroy all sense of proportion in the distorted mind. There is, indeed, a tendency to megalomania in most cases of mental delusion. The sufferer pays so much attention to himself that he begins to believe that he must be in some way a central point of attraction to the rest of the world. As an example the following letter may suffice :—

“To 1 Archbishop,
“ 32 Bishops.

“MY LORD,—May it please your Lordship. I complain that the Church of England is a Secret Society, and that you are, for the convenience of others, running down my social position, and ask you to stop it.—I remain, yours truly,
M. . . N. . .”

The next letter I give has some touch of this self-centredness, but there is a fine assemblage of chaotic notions drawn from a confused remembrance of unassimilated scientific and hygienic reading. I ought, perhaps, to add that the writer and the sisters to whom she alludes were strangers to me.

“MY LORD,—Do kindly make haste to help me with knowledge given by God. I shall soon gain the confidence of the people. I have Baby Christ in my keeping. Avoid *all* medical men. A cow could not supply milk, butter, and cheese from grass. I need not remind you that we obtain butter and cheese from milk. I can *fully* prove that milk is inhaled by the cow. The air around us, as Tyndall long ago proved and expressed it, is a ‘stir-about’ of minute particles, some of mineral and inorganic nature, others of organic and living kind. Kindly request my sister to send stamp and also tea and sugar for my own use in private. Help me *soon*. Pray for me.—Yours respectfully,
“Q. * * R. * * *”

“Try and convince my sister that I am sane, and that all things are possible to God. Do kindly excuse such haste.”

Lastly, there is a kind of infallible intolerance in the following letter, in which the writer, having declared himself to be “the Maker of Heaven and Earth,” proceeded to say:—

“Hereof beware and take knowledge ; That who-soever receiveth or worshippeth the book called *Common Prayer*, or subscribeth to its articles, the same is a blasphemer and an idolater, that soul shall be cut off from my presence for ever. I am the Lord.

“Transmitted by the writer, K.** L.** M.** to 2 Archbishops, 31 Bishops, and England’s Queen.”

Thus, every official position has its compensations.

Anxiety, due to the sense of responsibility, there must be ; but happily it is often relieved by light touches of comedy. These sweet compulsions to laughter do not come with the post-bag only ; they may come amid work of the most serious and even sacred character. Early in my life at Ripon I became sensible of this. The initial experience with candidates for ordination was depressing. When I came to Yorkshire some fourteen candidates presented themselves for ordination. During the interregnum the usual process of sifting out the fit from the unfit had not been possible. Out of the fourteen only three or four were university men. One was a Welshman. His papers were remarkable, and, as they were unique in my experience, I set down one or two specimen answers.

He was asked to draw a map of Palestine, and insert the principal places. He drew a figure, somewhat rhomboidal in form. I believe he made a mark to indicate Jerusalem, and perhaps some other town ; but the only further hint of Bible knowledge he gave was to add a mark and inform us that it stood for *Nabal's* vineyard. So far for Old Testament knowledge. He was asked to give an account of St Paul's work at Corinth, whereupon he treated us to this reply : "Here was Diana of the Ephesians, who said to Paul—'Paul, I perceive that you are somewhat disposed to be religious.'" In Church History he insisted on adding a superfluous vowel to Henry VIII.'s name. The stout monarch became Henery all through the paper. It was gently intimated to him that if he had any vocation for the ministry it must clearly be in Wales, for we gave his papers a charitable construction so far that we concluded he was conveying his information through, what was to him, a foreign language, and we gave him the benefit of the doubt by suggesting that he might do better in Welsh than he did in English.

Another sphere of official experience may yield its con-

tribution of amusing incidents. Garden parties form a part of social duty. These also may yield, beside other food, food for laughter. What, indeed, can be more unpromising of comic results than this formal invitation :—

The Bishop of Ripon and Mrs Boyd Carpenter
at Home

July 6th and 13th, 3 to 6 p.m.

R.S.V.P.

Such an invitation reached a country vicarage. The vicar was an old man, studious and pious, diligent among his parishioners, but living otherwise a recluse life. He was a bachelor, and depended, in a somewhat helpless way, upon his old housekeeper. When he opened his post-bag, and was confronted by the above card of invitation, he felt himself in the face of a difficulty. If it had been an abbreviation in some old copy of the Greek Testament he could have solved it readily enough. If it had been a series of letters on the last page of some Black Letter book he would have felt comparatively at home ; but here, on a plain white piece of cardboard, below what was clearly an invitation, there stood some unintelligible, mystic letters—*R.S.V.P.* What did they mean ? He puzzled over them, but no light came. In his despair he resorted to the sagacity of his housekeeper. Together they faced the problem, till, before their paralysed eyes, the letters danced more enigmatical than ever. They gave it up. Night might bring wisdom. Do not the Gods reveal secrets to those who sleep ? They sought their respective couches. In the morning the housekeeper came in radiant and triumphant. The obscure was no longer obscure. The significance of the letters was obvious. Once the explanation was given, it was felt to be inevitable. *R.S.V.P.*—Ripon Society Very Pleasant. How his face glowed with pleased

success ! What a relief to the timid and scholarly anxiety of the clerical recluse ! How great are the joys of the simple !

Yet, once more, these cards of invitation, how harmless and inoffensive they are, and yet what provocation they may occasion. Here I must explain. Cards of invitation are, of course, addressed to the lady of the house. It is needful, therefore, that a careful note be made of those clergymen who are married and those who are not ; but sometimes, in spite of care, mistakes will be made. On one occasion the card of invitation was sent to a bachelor clergyman, and it invited him and his wife. I must not give his name, but let us call him Roderick Pemberton, just because that was not his name. Mr P. looked at the card. He then took up his pen and wrote :—

“The Revd. Roderick Pemberton has much pleasure in accepting the invitation of the Bishop of Ripon and Mrs Boyd Carpenter. He regrets, however, that the time is too short in which to provide a Mrs R. P.”

We were rewarded for much trouble and even compensated for the mistake which had been made.

Comedy in its place is refreshing, but comedy out of place is trying. Yet the worst of the matter is that comedy will sometimes act unseemly, and will thrust itself forward in spite of all regulations and conventions to the contrary. Let the reader judge.

I once went to re-open a small country church which had been closed for renovation. The church served a country village of meagre population ; but ambition may dwell in obscure souls. The village Hampden may survive : certainly, the spirits that aim high are not defunct. Yorkshire is a county of song, and the ambition of song invades its hamlets. At any rate I found it so on this occasion.

There was no organ in the church : a small harmonium did duty for its more varied-voiced brother. There was no organist, but the vicar presided at the harmonium. There was a choir, but it was small. The difficulties of producing a service worthy of the occasion were great ; but what are difficulties to those who are great of soul ? An anthem ? Of course, there must be an anthem. Will it be thrown in our teeth that the choir consists only of two little girls and perhaps three little boys ? Shall we be daunted because of this ? So courage ruled that day ; and we had an anthem, and the anthem selected was the Hallelujah Chorus. The vicar explained in the vestry the reason of the choice. The Hallelujah Chorus was such a safe anthem, because, if anything went wrong, you can always begin again.

This was trying. Perhaps equally trying was my experience in a dale church, where the vicar's daughter played also on the harmonium, and where the voluntary she selected on entering and leaving the church was, "See the Conquering Hero comes." One sometimes wonders whether one ought to laugh or cry when such things occur. They are irresistibly comic, but, oh ! how pathetic also. They mean loyalty, good-will, patient effort, veritable but ineffective ambition. The soul of them is so good ; the body of them so mean. It is not the spirit which fails ; it is the flesh that is so weak.

"Ver' è che, come forma non s' accorda
Molte fiate alla intenzion dell' arte,
Perch' a risponder la materia è sorda."

Parad., i. 127-9.

The pathos lies in the sluggishness of the irresponsible matter when the heart is so willing and so eager for great things.

SOME LEADERS

ON one occasion¹ I ventured to express the opinion that there would be many who, reading Mr Gladstone's life and discovering for the first time how profoundly his whole character and conduct were directed by religious conviction, would be disposed to reproach themselves for having harboured a distrust of his personal motives when they assailed his policy. All that I knew personally of Mr Gladstone served to assure me of the deep reality and earnestness of his religious character. His letters to me had convinced me of this fact, and the publication of his life only served to confirm it.

I can write this with all the more freedom ; for I did not agree with Mr Gladstone's later policy. I could not acquit him of an ability to persuade himself to a course of action which his freer judgment would not approve. What was said of Robespierre might, with certain obvious differences, be said of Mr Gladstone :—

“Plus il avançait dans ses assertions passionnées, se travaillait à leur donner des couleurs et des vraisemblances, et plus il se convainquait, devenait sincère. Le prodigieux respect qu'il avait pour sa parole finissait par lui faire penser que toute preuve était superflue. Ses discours auraient pu se resumer dans ces paroles : ‘ Robespierre peut bien le jurer, car déjà Robespierre l'a dit.’ ”²

¹ *Hibbert Journal*, April 1904.

² Michelet, *Hist. de la Revolution*, vol. v. p. 39.

This account will not seem absurd to those who understand the oratorical temperament in political life. But, happily, it is not of the politician that I have to speak, but of Mr Gladstone as I knew him—of Mr Gladstone as he appeared unfettered by party ties and undistracted by public clamour. This is not the place to raise old controversies. We think only of what we admired when we recall those who are gone.

I met Mr Gladstone several times, but my best knowledge of him was through his letters. One feature of his habits always struck me. He was always courteous—even more than courteous in manner; but one mark of his courtesy was shown in the extraordinary promptitude with which he answered letters. More than once I had occasion to write to him, when heavy political engagements were pressing upon him, but almost invariably I received a reply in his own hand, and usually by return of post. There was something almost uncanny in receiving from Mr Gladstone a letter on the very morning when the newspapers gave five or six columns to some important political pronouncement which he had made the night before. It seemed to indicate superhuman strength and power of mental detachment to be able to write a letter about the most economical measurements for bookshelves, or to write a long dissertation on Dante's use of a particular word, on the same day on which a speech of the first magnitude on a topic of first-rate interest had to be delivered. But Mr Gladstone did these things. He seemed to possess a mind capable of showing keen and eager interest at any moment. I remember, when I had an interview with him at the Treasury respecting my successor at Lancaster Gate, I asked him whether he had seen Sibbald's translation of the *Inferno*. I had the book in my hand. Mr Gladstone leaped from his chair and pounced upon the book, and, turning

over its pages with rapidity, began a long discourse on the moral discipline of the study of the *Divina Commedia*. This power of discharging the mind of its burdens and concentrating the whole attention upon some fresh topic is either a great gift or a very useful habit, but it is one which lesser people can only envy at a distance.

Mr Gladstone once put me in a small difficulty. He very kindly sent me a copy of his book *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*. The controversy respecting the scientific accuracy of the Creation Story in Genesis was then acute. Mr Gladstone stood forth as the champion of the literal historic exactitude of Bible narrative. My difficulty will be understood. I wished to thank him for the book, but I felt that it would be disingenuous to thank him and allow him to suppose that I shared his views. After some hesitation I wrote my letter of acknowledgment, and said frankly that my study had led me to somewhat different conclusions; but that, at the same time, I felt, in common with many, glad to think that one in his position should courageously and earnestly devote himself to such Bible study. I received an ardent letter by return of post. This I venture to quote:—

“It is a great pleasure and reward to me if your Lordship has found in my papers on the Old Testament anything worthy of note or recollection. I covet all criticism, because I hope, after a limited time, to make something in the way either of revision or of small additions: and I should be glad at any time to learn how far your Lordship would go in declining to recognise (revealed) scientific difficulties.

“For my own part I quite understand that necessity of accommodation to current modes of speech, with which even now our daily discourse is charged, and of course I accept the use of figure in its proper place. I desire, however, to avoid treating as figure narration

which is not and cannot be parable, as in the case of that sublime and precious production the first chapter of Genesis.

“I feel so much the force of what your Lordship says on the knowledge and exposition of Scripture that I am tempted to mention what was said to me, in my early youth, by Bishop Lloyd : a kind friend, a remarkable man, and decidedly a Conservative personage. He said, ‘My recommendation to my clergy is that for their second sermon they should open their Bibles and expound one of the Lessons or Scripture passages of the day’ !—I remain, my dear Lord Bishop, respectfully and faithfully yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.”

In my reply I pointed out that scientific accuracy on such a subject would have defeated the writer’s end. The last way to make a matter clear to the popular mind is that of scientific accuracy. Everyone recognises that a less exact account of a matter may convey a true idea of what happened more accurately than an account of it given with technical exactness. Jeames’ story of a ministerial crisis, as described by Thackeray, gives to the cook a clearer notion of what occurred than any correct Parliamentary paper could do. Further correspondence ensued, which need not be chronicled here.

I did not know Mr Gladstone’s great rival, Lord Beaconsfield. I was, however, present at the dinner, the Farmer’s Ordinary, when he made his famous Aylesbury speech. I confess that I was disappointed. I had gone hoping for an oratorical treat. I bore the heat and the squeezing, the purgatory of a roughly served and long-lasting dinner, sustained not by the food which repelled me, but by expectation of what was to come. The Buckinghamshire squires and farmers had assembled to do honour to their leader and representative. The occasion was

one which warranted great expectations, for the great man was appearing among them to bid them farewell. He had just become Lord Beaconsfield, and the election for the seat he vacated was pending. But the end to me was disappointment. He spoke, but it was not to us who were there eager to hear, ready to consider arguments, and, at least, whether we agreed with him or not, to be enthralled for an hour under the wizard's wand ; but he did not speak to us who waited on his words. He did not seem to me to speak even to his old constituents, except for one brief moment, when he alluded, with an air of surprised aloofness, to the election which we understood was likely to take place. He spoke not to his audience, but to the newspapers. He was not the orator seeking to persuade. He was the statesman who was measuring his words and reading them beforehand as they would appear in print. He was consequently ineffective at the moment. Oratory under such conditions is impossible. The speaker, to be effective, must think of his audience and speak to it. He must not heed what will be printed to-morrow, but only what can be said to-day.

I heard him again, when he received the freedom of the city of London, on his return from Berlin, bringing, as was said, "Peace with honour." Lord Salisbury was with him at the Guildhall on that occasion. To me it was most painful. Lord Beaconsfield looked like a corpse. When he spoke it was as though some other soul had come from far to speak through the medium of a corpse with which it had no natural affinity ; the face was like a mask, ghastly and expressionless. It has been a constant source of regret to me that I never heard him in his best and brightest days, but only at the time when ministerial responsibilities robbed him of freedom and bodily weakness probably deprived of his ancient power.

Lord Rowton once mentioned to me a saying of Lord Beaconsfield's which interested me as a literary judgment and still more as a piece of self-revelation. "It takes a hundred years to breed a poet," said Lord Beaconsfield, "and Byron is the poet of the nineteenth century." It may interest some to know the high place which D'Israeli assigned to Byron ; but it is more interesting still to note that few men, least of all those engaged in public affairs, outgrow the literary influences of their youth. Byron was a star when D'Israeli was young. Other stars, greater than Byron, arose later ; but the period of literary hero-worship had, in D'Israeli's case, passed away, and he had no eye for the later risen stars. It is always thus. The older generation does not welcome the hero of the younger age. Giotto may surpass Cimabue :

"E forse è nato
Chi l' uno e l' altro cacerà di nido."
Purgat., xi. 98-99.

But the old who knew the glories of Cimabue and Giotto will not always welcome the victor. The real value of D'Israeli's saying is the evidence it affords that he had not come under the wand of later wizards.

He had cast his own spell upon thousands. His novels were read, and his political leadership was followed, but it was possible to value his statesmanship without appreciating his works.

One evening at Osborne I asked Queen Victoria whether she regarded Lord Beaconsfield's novel, *Coningsby*, as a book which gave a fairly correct picture of the English of the time. She looked a little blank for a moment as though hardly knowing what reply to make. Then she pursed up her lips, and said, in her quizzical way, "I didn't care for his novels." This led to a conversation about Lord

Beaconsfield's powers. "Yes—he was," in the view of the Queen, "an able man, with a fine imagination." "Yes—great; but not so great as the present, *i.e.* Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister."

She went on to speak of her Prime Ministers. The two who held high place in her mind, as she spoke, were Sir Robert Peel and Lord Salisbury. She spoke with very warm and grateful affection of Sir Robert Peel, referring to the kindness he showed and the trouble he took at the time Osborne was secured as a Royal residence. "We owed it to him that we got this place."

Of Lord Salisbury she spoke with admiration as of one in whom she had great confidence. The impression left on my mind was that she gave him, if not the highest, an equal place with the highest among her ministers.

After her death, when Lord Salisbury had resigned, I ventured to send him a letter detailing this conversation. I told him that I had hesitated long before sending it, but that I thought it would bring him pleasure to know what the late Queen had left and said. I was glad that I had done so, when I received the following reply, which I am allowed to print.

"Private."

"HATFIELD HOUSE,
"HATFIELD, HERTS,
"31st July 1902.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I have every reason to congratulate myself on the modification in your view which induced you to send me, in the end, the letter which you had drafted last year. It is a most interesting letter to me, and I am very much indebted to you for your kindness in sending it on to me.

"The late Queen was always most indulgent to me, both in hours of political difficulty—which in my long service under her were not infrequent—and also in the more trying periods of personal sorrow. She always displayed a sympathy, a consideration, and a wisdom,

which, if my life ran to ten times its probable span, I never could forget.

“Renewing my thanks to you for your letter,
believe me, yours very truly, SALISBURY.”

There was a quality in Lord Salisbury which inspired confidence. He gave you the idea of strength in reserve. As I watched him in the House of Lords I felt that he did not much like talking, and I felt still more that he did not like much talking. I noted the impatient jerking of his knee, and it seemed to say, “When will all this be over?” Once, when a subject threatened to be lengthily discussed, he intervened, and the House rose shortly before eight o’clock. As he came past me, he said, with a smile of triumph, “I have got you off in time for dinner.” When he did speak in the House he spoke with grave and measured words. In a very real sense deliberation sat upon his brow. Yet, now and again, some happily coined phrase, reminding one of his old mastery of epithets, would slip out and become part of the verbal currency of the country.

To pass from Lord Salisbury to the Duke of Argyll is to pass from deliberation to ardour. When he spoke we were seldom disappointed. It was always a joy to listen to one who spoke what he thought, and who spoke to his hearers, thinking little and caring little about the newspaper reports next morning.

It was a pleasure to listen to him whether he spoke in the House of Lords or under his own roof. He was always eager and earnest and replete with information. One visit to him in Scotland I recall with exceptional pleasure, because he had gathered round him men of special mark. On that occasion the house party at Inveraray included Lord Kelvin and Sir George Stokes, young Lord Warkworth (afterwards Earl Percy), whose promising career was so early cut short, and Mr Eustace Balfour.

The conversation one day ran, I know not how, on the vexed question of water-finding. Some would fain believe that the mystic twig of hazel could give warning of water. The scientific men looked doubtful. At breakfast one morning a courageous guest said, "Let us test it!" Whereupon it was agreed to make practical experiment on the little bridge that spans the stream below the house. It was an admirable but uninviting day for the purpose of water-finding. A hesitating Scotch mist had developed into a desultory drizzle of rain. The little stream ran under the bridge with a petulant swirl. It was not difficult to find water below or above!

The day did not tempt me out. I fear that my incurious spirit did not sufficiently spur me along the road of knowledge. I was content to wait the report of the expeditionary party which set out from the Castle. I watched the slender procession of investigators as they emerged from the house. It was a straggling procession. In advance were the credulous spirits, eager to demonstrate to doubting savants the truth of the theory. Behind came the scientific men—Sir George Stokes, amiably anxious to meet the wishes of the ardent believers and willing to be convinced by practical demonstration. Last came Lord Kelvin, with kindly scepticism written in every hesitating step he took. I watched the little company as they clustered on the bridge. I saw their bowed heads as they watched the twigs. There was a short interval, during which, no doubt, the various members of the party made experiment. Then the little group broke up and began to return one by one to the house, some with looks downcast and damp, the men of science with reticent smiles upon their non-committal countenances. The experiment was a failure. No results could be reported.

Of course, there were various theories to account for the

failure. Perhaps the twigs could not report on running water. Perhaps they scorned to declare what was obvious. Was not the whole value of their occult virtue to be found in the fact that it could report upon concealed water and—so said some—concealed gold? It will be seen that the spirit of belief was not subdued by failure. The evening proved that it was still sanguine of success.

The Duchess of Argyll showed herself willing to promote any reasonable experiment to test the theory. Under her direction some ten or twelve saucers were brought. Beneath some saucers a small vessel of water or a gold ornament was placed. Beneath the others nothing was placed. Then Mr Balfour's little daughter, who had been kept out of the room, was brought in. The magic twig was in her hands. She went slowly from saucer to saucer, and, lo! the twig answered correctly. It rose up over the saucer in which water could be found. It showed an active recognition of the presence of gold. It rose up, too, over one saucer beneath which neither water nor gold was secreted. But was the tiny twig in error? Yes? No? No; for beneath the saucer lay a tiny sponge, and, as the sponge was slightly damp, the twig was perfectly justified in showing symptoms of alarm. This was the triumphant moment for the believers. The morning had literally damped their spirits; the evening excited the ardour of their faith. They looked eagerly and with proud anticipation into the face of science represented by Lord Kelvin and Sir George Stokes. They were met by the sphinx-like smile of amused neutrality, till Lord Kelvin remarked, "Well, if Sir George Stokes tells me that he believes it, I will believe it." I ventured to say, "But, Lord Kelvin, that is falling back on authority, and not on conviction." "Well," he replied, "Sir George is very good authority!"

It was a delightful time, spent in a delightful place.

We drove in the afternoon, and the Duke made every excursion pleasant by his happy comments on scenery and on natural phenomena. He knew every tree, and had some interesting observations to make on their growth. He delighted in the movement of all living things, and to him the flight of birds was not only a joy but an exhaustless incentive to observation and reflexion. One can only picture the fascinated interest he would take to-day in the progress of aviation.

The evenings were happy rivals to the afternoons : then Lord Kelvin would perhaps speak of some special studies. "I have been studying crystal formations," he said to me one evening at dinner. "When I began I wondered at the beauty of the crystal forms ; now my wonder is that anything can escape such a formation. Then I wondered to find it ; now I wonder when I do not."

Another evening I heard one of the guests speaking of Haidinger's Brush. The phrase was new to me, and I asked Lord Kelvin or Sir George Stokes to explain it. It was explained to me as a phenomenon of the sky, seen chiefly from the decks of ships at sea, and generally caught sight of when the glance directed skyward was thrown quickly from one side of the ship to the other. Then a certain sparkling gleam of something shining might be seen in the sky. The phenomenon was due to the presence of certain frozen particles in the air upon which the sunlight chanced to fall. "I have sometimes wondered," said Lord Kelvin, "whether this phenomenon might be the explanation of Constantine's Vision, for Haidinger's Brush presents various forms, and at times might take one something resembling a cross." I then asked some questions about the atmospheric conditions under which the phenomenon appeared, and also whether those conditions would be more likely to be fulfilled at one time of the year than another.

On my return home I consulted the Ecclesiastical histories on the subject, and sent Sir George Stokes extracts, which I thought might supply material for working the matter out more fully. The correspondence which followed was most interesting to me, and, as anything which Sir George Stokes wrote on a matter which possessed both scientific and historical interest is valuable, I give his letters on the subject :—

“LECONFIELD COTTAGE,
“CAMBRIDGE,
“5th October 1896.

“DEAR BISHOP OF RIPON,—As regards the formation of a cross through the sun, by means of a haze consisting of minute crystals of ice, in the higher regions of the atmosphere (such a haze could hardly be low down in so low a latitude as that in which the battle was fought), little would depend upon the position of the sun. I recollect my brother, who was travelling by a mail coach at night, telling me that the cross he saw remained visible all through the night, though, of course, the position of the moon in the heavens must have changed considerably during that time. The meteorological conditions under which the crystals are formed, leading to the formation of aggregates of crystals of this or that kind, constitute the essential conditions required. I do not know at what season the battle was fought. Halos and luminosities, referable to the same cause, would be more likely to occur in winter than in summer.

“You will find examples of a variety of halos and of the cross in Plate 17 (belonging to the article “Meteorology”) of vol. v. of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. I refer to this, because I happen to have it; but I have little doubt that something of the same kind would be found in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* or other good *Encyclopædia*.

“I see no reason for supposing that the Cross of

Constantine was other than a natural phenomenon, belonging to the rare kind of halos which are other than circles concentric with the sun or moon. I can quite imagine that his mind was forcibly impressed by the sight which he interpreted that Christianity would prevail. The result of the battle would naturally be thought of by him and others in connection with the sign; and, if he took the sign when he saw it as an indication that in that way he would win, and the thing were (as it was sure to be) much spoken of afterwards, one can easily understand how, in passing from mouth to mouth, it may have got changed into a statement that he actually saw an inscription.

"The great paper on halos is one of 270 pages quarto, by Bravais, in vol. xviii. (year 1847) of the *Journal de l'École Polytechnique*. I confess I have not read this extremely long paper.

"The somewhat low position of the sun, mentioned by Socrates, would be rather favourable than otherwise to the exhibition of halos. I use the word 'halos' here to embrace the whole class of luminosities referable to clouds of ice crystals and not merely the most usual form of a circle of 22 or of 46 degrees radius.—I remain, my dear Bishop, yours truly,

"G. G. STOKES."

"LECONFIELD COTTAGE,
"CAMBRIDGE,
"5th October 1896.

"MY DEAR BISHOP OF RIPON,—After I had posted my letter to you this morning, I went to the library, and there I dipped into Socrates, and also looked at the article 'Halo' in the 9th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I see I was wrong in supposing that what Constantine saw was on the very eve of a battle. So I suppose no means exist of telling at what season of the year it was that he saw it.

"The article 'Halo' has some woodcuts, a good

deal less elaborate than the plate in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. The writer refers to the Cross of Constantine, which he looks on as generally discredited, though he thinks without sufficient reason: it may very well have been one of those rather unusual halo appearances.

"*The Brighton Herald* of 10th April 1852 is referred to as mentioning a remarkable appearance which was seen at Brighton on 1st April, shortly before sunset. A luminous band was seen extending upwards from the sun for about 20 degrees, which was shortly afterwards followed by a horizontal band passing through the sun, forming together a cross. The thing was seen for about half an hour.

"I don't think that Lord Kelvin's suggestion that Constantine's Cross may have been Haidinger's Brush can be maintained. They are too inconspicuous, and, besides, if a man saw them once he would be able to see them again, knowing what to look for, so that the appearance would not be looked on as a sign.

"Of course, the reference of Constantine's Cross to natural causes does not forbid us to suppose that there may have been design in the impression the sight of it made upon his mind, any more than the adoption of the belief that the rainbow existed before the time of Noah obliges us to reject the promise associated with the words, 'I do set my bow in the cloud.' It leaves the question perfectly open in that respect.—I remain, yours very truly,
G. G. STOKES."

It will be seen from Lord Kelvin's letter, which follows, that on reading the historical statement of the case he abandoned the Haidinger's Brush theory. Here is his letter:—

"NETHERHALL,
"LARGS, AYRSHIRE,
"14th October 1896.

"DEAR BISHOP OF RIPON,—We were from home all last week, on a very interesting trip to Inverness-

shire, to see the Aluminium Works at Foyers, and I have been thus prevented from sooner writing to thank you for your letter of the 3rd.

"The statement regarding Constantine's vision, which you quote from Socrates' *Ecclesiastical History*, is decisive against my suggestion of Haidinger's Brush. One person might have seen that, and been struck by it, but, if he had asked people around him if they had seen the Haidinger's Brush, they would all have said no.

"The general description of what was seen, and of its vividness, leaves no doubt in my mind that it was a halo of some of the kinds which you will see represented and described by drawings in almost all encyclopædias. The '*in hoc signo vinces*' would readily be supplied by Constantine's imagination.

"Lady Kelvin joins in kind regards to you and Mrs Carpenter, and I remain, yours very truly,

"KELVIN."

The deep interest which Sir George Stokes took in the question, and the thoroughness with which he pursued it, are shown by a third letter :—

"LECONFIELD COTTAGE,
"CAMBRIDGE,
"7th October 1896.

"MY DEAR BISHOP OF RIPON,—I cannot refrain from writing again to point out how perfectly natural the whole story of Constantine's cross appears to me now that I know more of the circumstances attending it than I did before you referred me to Socrates. I had not been aware how Constantine had been debating in his mind what religion he should go in for to have the best chance of success, and, moreover, I had imagined that the cross appeared (if it did appear) immediately before the battle.

"A cross, with its arms vertical and horizontal, passing through the sun or moon as the case may be, is a portion of a system of halos of the unusual kind

which are not alike all round the line joining the eye with the centre of the luminary. The theory of the formation of these vertical and horizontal bands is known.

“Considering the anxiety that Constantine felt as to what religion he had better go in for, as to who would be best able to succour him in the war which he contemplated, it is natural that the sight of the cross should have made a profound impression upon him ; that he should hardly have believed his own eyes, and should have asked those about him if they saw it too. As it was a real objective phenomenon, of course they did. Considering what a profound impression it made on Constantine, how it influenced his whole subsequent course, it is quite natural to suppose that Constantine, in describing the circumstances to someone else and the way he regarded it, may have used some such expression as ‘I saw it written in the very heavens, “by this prevail,”’ and that the person to whom he spoke may have mistaken the metaphor for a sober description of an actual reality, and so the appearance of an inscription may have been combined with the appearance of a cross in those who described what they believed, from Constantine’s word, to have been actually seen.—I remain, my dear Bishop, yours very truly,

“G. G. STOKES.”

“*P.S.*—I was near forgetting to mention the increased probability (taking the appearance as a natural one) conferred on the story by the correction of my error in supposing that the appearance took place immediately before a battle. Of course the chance (if we look upon it simply as a matter of chance) that such an unusual kind of halo should occur on the very morning or evening before a battle is very small. But all we have to suppose is that it occurred while Constantine’s mind was in that state of suspense which may have lasted for weeks or months, or longer.”

OLD STORIES AND NEW

I SUPPOSE that all families have their special stories, as every life has gathered its share of adventure. I propose to set down here some of the tales and dreamings which I have heard, and which have lingered, from one cause or another, in my memory.

My Aunt Fanny had, I suppose, some rudimentary gift of second-sight. It must have come from her Scotch ancestry, I imagine, for my cousin John MacNeill and some of his line possessed this gift. My Aunt Fanny's story was this : She was staying in Dublin, at my Uncle William's house, No. 1 Merrion Square. It was the house afterwards occupied by Sir William Wilde, the father of Oscar Wilde. One morning my aunt came down to breakfast, and announced : "Aunt Conyngham is dead." The others protested that this was impossible. My Aunt Fanny then delivered the reason for her belief. She had had a dream. In it she received a black-edged letter, informing her that Aunt Conyngham was dead. So vivid was the dream that, when the postman rang the bell, she darted out to the post-box, convinced that the letter of her dream would be there. She drew out the letters from the box, and there among them was the black-edged letter she expected. When opened it told that the aunt known as Aunt Conyngham was dead.

Sir John MacNeill told me one or two stories of second-sight which had come within his own knowledge. Duncan

MacNeill, Lord Colonsay, was engaged in a case, and was waiting his summons to London. He was staying at Colonsay (where the mail in those days only arrived once a week). One day he was moved to do an unusual thing. Under a strong impression that he must do it, he went down to the harbour to meet the incoming packet, and he put in his pocket the papers dealing with the law case in question. He reached the harbour, and, when the boat arrived, the summons to London was put into his hand with his other letters. He was able to embark on the boat, which was then returning to the mainland. Had he not acted as he did he must have lost a week before he could journey to town. This, however, is an incident easily explained by the influence of a pressing sense of duty and of the need to be ready for its call.

But the following story cannot be so readily explained. One day Sir John MacNeill was walking in Colonsay, and, at a distance, he saw a funeral procession. It was borne in upon his mind that it was the funeral of old Donald, one of the keepers. To satisfy himself he walked round to Donald's house, and found the old man, seated by his fireside, quietly smoking. Sir John's mind was relieved, and he went home; but a week later old Donald died. This seems to me to be a fair type of a story of second-sight.

Another story of the kind has, I think, been told before, but this is the story as it was told to me. Sir John MacNeill was looking out of the window in Sir John Cowell's room at Windsor when suddenly he exclaimed: "Good heavens! Why don't they close the portholes and reef the topsails!" Sir John Cowell looked up and asked him what he meant. He said, in reply, that he hardly knew; but that he had seen a ship coming up Channel, in full sail, with open portholes, while a heavy squall was

descending upon her. At the very time this conversation was taking place the fatal storm fell upon the *Eurydice*, and she foundered as she was coming in sight of home.

On my father's side there was a story connected with the Irish Rebellion of 1798. My great-grandfather at that time was in command of a troop of yeomanry. He was wounded in the arm during an encounter with the insurgents. His wound was bound up, and he was put to bed. During the night the bandages gave way, and he bled, apparently, to death. He was buried in New Ross churchyard. Some time later, when some workmen were employed, they came across the coffin, and it was discovered that the body was not lying as it had been placed, but had turned over on its side. It became a kind of family tradition that my unfortunate great-grandfather had been buried alive, and had revived to find himself in his coffin. This was one of those tragic histories which naturally impressed my infant imagination.

Another story in the family had its humorous side. It related to my mother's mother, Anne Boyd. One day she was out driving on a jaunting-car. She was seated at one side; two of her daughters were seated at the other. The horse took fright. The driver lost control, and the car tore and tossed and jostled along the road. The occupants held on. The discomfort was bad, but it was nothing to the danger ahead. At length one of the daughters found time to look at the other side of the car—the seat was empty! "Mamma has been thrown off!" she said. There was no chance of stopping the car. On they careered, with fear and doubt in their hearts. At length the frightened horse grew weary. The pace slackened, and they were able to dismount. They turned back to seek their mother. They met her walking most composedly along the road. "My dears," she said, "I saw a welcome

heap of soft mud on the roadside, and I took the opportunity of safety which it offered."

One fact which came to light at the time of my mother's death may find a place here. It relates to the long period of time which may be covered by few succeeding lives. My grandmother, of whom I have spoken, had fourteen children. When my mother died we found among her rings a memorial ring, dated September 16, 1801. It was the date of the death of her brother Alexander. My mother died on September 16, 1901, exactly one hundred years after her brother. There are few families, I think, which can record that a century elapsed between the death of children of the same mother and father.

Among these tales of early memory I may relate one which tells of an unusual escape from peril. A great storm broke over Liverpool. There were many shipping disasters. The violence of the tempest was such that a steamer was tossed upon the pier. The houses of the town suffered. Slates were torn off. Chimneys were blown down, and in their fall carried down floor after floor of the house. In one house a maid-servant was awakened by the crash, and in her fear made for her mistress's room. She turned the handle and opened the door. Happily, before she entered she looked up. Above her she saw the stars. Beneath her was a yawning blackness. The falling roof had carried downwards the whole of her mistress's room. During this storm a young man was sleeping on the top floor of a house. In the course of the night the chimney was blown down, and roof and chimney crashed downwards, carrying everything before them. In the morning workmen were employed to search for the remains of those who were buried beneath the ruins. As they dug away, a sleepy voice was heard to call out as though in response to an awakening knock at his door. Presently the young man who had slept

upon the top floor was dug out unhurt and unaware of the catastrophe. He had slept through the roar of the tempest, the crash of the falling chimney, the swift and terrible descent from roof to cellar. A wooden beam which supported the roof had sheltered his bed, and he had been carried downwards as if in a lift, shielded from danger, and slumbering peacefully, till in the morning he was aroused by the pickaxes of the rescue party. This has always seemed to me one of the most striking examples of strange and wonderful escapes from danger.

As I am telling stories I may add here one of transatlantic origin. When I was in America I met (among other kind and interesting people) Mr Le Farge, the artist. He told me that, when he dreamed, his mind discharged itself of colour. This struck me as curious. Mr Le Farge was, pre-eminently a colourist. Did he mean that to him colour was so obvious, and the use of it therefore so natural, that he could leave colour to take care of itself, and that the conscious efforts of his thought went, therefore, to those points which could not be left to themselves? I think that this must have been what he intended to convey. If so, it was the wisdom of the artist concentrating his attention upon the weakest spots. Where he was strong his strength sufficed. Like a skilful general he paid heed to the places most liable to attack. However, the idea of dreams which were emptied as it were of colour struck me as strange.

He told me of a dream of his which was curious. He said, "I dreamed that I was in Heaven, and I found myself walking upon a terrace which stretched in front of a great building. The façade of the building was filled with niches, like the face of a cathedral, and it rose far above me, reaching into the vast heavens. People were flocking into the building; but I felt, as I had often felt on Sunday before church, that there was plenty of time, and I should be in for

the sermon. As I watched the people entering the church I saw a well-known millionaire, and I confess that I thought it strange. I felt sure that he could not be there unless there was some gain in it. I thought, therefore, 'He has some deal on hand.' I waited a little, and, presently, I found the said millionaire at my elbow. 'I am done,' he said. 'I wanted the best place in the show, so I did a deal with the Archangel Michael and swopped my place for his ; but I am done. I am done ; for do you know where the seat I made a deal for is ? Look ! up there !' I looked up as he pointed out a niche a long way up on the façade. 'It's there, right up there ; and my head won't stand a height !' " There is a touch of poetic justice about this dream.

TENNYSON

FEW men outgrow the influences of their youth. They may change or modify their opinions, they may gain in judgment, but the influences which formed their taste and habit retain some measure of their power to the last. We may readily satisfy ourselves on this point. Start a conversation respecting the merits or power of different poets, and observe the tone of the remarks made, and it will not be difficult to detect the influences which have been at work. Broadly speaking, unless a man has had plenty of leisure, and a disposition towards literary industry, he never fully appreciates the poets of his later life. The bard who reigned in the first third of his life will be more to him than those who have appeared later. The man who, at the age of twenty, fell under the spell of Byron was not likely to applaud Tennyson, and the worshipper of Longfellow would scarcely have patience to appreciate Browning. In the same way it is, I suppose, difficult for the younger men of to-day to understand the unchallenged literary sovereignty which Tennyson wielded in his day.

Some of the young of to-day gravely assure me that, except through *In Memoriam*, Tennyson will scarcely be remembered. His exquisite literary workmanship, his happiness of phrase, his wonderful music, his wide knowledge and keen appreciation of the movements of thought, the high-souled chivalry which found utterance in his other poems, have been so much waste product. I do not believe

it. Unless England swings far away from high patriotism, love of truth, worshipfulness of noble ideals, Englishmen will rejoice in the poet who loved his country and believed in her destiny. Still, perhaps, in days when there are mutterings of rising storm, they will spring to national defence, as did the volunteers of 1859, when the potent voice of Tennyson cried—

“Form, form, Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!”

And if there be no such crisis, as God send there may not, still always the untravelled hearts of Britain's sons will love the damp and foggy island set safe amid the silver sea—

“It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will.”

And yet more—always, as I hope and pray, the deep reverent spirit, which is the base line of all genuine faith—may animate our people who will then realise and value the abiding religious power of Tennyson's muse. If he sang of his predecessor that he uttered nothing base, it is more true of Tennyson than of Wordsworth that he never wrote a line which could disturb the true foundations of that righteousness which exalts a nation, or of that faith which builds up the noblest forms of human character. So long as patriotism, truth and right, and the fear of God remain national watchwords, Tennyson will be a welcome companion poet of Englishmen's homes.

I write as one who fell under his spell. He was the poet of my youth, and perhaps I too have never outgrown him.

It will be understood, then, with what pleasure I received an intimation that the poet's house was open to me. I can

never be too glad that the privilege of knowing Tennyson personally was given to me. If I linger over this episode I shall be forgiven.

In June 1887 I received from the Hon. Maude Stanley the accompanying letter. Miss Stanley had been a kind friend to us. Her wise and useful work among the girls at Soho was well known, but only those who enjoyed her friendship could appreciate her sterling qualities of character, her persevering zeal, and her modest self-repression. At her mother's house we had met many well-known people, and later, at her own house, we had enjoyed happy intercourse with interesting and attractive friends. It was through Miss Stanley that I received the intimation that Tennyson would receive me at his own home. The letter which brought me this news was as follows :—

"40 DOVER STREET,
"27th June.

"DEAR BISHOP,—Is there any Sunday in July you are disengaged that you would spend at Aldworth, Haslemere? Lord Tennyson wishes so much to know you, and asked me if I would ask you to go there some Saturday to Monday.

"I fear you must have engaged yourself already, but I hope not.—Yours truly, MAUDE STANLEY."

We arrived at Aldworth shortly before dinner. We dressed quickly, and descended to the drawing-room, where we found Lady Tennyson, Hallam Tennyson and his wife. Lady Tennyson was reclining on the sofa, and I sat down and talked a while with her. Her calm and beautiful face told of weakness and perhaps of pain, but certainly of patience, but not of patience of the ostentatious sort, which obtrudes itself upon you and challenges your admiring commiseration. It was rather the patience of that victorious kind which has won its way to that rest and repose which is

quick to give rather than urgent to demand sympathy. My heart went out to her, and it was easy to find congenial subjects of conversation with one whose intelligence and heart were so quickly responsive.

While we were conversing—my wife with the Hallam Tennysons and myself with Lady Tennyson—the poet came softly into the room. I had my back to the door, and I did not see him enter. He came so quietly that I did not hear him. Only a sympathetic movement in the room caused me to look round, and I saw Tennyson for the first time. My feeling, I confess, was one of surprise. I looked for an older face—a face more obviously marked by time ; but I saw a tall man, of sallow face, over which fell hair untouched with grey, and dark piercing eyes, which looked at one through the unusually large lenses of his glasses. A half smile hovered round his lips as I rose. He gave me his hand in silence, and the next moment we were *en route* for the dining-room. Tennyson took my wife in to dinner, and sat on the long side of the table, opposite to the window. Mrs Hallam Tennyson and I sat with our backs to the window. Lady Tennyson and Hallam faced one another at the head and foot of the table. The conversation was general. Tennyson did not say much, but he told my wife some anecdotes which had amused him—of the child who saw her mother for the first time in her evening-dress, and began to cry—“There’s mother going downstairs her upstairs all inside out.”

Mr Charles Phillips, in writing of Curran, describes the feeling of disappointment which he experienced the first time he dined with Curran. He had heard that Curran was never so delightful as he was when the dinner was over and the wine was set. He, therefore, felt keen dismay when at the long-desired moment Curran proposed a walk instead of the much expected symposium. Some such feelings

were mine when the dinner was rather more than half over, and Tennyson rose and left us, saying, "Maintenant, je vais fumer ma pipe." I then felt I was being defrauded of the hour to which I had most looked forward "over the walnuts and the wine." But in the sequel my disappointment ended, as did that of Charles Phillips, in a happy surprise. A few minutes later Hallam Tennyson rose and gently led his mother from the room. We followed, and were ushered into a small room, where, joyous to tell, there was the poet, seated on a sofa, and before him, spread out for our entertainment, the welcome "walnuts and the wine."

Then began an hour full of interest, which closed with a little incident full of stately kindness and old-world hospitable instinct. Tennyson commenced by telling us a number of stories, and then propounding some ethical dilemma which arose out of the circumstances of the stories. A man is gathering samphire from the face of the cliff. He is suspended on a rope; below him, suspended on the same rope, is his father. The son notices that the portion of the rope which is strained over the cliff-edge is frayed. The strands are slowly giving way. It cannot support the weight of both the men. Seeing this, the son says, "Father, the rope is giving. Shall I cut you off?" Horrible! you say; but wait. The father is a widower. All his children are now self-supporting. He has no one dependent on him. The son is a married man, with a family of young children. What ought the son to do? Shall he loose his own hold on the rope, with the certainty of losing his own life and with the possibility of sweeping off his father with him as he falls? Or shall he sacrifice his father to secure the life of the bread-winner for the wife and children?

Or, again, it is early winter in Canada. A woman, accompanied by two or three young children, is driving homeward in a sleigh stocked with the supplies she has just

purchased. Her husband and her elder children are at work in the woods, and she is bringing back from the town the supply of provisions for the whole winter. Wolves pursue the woman in the sleigh. The wolves are too fast for her : they are gaining. Every moment they become more dangerously near. She realises she has no chance of outstripping them. She seizes one of her children and flings it out of the sleigh. This causes delay : but again the wolves draw near. The woman sacrifices the second child. Was she justified ? Her choice was to take the chance of delaying the wolves in their pursuit. The alternative meant the destruction by the wolves of both the children and herself and also of the whole winter provision, without which husband and elder children would have perished.

Such were some of the ethical problems which Tennyson propounded to us as we sat at dessert. These problems led on to the discussion of the lot of man in the universe—the pain and difficulties to which he was exposed ; and Tennyson referred to Winwoode Reade's book, *The Martyrdom of Man*. The book had evidently interested him. I ventured to suggest that one explanation of life's apparent hardships might be found in the idea of the "Education" which was in the scheme of all things. Tennyson, assenting to the thought, immediately illustrated it by repeating :

"The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, 'Am I your debtor ?'
And the Lord—'Not yet ; but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better.'"

About nine o'clock Hallam looked across at me, and, with a significant glance, asked me if I would like to go and smoke. I gathered that he thought his father had exerted himself enough, and I accepted the suggestion. I rose to follow Hallam from the room, and, when I had

reached the side of the table opposite to Tennyson, he rose to his feet and made me a happy set speech of welcome. I can recall the speech, but I must not set it down here lest I should transgress Dante's wise canon. What then was kindly said is now better kept in silent memory—

“Parlando cose che il tacere è bello,
Sì com' era il parlar colà dov' era.”

Inf., iv. 104-5.

I went upstairs with Hallam, and in the smoking-room we sat and talked. In about twenty minutes the door opened, and, to my great delight, Tennyson himself came in. He sat on the sofa near me, and he began to talk of various theological matters. The conversation took ranges deep and wide—the problem of pain, of determinism, of the apparent contradiction of faith, of optimism and pessimism as theories of life ; in short, of fate,

“Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,”

and we too had to confess, like fallen angels, that we

“. . . found no end in wandering mazes lost.”

But the conversation was to me not loss but gain. It was stimulating, invigorating. It braced one's thought. It tested one's grounds of confidence ; for it was earnest and incisive when Tennyson led the way. It gave me insight into the clear intellectual integrity of the poet's mind. Here was a man to whom faith meant something ; it was no mere conceptual faith which was wanted. The soul must have an anchorage. There must be no juggling with facts. He would not make his judgment blind ; and, because he would not, therefore the faith sought must stand out triumphant over difficulties faced and overcome.

Once again Hallam, ever watchful of his father, broke

in upon the conversation, and suggested that it was time for tea. It was then after half-past ten. We descended to the room we had left, and there we found tea—not the meagre cup of polite tea, but tea on a table spread with cakes and bread and butter. We sat round the table, Tennyson again occupying the sofa. The minutes slipped by, for Tennyson entertained us with many grim and striking stories. One was the story told by an Italian preacher who was enlarging on the advantages of having a patron saint. To illustrate these advantages he narrated the tale of a famous or infamous bandit whose life was one long series of crimes of violence and fraud. The bandit died and passed onward to the gate of Heaven, where the record of his sins had preceded him. The bandit, however, was happy in having St Joseph for his patron saint. At the gate of Heaven St Peter refused to let the bandit in : the record of his life was too black. As St Peter persisted in his refusal, the bandit insisted on seeing St Joseph. When the saint came, and had heard the story of the bandit's crimes, he pointed out that it was unreasonable to expect to be admitted. "But," argued the bandit, "what is the use of a patron saint if he cannot help you at a pinch? Further, how much will the prestige of St Joseph be lowered on earth if it should prove that his influence in Heaven cannot secure admission for his clients or protégés?" The bandit urged these considerations with such force that St Joseph said "he would see what could be done." Thereupon he betook himself to the Supreme, and petitioned for the bandit's admission. When, however, the record was sent for and inspected, it was so startling that the saint's petition was met by a refusal. Baffled, the saint now essayed another move, and, with apologies, said that he was afraid he must make his petition on the subject "a personal matter"; that he would regard the refusal as a slight. Still, the refusal was adhered to, and

then St Joseph broke out into threats—"If his petition was not granted he would leave and take the Virgin and the blessed Bambino with him." The threat was too much; the petition was granted; the bandit triumphantly entered Heaven. Behold the advantages of having a patron saint! The story, Tennyson said, was told in a sermon preached at Rome, where the lady who narrated it to Tennyson had herself heard it.

One thing I wished as I sat listening to these stories, but I feared as time went by that my chance of having my wish gratified was becoming very slender. We had set our heart on hearing Tennyson read. To my delight Hallam said to his father, "Would you read to us?" I said at once that it would be a pleasure to us, if Tennyson were not too tired. "We must go upstairs," said Tennyson. We accordingly adjourned, climbed the stairs, and entered Tennyson's study. It was a large, square room, with windows looking south. It was lined with bookshelves, and the bookshelves were crowned with a number of classical busts. The candles were lighted, and Tennyson placed himself near a small table, bringing the candlelight conveniently near for his reading. "What shall I read?" he asked. "The Passing of Arthur," said my wife. "That does not want any reading. Anybody can read that," retorted Tennyson. "I'll read you the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

Then he began, rolling out the words and giving them marked cadence—

"Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentations."

At this point he stopped. "I'll tell you a story," he said. "When the Duke was old he wanted to cross the street. Piccadilly was full of traffic, and the Duke hesitated. A gentleman, seeing the hesitation, went to the Duke and

piloted him across the street. When they reached the other side, 'Thank you,' said the Duke. The gentleman thereupon said, 'It will always be a genuine pleasure to me to remember that I was able to render some small assistance to the great Duke of Wellington.' 'Sir,' said the Duke, 'don't be a d——d fool!'"

"Now," said Tennyson, "I like that story. If it had been a Frenchman who had received the compliment, he would have said, 'Oui, le grand Duc—c'est moi—certainement—le grand Duc.'"

Having told this story Tennyson continued reading the Ode. The reading was a revelation to me. To call it good reading would not describe it; for it would suggest conventional standards. It was not merely good reading; it was something more and different. It was wonderful; for, as the voice of the poet played over the words, the whole scene came before one. The appeal to the ear promoted the sense of vision. We heard all the various sounds to be heard in the streets on that great occasion of the Duke's burial. We heard the orderly tread of the soldiers, the disorderly shuffling of the feet of the crowd, the roll of the drums, the boom of the guns, the stately funeral march. We heard the music of that moment, and hearing, we saw the scene.

In other words, Tennyson made us hear not only the words but the music of the piece; and, as he read, the musical value of the words—if I may use the distinction—was more emphasised than their mere significance; the significance was apprehended through the music.

This first experience of hearing Tennyson read disclosed to me the marvellous mastery he possessed over the musical value of words, and the power with which he could marshal them to produce effect. I could realise the truth of what he said to me later, "I have never used a word without being

satisfied that it carried both right meaning and also fit music."

It must have been long after eleven when the reading ended and my wife and Mrs Hallam Tennyson went to bed. I remained a little longer, as Tennyson seemed to wish it.

The conversation turned on striking instances of courage and self-possession in trying or perilous times. I told Tennyson the story of the Sheffield workman whose leg and foot were imprisoned by the débris of a fallen wall, and who, during the whole time, kept up a fire of good-natured chaff of his comrades who were working to extricate him. The calm intrepidity of the man during the long and painful time heightened the tragedy of the close; for, the moment the limb was released, the shock of the reaction was too much for the sufferer and he expired. I told, also, of young Pixley's experience in the Boer campaign at the time of the Majuba Hill incident. In telling this I had to describe how the little English force occupied a knoll of ground. I pronounced the word knoll as though it rhymed with löll. Tennyson stopped me at once. "Don't say knöll. I say knöll" (pronouncing it to rhyme with roll). "When possible all o's should be long. We must not say the sun shōne, but the sun shōne." Again the sense of musical value in words was in evidence.

The night was growing late, but it was hard to tear one's self away from the cheerful fireside at which one could enjoy "rich affluence of discursive talk"; yet the moment of breaking up our converse had come, and we parted for the night.

In the morning I had the privilege of a walk with Tennyson. He took me out, and we rambled over devious paths on the highlands around Aldworth. We reached some of the loftiest points, from which we could command the wide-reaching plain which stretched to the south.

We walked hither and thither among the heather. I paid no heed to direction. I was thinking of and listening to the poet at my side. Once or twice he paused, and bade me look at the view from a point where the high ground, as he expressed it, "plunged into the plain." But, as a rule, our minds were turned towards subjects great and deep. We spoke of the Duke of Argyll and his writings, especially, if I remember rightly, the book on the *Unseen Foundations of Society*. The question of pain and evil soon came forward, and Tennyson spoke of the arguments respecting Dualism ; the contradictions in life gave force to the theory. "If I were not a Christian," he said, "I should be a Parsee, and accept Dualism." The problem lay in the object and use of pain. This again led us back to the idea that there was an educative value (*i.e.* as far as higher and religious morality was concerned) in pain. Hinton's book was referred to. Pain was a means of evoking sympathy. Moreover, life was short ; and pain, measured by the hereafter, might in retrospect seem trivial. Something concerning the shortness of life's trials must have been said, for suddenly Tennyson stopped, and, standing amid the purple heather, he recited the following lines (then unpublished) :—

"A voice spake out of the skies,
To a just man and a wise—
'The world and all within it
Will only last a minute !'
And a beggar began to cry,
'Food, food, or I die !'
Is it worth his while to eat,
Or mine to give him meat,
If the world and all within it
Were nothing the next minute ? "

So walking on in the bright summer day, under a sky now brilliantly blue, and again covered with fleecy clouds which lazily crept over the blue, we spent the morning—

every moment filled with thoughts that touched the deepest springs of life.

When we returned to the house our carriage was at the door. The memorable night and the memorable morning were over, and duty called me back. We bade adieu, and were soon descending towards Haslemere station, but carrying away with us remembrances which enriched our lives.

In July 1889, after Tennyson had been ill, I went again to see him at Aldworth. Hallam Tennyson met me at Haslemere, and drove me to Aldworth. When we arrived we went out upon the terrace, where we found Tennyson, seated in the south-west corner. He wore a heavy black cloak and a loose bandit hat. He raised himself with difficulty, and he showed some weakness in walking. He complained that his joints were stiff, owing to his long illness. His manner was quiet, and he was, shall I say? gentler than before. I missed the abruptly interposed remarks which he used to make when he felt strongly, or shot out some difference of opinion. Perhaps one was sorry that gentleness had succeeded gruffness. As we walked up and down the terrace I caught the expression of his eye as he looked at the full life of nature around him. He looked lovingly at trees and flowers, and his eyes lingered with wistful affection on the wide-spreading, beautiful landscape at our feet.

In 1891 we spent a few days at Cowes, and I found that it would be possible for me to visit Haslemere on my way up to town, and to give Tennyson my personal greetings on his birthday. When I suggested doing this, the reply came by telegram—"Delighted." Accordingly, I broke my journey at Haslemere, and I had the enjoyment of three-quarters of an hour spent with Tennyson before lunch. He had a new volume of poems on hand, and he was revising the poems for the press. He read to me several.

He read to me :—

“Red of the dawn !

“Godless fury of peoples, and Christless frolic of kings”—

of the “Dawn not Day”—of the hope that the on-coming day would “lay the ghost of the brute that is walking and hunting us yet.”

In contrast he read to me *Charity*, and of the woman, “God bless her !” who kept a sister “from hell.”

He read to me the shrewd advice given by the churchwarden to the curate :—

“But niver not speäk plaain out, if tha wants to git forrards a bit,
But creeäp along the hedge-bottoms, an’ thou’ll be a Bishop yit.”

Akbar’s dream followed, and one’s thoughts leaped forward to the time when the mortal mists of earth would

“Fade in the noon of heaven, when creed and race
Shall bear false witness, each of each, no more,
But find their limits by that larger light,
And overstep them, moving easily
Through after-ages in the love of Truth,
The truth of Love.”

He then read me his lines to the Master of Balliol, which were fitly followed by *The Death of Ænone*, and I heard the “cataract’s downward thunder in hollow and glen,” and saw

“led by dream and vague desire,
The woman, gliding toward the pyre,
Find her warrior
Stark and dark in his funeral fire.”

After lunch, some conversation with Tennyson, when we had much talk about faith and materialism, and touched also on the Christian doctrine of the Trinity.

The time came for my leaving. At three o’clock the

carriage claimed me, and I carried away with me the sound of the poet's kindly farewell—"Good-bye, dear Bishop."

By a very happy chance I found myself, in February of the next year, able to spend two or three days in the Isle of Wight. My wife and I went to Freshwater, and, on the afternoon of 4th February (Thursday), we called at Farringford.

I was taken up to Tennyson's room,—a large room, well-furnished with books. Tennyson was seated on a small sofa near the window. He greeted me by saying he "was a poor creature, with gout in the throat and rheumatism in the arm."

I brought a chair, and sat down near him, saying, as I did so, that I would not sit where there was any chance of my jarring his nerves. He said that there was only fear of that in the case of gout in the toe, which some one had described to him as the pain of being flayed alive and boiled at the same time.

He told me of his pleasure on hearing that a Moham-medan had appreciated his poem on Akbar.

He spoke of the number of versifiers. William Allingham had said to him, "It is like the piano. Formerly only a few played; now everybody plays." He told me how William Allingham had said to his wife, when dying, "I see things beyond your imagination to conceive." He cited other cases of vision and brightness seen at the dying hour. One dying man lifted up his hands, while a brilliant light seemed to shine in his eyes. A lady in the Island, on her death-bed, said, as though some vision came to her, "Cherubim and Seraphim." Some vision came to each at death. This led to the subject of the immortality of the soul. The only thing against it was the suspension of faculties in a swoon. But, on the other hand, were faculties really so suspended? In his own opinion his faculties seem

to have been working, even when he was under chloroform, for he thought he was at a restaurant, which he sometimes visited ; and, when he came to himself, he mistook the doctor for the waiter, and, seeing his foot without shoe or stocking, he said, "What have you done with my boot? Do you think I can walk the streets barefoot?"

Tea was brought in, and I was charged to see that he took it. I think he would have forgotten it as he talked, had I not recalled his attention to it, and offered to officiate. When I had poured out his tea, he asked, "Have you put cream in? Cream is like a sheath to the nerves."

He said he would like to walk in the room below. We descended a winding stairway, and found ourselves in what he called the ball-room,—a large and practically unfurnished room. As we descended the stairs he began to speak about dissyllable rhymes. Dissyllable rhymes are few in English, and they are ineffective,—ineffective "because you always know what is coming."

When we reached the room below my attention was drawn to a rough painting which was leaning against the wall. He asked me if I knew what it was. I certainly did not ; and, when I said so, he told me that it was intended to represent the tropical island in *Enoch Arden*, and that it was the work of Edward Lear. Edward Lear was full of funny stories :—A Scotch child was once stopped by the minister at the door of the kirk—"Are you prepared, my child," said the minister, "to rush into the presence of the Almighty in a straw hat?"

He spoke of the novel *The Little Minister*, which interested him as illustrating the narrowness of religious views held by some Scotch people.

He told me, as Lady Tennyson had told me before, that Jowett wished him to write a hymn. As a suggestion, Jowett had sent a prayer. "It was," said Tennyson, "very

fine ; but one petition in it was quite impossible. It was 'Teach us, O Lord, to see ourselves as others see us.' This would never do."

He went on to speak of the popular notion of hell. This he could not accept. "It was unbelievable that a father should torment his children for ever and ever." I replied that it was incredible to me. He said, "I am glad of that." I said, "I ought to explain." "Oh!" he cried, "I won't quote you!" I answered, "It is not that that I fear, but we ought to be frank ; there is little use in talking unless we are so. I agree with you, but I believe in something which may be called hell." "Certainly," he said, "the vices must be purged out." I said that I thought there would be, as it were, three rivers in the other world—not Acheron, Phlegethon, and Styx, but the river of What-might-have-been, in which men could see the vision of all lost chance. "Oh!" he said, "that is worse!" "Yes," I said, "but needful for the discovery of self. But this is not the only river. There would be, besides the river of What-might-have-been, the river of What-had-been, and a third river, the river of Love, which had the power of restoring what might have been." "Yes," he said, "but there is heredity ; it counts for so much." I understood him to mean that man ought not to be called upon to meet purgation for what was outside his power, because inherited. In my own mind I felt that heredity might be found to be an agent of purgation, if fully understood. I only, however, expressed my feeling that God was slowly drawing all men to Himself by means various, and, as yet, not fully realised.

I told him that Huxley, though sharing to a degree the views of Weismann, yet admitted that we might urge sobriety upon parents for the sake of their children. As I mentioned Huxley, Tennyson said : "Huxley refused to

go and see my little play of *The Cup*, because I made the doctor speak against vivisection. This was absurd, as it was only a play."

When Hallam joined us we began to tell stories, and, knowing how greatly he loved stories of courage and endurance, I told him of the fireman at the Leeds fire, who said, "Whatever happens, I stay here till my duty is done."

The next day, 5th February, I again went to Farringford. I found Tennyson walking up and down the ball-room. His rheumatism was better, but his throat worse. I walked up and down with him for three-quarters of an hour. After talking of various matters he came back to the subject of immortality. "It is hard," he said, "to believe in God, but it is harder not to believe in Him. I don't believe in His goodness from what I see in nature. In nature I see the mechanism. I believe in His goodness from what I find in my own breast." I said, "Then you believe that man is the highest witness of God?" "Certainly," he replied. I said, "Is not that what Christ said and was?" and I quoted, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." He assented, but said that there were difficulties in the idea of a Trinity—the Three. "But mind," he said, "Son of God is quite right; that He was." I remarked that it was enough if we took the revelation as it was intended; that the attempt at further or elaborate definition tended to confusion. He replied, "That is what my wife says." Then he said, "I wonder what the earliest Christians thought of it all." I said that I thought that they were content with seeing in Christ a revelation of God and an assurance of God's love; later came the controversies and the need for definition. He said that, of course, we must have doctrine. I assented, remarking that the form must be more or less human. "After all," he said, "after all,

the greatest thing is faith." Having said this, he paused, and then recited, giving earnest emphasis to the long rolling lines which sang of a faith victorious, a faith which can wait till the opening doors of Heaven disclose what faith waits for :—

I

"Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best,
Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the shipwreck, or the rolling
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine, or the pest!

II

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the heart's desire!
Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is
higher.

Wait till Death has flung them open, when the man will make the
Maker

Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire!"

When he ceased, he remarked, "I shall be attacked for it, especially by the Church papers." He referred to the way in which he had been assailed when *In Memoriam* was issued. "One newspaper (a professedly religious paper) had written—'Mr Tennyson has barely escaped Atheism, and has plunged into the abyss of Pantheism.' What nonsense!" I ventured to say that if all the Church papers put together had done as much to help men heavenward as *In Memoriam* had done, they might think themselves happy. He continued to refer to absurd criticisms and foolish inferences drawn out by the poem. One American critic had commented on the lines :—

"How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green :

And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oats not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?"

and had remarked—"The poet laments his lost virtue." But, said Tennyson, "I do not always speak in my own name. The poem is a kind of small *Divina Commedia*, ending in a marriage."

We soon afterwards adjourned to lunch, when Tennyson spoke a good deal about the unfair way in which some men—men of prominence too—who had visited him, had then taken advantage of their visit to write to the newspapers accounts, and inaccurate accounts, of their visit. Speaking of one man, Tennyson said, "He not only told lies, but he made me tell lies." Of another he said, "I received him as a friend, but he was only an interviewer."

When lunch was over Mrs Hallam Tennyson opened the door, but Tennyson came forward, and said, "Why should you open the door for us? Let us men wait, and let the superior sex go first." We then left the room, and Tennyson went to rest, and I watched the bent figure going upstairs, leaning on the banisters.

The next day I was again at Farringford, in the morning, and I found, to my regret, that we had been expected to dine on the previous night, and that Tennyson had been disappointed. The loss was ours. I was taken up to the poet's bedroom, where I found him lying on the sofa, with a loose night-cap on his head. He had a little cold, and the gout in his throat troubled him. I explained that I was obliged to go to town that night. I hoped that I would find him better the next time we met. "Perhaps I shall be gone altogether," he said. I replied, "God does not take any till their work is done." "He does," said Tennyson. "Look at the promising young fellows cut off." I

reminded him that he himself had quoted Hinton the day before, to the effect that we on earth were looking at the wrong side of things, and could not judge of the pattern wrought or the work achieved. To this he assented.

He asked if I had walked up. He was kindly anxious lest I should have got wet. I reassured him.

He spoke of the criticisms and prosaic interpretations of his poems. He doubted whether the English people had much genuine love of poetry or art. He spoke of the widespread habit of picking holes in reputations. I said that I thought that, on the whole, human thoughts were more kindly than unkindly. He did not think that this was the experience of men who had succeeded. "It is too often a case of copy. They must supply something, and the best trade is to pull people to bits." I said that I thought the English were proud of their great men. "Yes," he said, "as Hebrew mothers were proud of their children as shields against the shame of barrenness."

I urged him to continue to write. I spoke of the prayer Jowett had sent, but he said that he did not think he would use it as the basis of a hymn. I spoke of one or two incidents which I thought might be made subjects of poems. We drifted somehow into the question of ghosts. He asked me if I had seen the photographs of a ghost. He had seen one, and was interested. On the subject of ghosts I told him the story of the clergyman who had laid a ghost by asking it for a subscription. This amused him.

The summons came for me to catch my train. I rose to bid good-bye. He said he was sorry we were leaving; he hoped we would come again. "Good-bye," he said; "you are a man of broad mind, and I like men of broad minds." I turned, and said, "I hope God will keep us in His breadth." So I parted with him for the last time.

When October came it brought the end. His words

to me, when I last saw him—"Perhaps I shall not be here"—were to prove prophetic. When the last illness came Hallam Tennyson kindly sent me telegrams. On 4th October the telegram told me his condition was "critical." On the 5th the message was, "Passing peacefully away." So he passed from us who had taught us noble things. So he passed, who to me in early life was so great an inspiration and in later life so kind a friend. With him some sunlight seemed to be withdrawn. It will be readily understood that I was cheered when Lady Tennyson wrote, on 10th October, "You were one to whom *he* could speak so freely, and be sure of not being misunderstood, that we cannot but bless the day which brought you to our home." He had been much to me. It was happiness to know that I had been able to be something to him.

THE QUEEN

No man can write down his reminiscences without feeling again the joy which others have brought into his life. Indeed, as he looks back, he realises more fully the joy of those friendships which once were his. His heart overflows with gratitude and regret—gratitude for kindnesses grown sweet by remembrance—regret that they were inadequately appreciated at the time. There are some who will understand how naturally these thoughts are mine when I write of Queen Victoria. She was, in my young life, a splendid and loyalty-evoking figure. When I was about ten years of age my Grandmother Boyd gave me a coloured portrait of the Queen. It represented her in her bridal dress. I have it still. It stands, framed, on the mantelpiece in my room. It has been like a little life-comrade for sixty years. It meant to me much at the beginning, for it seemed to claim chivalrous patriotism and loyal devotion. It means far more to-day, for she became to me a friend, not the less revered as Queen because of her unfailing personal kindness, and not the less recognised as a real friend because a Queen upon whom there fell the burden of vast, absorbing, and far-reaching cares.

In 1849 I was in Ireland, and I remember being taken to a house in Bagot Street to see the Queen's entry into Dublin. We had our places in a window which commanded a clear view of the streets.

I shall never forget the wild enthusiasm of the crowd.

It was my first experience of the delirious delight which can be manifested by a multitude of human beings. The Royal carriage came along the street. The crowd—not content with watching it pass—seemed to turn and move along with it. No doubt the street was lined with troops, but the vision which remains with me is of a mass of people moving swiftly along the pavement—leaping and flinging high their hats, and shouting madly, their cheers rising high as the dust gathered and blotted out the scene from my gaze. My view of the Queen and the Prince Consort was reduced to a sight of the carriage, with an indefinite impression of some figures seated in it.

More vivid is my impression of the Review in the Phoenix Park, when we (*i.e.* my nurse, "Little Mary Anne," and my brother Archie and I) were charged by a company of Dragoons, and beat a hasty retreat before them.

Yet more vividly does a scene in the courtyard at Dublin Castle come before me. Again I am with Little Mary Anne. The courtyard is lined with soldiers, but somehow we have managed to press into the centre of the courtyard. A carriage is standing at one of the doorways. There is a movement in the crowd. A gentleman is entering the carriage. We do not see him enter, for the carriage is between us and the doorway ; but, as soon as he has entered the carriage, he turns his face to the window, which is within a few feet of us. I see his face—a large, handsome face, with brown hair and friendly eyes. For a moment it is framed for me in the carriage window. It is the Prince Consort. The first and only time I saw him.

In the evening the streets were illuminated. Even the private houses made a brave show by placing a candle in every pane of glass in every window, so that even the dull streets were brilliant with light. We went round to my grandmother's, and we caught a glimpse of her among the

candles which blazed in the drawing-room window. We saw the more elaborate illuminations in Sackville Street. Then, though we were reluctant to leave these dazzling scenes, we were wisely hurried home by careful Little Mary Anne, and soon we were asleep.

Such were some of the incidents which accompanied my first sight—if sight it could be called—of the Queen.

The Queen—it was a magic word in my childhood. On the drawing-room table at home was a sumptuous-looking book, which was embellished with pictures, illustrating the Queen's visit to Blair Athole Castle. We turned over its pages, and studied its pictures with a kind of awful joy, an interested gladness, tempered with a reverent loyalty.

Judge, therefore, what we felt when we were told that the Queen was coming to visit Liverpool, and when, further, we learnt that we were to have places to see the Royal party pass.

The day came. We were taken down to the Pier Head, as it was called, and thence down the sloping bridge to the landing-stage. Alongside the landing-stage the Royal yacht was drawn up. The whole length of the distance, from the Pier Head down the sloping bridge and along the landing-stage, was covered with a narrow awning. On both sides of the covered way the crowds were gathered. We took our places. Behind us was the Pier, to our right the sloping bridge down which the Queen was to come. In front of us was the Royal yacht—the *Fairy*—waiting to take Her Majesty and the Royal party down the river.

The day was one of steady, inexorable, and unflagging rain. No hint or hope of Queen's weather could be gathered from the leaden sky ; and the patient crowd—protected as far as might be by scattered and inconvenient umbrellas—waited, with loyal and uncomplaining expectation, for a sight of their Queen. They might have wished for

better weather, yet, for bad weather or fine they cared little, if only they might see the Queen. The rain descended heedless and remorseless. Crimson carpet was spread from the Pier Head to the place of embarkation. The heavy rain at last saturated the awning, and, soaking through, began to stream down upon the crimson cloth. The crimson cloth began to lose its brilliant hue ; it became a sodden and dismal purple. Further rolls of crimson cloth were brought, and hastily unrolled, to cover the soaked under-carpet, and make a pathway of fitting colouring for Her Majesty. At length there was the expectant stir, the quick movement into upright attention in the crowd. They were coming. The Mayor and civic authorities first, doing their best to walk backward, and doing it with natural awkwardness. Then the Queen and Prince Albert, followed by the children.

It happened to me then, as it so often happens, that the figure most eagerly looked for was the one half missed by my over-anxious eyes. The Queen passed me. I saw her figure, but it was scarcely defined to my vision ; but there remains with me—clear as though it were yesterday—the bright-haired head, the lifted cap of the Prince of Wales, as he followed his mother. His easy courtesy and self-possessed modesty of bearing struck me then—boy as I was, born in the same year as the Prince. The Royal party passed on. They were lost to view as they turned the corner of the crowd to reach the Royal yacht.

Though the rain poured down continuously, the programme, which included a sail down the river, must be carried out, and so the *Fairy* steamed its way amid the shipping of the Mersey, while the Queen and Prince Albert saw the long line of the fast-extending docks, which were then, as now, the glory and pride of Liverpool.

This was my second glimpse of Queen Victoria.

In June 1877 I received a letter from the Dean of Windsor, commanding me to Windsor, to preach at the Castle on the first Sunday in July. I have the letter still, written in the curious handwriting of the Dean. I remember the pang (shall I say ?) with which I read it. The one little face which would have beamed with proud delight was no longer at my side. I missed her warm smile of pleasure. I was as a man upon whom a sunbeam has fallen while an icy wind seems to pierce him through.

I went to Windsor on the Saturday, and I stayed with the Dean, whom I had never before met.

It has been my lot to reckon amongst my kindest friends some men, stern visaged and firm of will. There was an air of command about Dean Wellesley. To some he might seem forbidding in aspect, but I have seen a gleam of infinite tenderness leaping to his eye. There are some men so kind of heart that they feel compelled to live with a tight rein over all emotions.

The kindness of the Dean and Mrs Wellesley went far to help and reassure me on a visit which, in the nature of the case, aroused all one's nervousness.

I slept little that Saturday night ! I went up to the Private Chapel with the Dean, and, with much faltering of spirit, I entered the pulpit and faced that small but august audience. I felt relieved when it was over and I had not broken down.

This was my first sermon before Queen Victoria. For the next five years I preached once a year, generally towards the end of June or beginning of July.

It was not till 1882 that I had the pleasure and honour of personally meeting the Queen. I recall the first meeting. I was bidden to dine at the Castle. Archbishop Tait had recently died, and I had preached in the Private Chapel on the Sunday following his death. On the Monday, if I

remember rightly, I was bidden to dine. We dined in the oak dining-room, at the circular table. I can recall little of that dinner. The Queen sat at the head of the table. After dinner the Queen came over to me and began speaking about the Archbishop. I said: "A great Archbishop, Ma'am—the greatest whom England has seen since the days of Tillotson or Tenison." "Yes; but longer than that," the Queen quickly replied.

She then began to speak of the state of those who have left us—were they conscious of, or observant of, our action and conduct? If so, must they not, with their enlarged experience, feel some disdain for our weakness? I said that I thought not; that the very enlargement and elevation of their experience would render them more wise and magnanimous in judgment; their views would be wider and juster. "They watch"—I began the quotation, and immediately the Queen finished it—"with larger other eyes than ours."

This all seemed clear to her; but another question arose. Those who have gone before us will have advanced in knowledge; their enlarged powers and vision will enable them to progress rapidly in the lore of greater worlds. When we join them we shall feel like poor ignorant children by the side of those who have made vast strides in wisdom and skill. Can companionship be sweet and satisfactory under those conditions? "The Prince," she said, "was always more able and more competent—more clever than I. He will, I feel, have moved so far above and beyond me that it is hard to imagine the renewal of comradeship, even on the old footing. I feel as though I shall have lost him again." I said that I did not think the joy of companionship depended upon equal knowledge or equal wisdom. There was a joy, which those familiar with a place could find, in showing or explaining to a newcomer its beauties and splendours. The

joy of life does not stand upon a condition of equal knowledge, but upon common interests, and these, again, upon common love. Further, in the new conditions, love would be more and knowledge would be less important than here. Hence, pure, clear, unselfish love would bridge over every gap. The newcomer and the old inhabitant of Heaven would find that love would draw soul to soul ; and differences and difficulties, which had their rise in earthly conditions, would have little place there. Souls made perfect in love would find little to trouble them in conditions in which knowledge, as we understand it, would vanish away.

This, in outline, was the gist of the conversation, and I left the Castle with the feeling that the evening had been all too short, but with the glad memory of the brightness, vivacity, and graciousness of the Queen.

Some of the happiest and most notable friendships of my life owe the strengthening of their bonds to sorrow. We may be "as ships that pass in the night"; but sorrow sometimes flings a cable from ship to ship, and, for a while, they can sail as comrades in the dark. And, even when the need comes to haul in the binding cable, we can continue our voyage, helped by the memory of short but heart-cheering companionship, and, perhaps, the ship which parts from us carries away like memories.

I met, only once, I regret to say, the late Duke of Albany. I was bidden to Osborne to preach. I arrived on a Saturday. The Duke and Duchess of Albany were among the Queen's guests. They had recently paid a visit to Huddersfield, and they were full of the sympathy and interest which the place and people had awakened in their hearts. I listened with growing fascination and admiration as the Duke spoke of what he had seen, and of the hopes and opportunities for the good and betterment of the people which seemed to rise before him. I felt that

the mantle of his father had indeed fallen upon him ; and I saw in him, in his capacity and sympathy, the possibilities of a great and useful life. It did me good to hear him. It did me good to feel the patriotic hopes which kindled in me as he spoke. This was in January 1884. Within three months all these hopes were cut off—the Duke of Albany died at Cannes, in the month of March. The Queen was stricken with grief. I was to have seen the Queen the very day on which the news arrived, but this blow changed everything. And yet it was out of this sorrow that there grew the long correspondence and close intercourse which made so sacred to me my association with Queen Victoria. The Queen had a just and loyal sense of her great position and its responsibilities. Her queenly bearing has often been commented on. She knew how to sustain, with fitting reserve, the character of Empress-Queen. But, dear as these sovereign qualities were to the public eye, the people knew that beneath the quiet dignity of their Queen there beat a true woman's heart. To those who knew her well the capacity of her affection and the loyalty of her attachments were even more marked than the high and calm self-possession of her regal hours. Friendship and love meant much to her—very much ; perhaps all the more because of the necessary loneliness which waits on sovereignty. “Nobody contradicts me now,” she once wrote. “Nobody contradicts me now, and the salt has gone out of my life.” It was the cry of the heart which longed for the confidence of affection, unspoilt by courtly conventions. To such an one the loss of the strong, brave love, which was always at hand, only served to intensify the sense of her splendid but solitary position. It is with the remembrance of this that her words of heart-sorrow must be read. Is it to be wondered at that life—thronged with a thousand anxious questions, laden

with daily inescapable duties, and bereft of many dear ones—should seem darkened? Is it to be wondered at that anniversaries of bereavement should revive sadness, and that festive days should evoke a keen sense of contrast between present and past? Do we wonder that she wrote: “I feel very, very tired, depressed, and crushed”? or that she should confess that she dreaded more the recurrence of joyous anniversaries than of sad ones? “The memories of last year and former years . . . are terribly trying: *all the same*, and yet *all changed*. (9th August 1884.)” The joyous season comes round, but the dear familiar figure is not there. “Out of the thirty-one years of his life,” she wrote of the Duke of Albany, “he was only absent from our Christmas four times. (22nd December 1884.)” “Christmas certainly brings with it the great pleasure of giving the same to others, high and humble (I don’t like to say *low*); but it is no longer Christmas to me. Two such heavy blows fell just before it—in ’61 and ’78—and I miss the joyousness of it. (28th December 1887.)”

But, though the Queen felt acutely the loss of relatives and friends, her grief was not a self-absorbed one. She thought much, and, with sorrowful sympathy, for others. Thus, after the Duke of Albany’s death, she wrote: “My dear daughter-in-law behaves with an unmurmuring, unselfish resignation, and a gentle courage quite admirable to witness; but hers is a very hard fate.” Later in the year the usual visit to Balmoral served to awaken memories which were full of pain. The recollection was inevitable of “the beloved child who, always in former years, and frequently also in later ones, was here with Beatrice.” And, again, the thought of her own sadness gives way to her deep sympathy with another’s sorrow. She is stirred, not only “by the increasing sadness and difficulties” of her own life, but by the sight of the “deep grief and

depression of dear Beatrice, who feels the loss of the companion of her childhood and first grown-up years most acutely. . . . The poor, dear child is not inured to griefs, as I am, and it makes me sad to see her thus."

Her sympathy with others led her to realise the unselfish part which grief is sometimes called to play when it must hide itself lest it should shadow overmuch the lives of others. Hence she writes :—"I would wish to say something in response to your first letter. You certainly feel, I see, for my sorrows and daily wants ; but you say you always dread to wound those who remain by dwelling outwardly too much on them. This I *carefully* avoid, and never refuse kind help and affection ; and there is no fear of any new help ever making the want of the other and great one *less felt*. (5th October 1884 : Balmoral.)"

It is not surprising that sorrows and bereavements such as befell the Queen should have been accompanied by earnest longings for a day of reunion with the dear ones, or that these very longings should give rise to those deep questionings concerning the life to come, which are familiar to us all. She cites in one letter the case of Socrates as illustrating "how strong the sense of immortality *always was*. (22nd October 1884.)" But the vague idea of immortality in itself did not meet the demands of the heart. Love asked more than this. "The longing for *reunion* is so intense, and I feel as though I could bear any agony were I sure that we should be together again hereafter. (11th August 1884.)"

These longings, as was natural, were followed by heart-questionings. If reunited, in what form will the lost ones be given back ? How far, after the interval of separation, will renewed companionship be possible ? Will the fact that (among those whom we long to meet again) there will be some who did not know or appreciate one another intro-

duce an alien note in the harmony of reunion? Questions such as these are asked earnestly and wistfully, as will be seen from the following extracts :—

“Here every little thing brings back the thoughts of what was—where all is the same and *all* is changed ; and it is dreary, especially at this Christmas time . . . there comes the miserable clinging to the earthly departure, the dear earthly form or rather robe which clothed the beloved spirit, and a heart sickness comes. . . . How will it be? How shall we see them then and know them? Clothed or unclothed? Men and women and children, or how? If only we could get some glimpse !”

(OSBORNE,
22nd December 1884.)

To this I replied that one thing I was sure of viz., whatever the form in which our lost and loved ones would be given back to us, they would be just the same to us in all that was good and true and tender. They may be changed, but it will only be such a change as will endear them to us the more. No change which would make them less to us is in any way probable. God, our Father, would never shock us by a change which would startle us, or estrange them from us, or us from them. All that passes upon them will surely serve only to deepen, strengthen, and purify the bonds which bind us to them. “Those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.” He who brings them will surely give them back to us, only so far touched by His hand that we shall see them fairer and more worthy of our love than ever. If so, it seems to me that there will ever be maintained such proportion of life and (what we call age) between us and them that they will be visibly and in all truth the same, and such as we knew them. (26th December 1884.) To this the Queen wrote :—

"Your answer to my question as to how we should find our dear ones is very satisfactory and comforting. I have such yearning and longing for those who have left me that I get bewildered."

(23rd January 1885.)

"The question I put to you yesterday is one which often occupies me with another, viz., *How* will it be when we meet our dear ones, and feel that they knew not each other's great merits? How shall we hope to reconcile that?"

Another question springs to thought in the bereaved heart—Will the lost and loved one, in the happy progress of that other world, have moved forward so far in rich experiences from us that renewed companionship will be impossible? The question is not whether love has ceased, but whether the larger experiences may not have lifted one soul into regions too high to allow of real companionship again:—

"I meant, not that they did *not* love, or would *not* love us still, but that—as in the case of my dearest husband, who was so much more of the spiritual, scientific, philosophic nature than I am—that *he* must have soared far above me—*now*—being so far above me *before*, and that I could hardly *expect* to be fit for him as a companion *then*. But how will all be then? What will companionship be? . . . But I find it best to stop cavilling and trying to find out things, and to say to myself, 'You cannot understand it: trust and have faith.' The other world is full of dear and near ones, besides the dear husband, my dear and most loving mother, two dear children, an only, beloved sister and brother, an uncle who was a father to me, and many other dear, valued friends and supports."

(5th June 1885.)

"I feel only this doubt on account of my dear husband, whose tastes were of a higher and different

order to mine, and who had different interests, perhaps, to mine. I am far more fit *now* to be his companion than I used to be ; but still I know that he *must* have soared higher than me. Those whom I have lost, and was fond of, were not all highly informed ; but it was the worth, the devotion, the self-sacrifice which bound us together—often not similarity of taste and opinion—often even the reverse ; still, the affection and friendship were as strong as they could be.

“Much more I should like to say, but have no time to do so.”

(WINDSOR CASTLE,
22nd December 1886.)

I sent the Queen a little book (privately printed), which contained some verses due to a great sorrow of my own. In commenting on some of them, the question of the nature of the resurrection body was raised again. In one little piece, entitled *My Yew Tree*, I had written :—

“Above her grassy grave I stand,—
The yew tree swings its arms above ;
I kiss the yew as though my love
Could feel my kiss and grasp my hand.

Old yew ! thy trunk is dark and rough,
Thy leaves and branches speak but gloom,—
And 'neath them is my darling's tomb—
In root and roof is gloom enough.

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And yet I cannot hate thee, yew,
Who hast in those rough arms of strength
What thou must give me back at length,
For thou, old tree, tho' stern, art true.

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The shrunken wintry orb of day
May faintly smile ; but though all fail,
Or shrink or die ; no storms prevail
To drive thee from thy post away.

But ever still through storm and rain
Thou keepest watch above the dead,
A faithful sentry at the head,
Till God shall bid her wake again."

These lines called forth the comment: "All those sad ones (verses) are most touching. The marked one, then the one following, and the *Patience of Hope* express so much my feelings at *many*, many times—past and present. But you surely do *not think*, as it would a little seem from the beautiful one, *My Yew Tree*, that our dear ones *sleep awhile*, and that their *bodies* are to rise again? I thought you wrote to me once you thought, as I always think one feels one *must*, that the spirit is *at once* free in death, and that you were inclined to believe in a spiritual body *within* our present one? (January 1885)."

To this I replied that the Queen was quite right in supposing that I was in sympathy with the view that the "spiritual body" (as St Paul calls it) is set free at death. I have never been able to feel that the supposed long sleep and time of unconsciousness is taught us in the New Testament. The phrases I had used in my verses were used in the sense that to us our dear ones seemed to sleep; and that what I had tried to sing was a kind of triumph song, telling the cold earth that her seeming victory was no victory at all.

Though I was ready to answer, as far as I could, such questions as these, I naturally tried to call the Queen's attention to any books bearing upon the subjects which filled her heart. Indeed, from the early days of my association with the Queen, it had been my habit to send her any book which I thought might be of interest or of use. I had sent her the little volume of Mrs Charles' poems—authoress of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family*. The Queen was "quite charmed" with this, and wrote that some of the

poems which I had marked seemed to express what she felt so much. I had sent Professor Henry Drummond's book ; but this she found too deep, and amusingly remarked, "I think you take me for much more scientific than I am." Once more she reverted to Mrs Charles' poems, saying that she found the lines beginning, "How doth death speak of our beloved," very soothing, and quoting, with approval, the verse from *Reflected Light* :—

"The suffering and the loss are mine,
The pain, the death are all for me ;
'Tis fond delusion makes them thine,
Transferring my regrets to thee !"

In the same letter the Queen added, "Have you ever read that touching and beautiful book—though written by a very fervent Catholic—*Le Récit d'une Sœur* ? There are such beautiful things in it ! And another (by a strict Protestant), M. Guizot, *Dans la famille*, full of what is most beautiful and true ?"

Among other books which I sent at this time were Munger's *Freedom of Faith*, Newman Smythe's *Orthodox Theology of To-day*, and Westcott's *Revelation of the Risen Lord*. All these books dealt with the questions which were then so much and so often in the Queen's thoughts. Her comments on these books are interesting :—

"I read what you marked of Professor Westcott, which is striking, but not to me like Newman Smythe and Munger's wonderful books."

(11th August 1884.)

"I have read two chapters in Westcott's book, and liked it, and shall carefully read it. Munger's *Freedom of Faith* is a great comfort. Another bit in *In Memoriam* . . . is also a thought I love to dwell on, as expressed in these words—'I cannot lose thee if I die.'"

(1st September 1884.)

“I am reading . . . Westcott’s *Revelation of the Risen Lord*, which I like very much, after reading more of it, and the first part over again, which I did not quite understand at first.”

(5th October 1884.)

We often spoke of *In Memoriam* ; and the Queen, not content with an allusion, would often verify the quotation, as will be seen :—

“I send you the lines I spoke of . . . lines I’ve constantly read from December /61 for years and again last year. . . They are so full of help and comfort, though many illiberal people wrote to Tennyson nothing but abuse of it. I enclose the lines :—

“‘But I remained, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darken’d earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.’”

In Memoriam, lxxxiv.

(13th August 1884.)

In May 1884 I received from Mr Gladstone the offer of the see of Ripon. The matter was first put before the Queen when she was abroad. It disturbed her much ; and I was told that for two days she delayed a reply to the suggestion of the Prime Minister, as she did not like to contemplate the change. I knew nothing of this at the time ; but, immediately on the Queen’s return home, she wrote me a letter, which was my first intimation that such a thing was under consideration. I am allowed to print this letter. It is as follows :—

“WINDSOR CASTLE,
“13th May 1884.

“I have been wishing to write to you for some time, to say how much (in spite of having hardly a moment to myself) I have been interested and en-

couraged and strengthened in reading some chapters of *The Freedom of Faith*, by Munger.

"Now, however, I have something of great consequence to write about. You will have the offer of the see of Ripon. Need I say that whilst I feel *no one* is fitter for advancement in the Church than you, that I received the news with a pang, as I feel you will no longer be near me here, as in London, and that a dignitary of the Church is *not* in the same position as a Canon? I know *not* what your own wishes and feelings may be, or whether you think you can best serve the interests of religion and of the Church (which I am *sure will guide you* in whatever you do), but I should much like to see you, either to-morrow or on Thursday, at three o'clock, and hear from yourself what your views are.

"I am also so grateful for those beautiful remarks on the sentences in the Burial Service. *Much* have I suffered and gone thro' since I last saw you!—Yours truly,
(Signed) V.R.I."

"I find my lameness greatly improved by the air of Darmstadt, where I met with so much love and affection."

In June the Queen reverted to the subject again, writing :—

"And now let me say that I still grieve (selfishly, I fear) for your elevation, as it removes you from my neighbourhood ; for, tho' you say you will be ready to come and see me, as before, it cannot be *quite* the same, and I feel it.

"Have you, already, quite done with Windsor?"

(18th June 1884.)

And after my consecration, just before my first visit to Osborne as a bishop, she wrote to me, and, with a sly touch of humour, she added a postscript to her letter—"I shall be

in awe of *The Bishop*." But I am thankful to believe that the change in my position wrought no such change as she feared. Indeed, the apprehensions which the Queen expressed, that my "elevation," as she called it, would involve change of feeling, were soon dispelled, and I was privileged to know that she could write to me as freely as ever, and that I might still be some small comfort in her anxious life.

"One would wish that there should be no changes, and that all should go on as it was! To have new faces—who did *not know former days*, nor those who were the life and soul of them—is among the many trials of my tried and darkened life. One shrinks from those who cannot *feel* for, or rather those who have never *known even what was*. I know *no one* who has more kindly entered into my feelings and borne with the sinking, yearning of my poor wounded heart than yourself."

(OSBORNE,
1st September 1884.)

The Queen did not change. In all the vicissitudes of life, both hers and mine, she showed me kind confidence and unflinching sympathy. Indeed, her personal thoughtfulness would break out in some such kindly counsels as the following :—

"I am so shocked and grieved at not having answered your kind letter of the 26th . . . which I am the more sorry for, as I fear you have not been well. You work *too* hard. It is not right to overwork oneself, for if we sacrifice ourselves we can no longer *do* the necessary, which we ought for the sake of others. My beloved husband worked himself to death ; Norman Macleod did . . . and what was the consequence? Pray, *don't* do it."

(MAISON MOTTET,
AIX LES BAINS,
15th April 1887.)

The words of friendly counsel were welcome, but in 1887 it was difficult to reduce work. We were at that time eager to complete the Wakefield Bishopric scheme, and our house was like an agent's office, as letters of appeal were going out in all directions. Added to this, I was then delivering the Bampton Lectures ; and, in the middle of these anxious duties, there was given to me the responsible task of preaching the Jubilee sermon before the House of Commons. There was no prospect of slackening sail. Unfortunately, I suffered that spring from hay fever, and work was carried on under great difficulties. On sending to the Queen some account of myself, together with some notes on a subject which interested her, she replied :—

“ I am so grateful for, and so touched by your two very kind letters and the admirable notes, that I must write a few hurried lines to thank you warmly for it, and to entreat you more earnestly still to take care of your valuable health—so necessary to so many. You should take a good long rest, and not begin work till you are really equal to it. You should consult Sir William Jenner, who knows Mrs Boyd Carpenter so well.”

(MAISON MOTTET,
AIX LES BAINS,
26th April 1887.)

It was always the same. The Queen's personal kindness led her to take a genuine interest in what concerned me and mine. She was Godmother to one of my children ; but she knew the names and ages of all of them, and there were eleven of them. Indeed, on one occasion she set me right about the age of my youngest boy. “ How old is your little boy now ? ” she asked me one evening at Windsor. I answered, with true fatherly doubtfulness, “ I think about nine, your Majesty.” “ No,” she promptly said, “ he is

ten." And the Queen was right. This was in 1897. The kindness, which was so continuous, came to us with overflowing sympathy when we lost the little one to whom the Queen had stood Godmother. The Queen had given, as a christening present to the child, a beautiful gold cross, studded with pearls. On receiving this present it seemed to me that the sacred emblem, with its message of love and suffering, was a most touching gift from one whose life had been so full of sorrow. I thanked the Queen, and spoke of the gift in this way. She replied that she thought the cross was an appropriate present for my child. We did not know how short the little life was to be. The child was christened, as the Queen wished, by the names of Victoria Alexandrina. This was in the late summer of 1884. In the early summer of the following year the child, whom at home we called Queenie, was taken from us. When the news was sent to the Queen, she wrote :—

"WINDSOR CASTLE,
"26th June 1885.

"I have this morning received your kind sad letter informing me that your dear little girl, my godchild, has passed to that blessed Home to which little children are said so specially to belong—when our Heavenly Father calls them away from here !

"This cross, of course, belongs to you both. Perhaps Mrs Carpenter might *hereafter* like to wear it as a double remembrance.

"Your kind heart and mind—so full of comforting, deep, and beautiful feelings and thoughts—will surely be much occupied with the little spirit above ! Strange and mysterious does it seem when so young a soul—totally uncomprehending the things of this world, except in the awaking knowledge of those around it—departs from hence ! What *can* its work be now ? One loses oneself in trying to speculate, and better not to try. We know they are safe—safe from the

trials and sorrows of this uncertain tho' still beautiful world.

"I will not to-day reply to your last kind letter, for which many thanks, but do so when I have time and leisure.

"Beatrice wishes me to say how much she grieves for you.—Ever yours truly, V.R.I."

Much I could write of the links and incidents which for twenty-three or four years bound me in ever-closer affection to Queen Victoria. I have her letters to me—many in number. Yet, more strange to tell, I have my letters to her. For, after her death, H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice returned to me two bound volumes and one packet of my letters which the Queen had kept. I have many treasures which are associated with happy and sad memories; but these letters of mine—quite unworthy though they are—take a place among my treasures, for few things touched me more than to find that letters, which were written often in haste under the stress of other cares, and which I thought had long since gone to the waste-paper basket, had been preserved so carefully by the Queen.

I preached my first sermon before the Queen in July 1877. I preached the 88th and last on the last Sunday of the century —30th December 1900. The last time I spoke with her was on the last day of the century, 31st December, just three weeks before her death. I had been summoned to Osborne at the close and opening of the year on several successive years. Indeed, I passed the old year and met the new at Osborne for the last three years of the century. Accordingly, I was bidden there for the closing Sunday of 1900. When I arrived on the Saturday I heard that the Queen was unwell, and would not be at dinner. On the Sunday morning she was not allowed to rise in time for morning service; but she sent me a message, asking me to

arrange a short service for the afternoon, at which she hoped to be present. We had the service in the yellow drawing-room, as being more convenient of access than the chapel. A harmonium was brought in, and H.R.H. Princess Beatrice played. The service was short, lasting little more than half an hour. It was the last Sunday of the year and of the century, and the thought of the fleeting of time was uppermost in all our minds. We were nearing one of those striking pauses, as it were, when all felt bound to look before and after. So I spoke of the changelessness of God, from the words, "Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." Then followed Faber's hymn, which the Queen liked, "Angels of Jesus, singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night"; and so, with, as it were, the sound of welcoming bells, this last service of the year and the century ended. I saw the Queen once more. She asked me to delay my departure till the Tuesday, that she might see me before I left. She spoke of Cimiez, and of her hope to go there. She asked me to come. We talked over dates, and we fixed the time for my coming. We spoke of other things. She was not well, but not nearly so depressed as when I saw her earlier in the month. I left her about nine o'clock in the evening; thus I bade her adieu for the last time on the last day of the last century.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

THERE are few people whom I have met who possessed such a sympathetic alacrity of mind as the Empress Frederick. There was no need of explaining to her what you meant. She seized, with an instinct of intuition almost unerring, the gist of your thought. There are some people who never give you their minds. They have a ready stock of small phrases, flattering or piquant, which they dispense in an automatic fashion. They never attempt to understand or follow up a thought when it has been started. They are like the grass that groweth on the housetop: the mower will gather nothing from them, and he that looks to gather sheaves from them will go empty away. There are others who give their minds to your words and not to your thoughts; they will check the flow of conversation by challenging a word, or creating a diversion on a phrase. With such, conversation turns round upon itself; it makes no progress; the matter in hand is never advanced one whit. They are verbalists, not conversationalists.

The Empress Frederick was none of these. She had wide range and quick intellectual sympathies; she understood a passing allusion; she followed the track of thought; there were no irritating delays; there were no vacant incoherencies of observation, which show that the thread has been lost. She had read; she had thought; she had travelled; she had observed; she had mixed with many of the foremost minds of the time; she had taken practical

part in many great and humane enterprises. Consequently, her range was large, and her mental equipment was well furnished and ready for use. Conversation with her could never become insipid ; while the earnest mindedness with which she took up a subject saved it from dwindling into pedantry.

From the first she was full of kindness to me. The circumstances under which we met were, perhaps, calculated to create sympathy. I met her, when she was Crown Princess, at Osborne. She and the Crown Prince were staying at Osborne Cottage, and I was bidden to spend the Sunday at Osborne. The heart of the Crown Princess was still full of the memories of loss. The tragic accident which snatched away one of her children had left its mark. I preached on the Sunday, and on the Monday I was invited to lunch by the Crown Prince and Princess. Except my cousin, Sir John MacNeill, and myself, no one outside the family circle was present. It was a happy family party, simple in life and affectionate in feeling. When lunch was over the Crown Princess asked me to walk in the little garden—a small stretch of grass, flanked by the broad and well-treed road. She then said she had felt ashamed of so misbehaving at service on the Sunday, but she could not, she said, restrain her tears. The memory of the lost child was strong upon her as she sat and listened, and the tears would come. Thus, in the memory of sorrow, began what I may, without presumption, call a friendship which lasted till death.

The Crown Prince took possession of one, as a great, strong, loving-natured giant might take possession of one who needed protection. His simple kindness was that of the strong man whose rôle is to shelter and care for any and all. I saw him then and again later in the day, and he left with me the impression of noble simplicity and magnanimity

of nature. There must have been a deep and powerful love for him in all German hearts. During the time of his long and painful illness we spent some weeks in Cornwall, and we visited the Lizard Point. There we were told that the first question asked by every German vessel, as it came up Channel, was—"How is the Emperor?" The tragedy of the Empress Frederick's life is now a matter of history; the short time of sovereignty was overshadowed; it was only a twilight reign—brief, and soon swallowed up by the night of death.

The tragedies of life are too often aggravated by misunderstandings. To these the Empress was peculiarly exposed, but even those who misunderstood her could not fail to respect and honour her. Her capacity was undeniable and her intellectual integrity invincible. It is not my part to touch on politics—my duties have been in other spheres; but, in matters touching religious thought, I think the Empress Frederick's position was often misunderstood. She had, like so many, faced the spectres of the mind, but she had laid them; her thought had moved into clearer air; she realised the value of things which more reckless thinkers would scoffingly fling away. Her mind was too well-balanced not to see that truth was many sided. She could not, if I may use the German proverb, see the good of "throwing out the baby with the bath-water." There was no gain in discarding truth because its garment had grown old. The following letter will show her mind on such points:—

"When people are puzzled with Christianity (or their conception of it) I am reminded of a discussion of an Englishman with an advanced radical of the continent (a politician). The latter said, 'England will become a republic as time advances.' The Englishman answered, 'I do not see why she should. We

enjoy all the advantages a republic could give us (and a few more) and none of its disadvantages !' Is it not suited for a comparison with what one often hears—'The days of Creeds are gone by, etc.' I say—no. You can be a good Christian and a philosopher, a sage, etc. The eternal truths on which Christianity rests are true for ever and for all. The forms they take are endless, their modes of expression varied. It is *so* living a thing that it will grow and expand and unfold its depths to those who know how to seek for them !

"To the thinking, the hoard of traditions, of legends, and doctrines which have gathered round it in the course of centuries remain precious and sacred—to be loved and venerated, as garbs in which the vivifying underlying truths were clad, and beyond which many an eye has never been able to penetrate. It would be wrong and cruel and dangerous to disturb them ; but, meanwhile, the number of men who soar *above the earth-born smallness* of outward things continues to *increase*, and the words—in which they clothe *their souls'* conception of Christianity—are *valuable* to mankind. They are in advance of the rest of human beings—can be teachers and leaders by their goodness and their wisdom. So were the Prophets and the Apostles in their day, and so are all great writers, poets, and thinkers.

"That the Church of England should now possess so many of these men is a blessing for the nation, and the best proof that the mission of the *Church* on earth has *not* come to an end."

The letter is written from Osborne Cottage, and dated 22nd August 1884.

Later she had to pass through the dark valley of many sorrows. Her letters during this time are touched with sadness, but they are the letters of a brave-hearted woman, who never loses hold of the abiding strength which faith and courage can bring.

In 1895 she came to visit us in Ripon. Her visit was a private one, and was arranged at very short notice. It came about in the most natural way. The Empress was on a visit to England, and I received a command from the Queen to spend a night at Windsor. The next morning the Empress sent for me. I found her in the red-upholstered room which overlooks the Long Walk. She spoke of her loss and of the memories which the room itself could awaken. "We spent," she said, "our honeymoon at Windsor. We came here, and this room was one of those we occupied. It was our private sitting-room. I remember how we sat here—two young innocent things—almost too shy to talk to one another." So the reminiscence of the glad young life came back to her widowed heart as we sat there talking together, some thirty-six years later. My mind naturally reverted to this conversation when, after her death, I received the memento which she in her kindness had bequeathed to me. It was a letter-weight, adorned with crystal-headed thistles, and bearing a silver plate, giving the date of her betrothal—the day when "Fritz gathered the white heather" and spoke to her of love. As we talked I ventured to suggest a visit to Ripon. I felt sure that some such change of scene and thought might be good. She immediately considered the idea, and we planned how it could be carried out without interfering with other engagements. The result was a telegram, which I despatched to my wife. The house at Ripon was just in process of spring cleaning; scaffolding was already erected in the hall, to carry out the white-washing process. My telegram caused some consternation; but my wife was equal to the emergency, and before I reached home the initial ravages on the walls were patched up. The encumbering scaffolding was banished, and the house had begun to assume its wonted air of equanimity.

The visit was a most happy one. The Empress took a keen interest in all that she saw—in the Cathedral, its wonderful wood carving, its Saxon chapel, St Wilfrid's needle, and the books in the library. Fountains Abbey, stately in ruin, called forth her warmest admiration. At home, she examined my books, and showed a cultivated appreciation of my Dante collection. Her delight in all she saw gave us unfeigned pleasure.

Shortly before she left—indeed, as she was waiting in the drawing-room for the carriage to come round—she exclaimed, “How much I should like to paint this view!” We brought her all needful material. She sat down, and in ten minutes had produced a slight but suggestive sketch of the fields and trees and the cathedral in the distance. The sketch now hangs up in our drawing-room—a memorial of her time with us at Ripon.

Always, as I think of her, I recall—not the dark tragedy of her life, though that is always felt in the background—but her brightness, her sparkling vivacity, her power of entering into the spirit of the hour, her wish to bring gladness into the lives of others. One incident seems to me typical of her character in this respect. I was leaving Osborne early one morning. The carriage was at the door, and I got in, and I was borne quickly along the drive. Suddenly there fell upon my ears the sound of a cheery voice, crying to me, “Good-bye, good-bye!” I was swept past before I realised that it was the Empress Frederick, in the garden, who had caught sight of me as I passed and had spoken the kindly “good-bye.” And, always as I think of her, she seems to me to have been as one who was destined to bid “Good-bye” so often to hope, to health, to love, and who had learned to speak the word with a cheerfulness which made it a word of hope and not of despair.

In 1897 there was seen a very noble spectacle of loyal and loving self-repression. It was little noticed at the time, but when I saw it, it moved me to words and beyond them. Two daughters of the Queen took part in the public procession with a self-forgetful heroism. Between the two Jubilees there had fallen upon the Empress Frederick and the Princess Henry of Battenberg the heaviest sorrow: the decade had brought widowhood to them both. Yet, on that Jubilee day, they laid aside their mourning; they nobly identified themselves with the joy of the day. I was stirred by this mark of loyal love. I wrote some verses, in which I endeavoured to express my thoughts. I sent them to the Empress Frederick, with a book by Thomas Erskine, which I had promised to give her. By some mischance we did not meet, but here is her letter in reply:—

"ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT,
 "(Outside FLUSHING),
 "3rd July 1897.

"DEAR BISHOP,—I could not find a moment before leaving beloved England to thank you for your letter of June 30th, and to say how annoyed I am I have not thanked you before for the letters of Thomas Erskine you so kindly sent me. I was meaning to thank you when we met in London, and we did *not* meet, unfortunately. I liked them very much indeed, and found them quite what you said.

"I was at home a very short time. The eventful fortnight passed like dreams! The Jubilee has come and gone, almost like a flash of lightning, but has left memories never to be forgotten.

"Let me thank you once more for having thought of me and my dear sister Beatrice, and our silent sorrows, while gladly and thankfully joining in the 'Jubilee' with proud hearts, as *Englishwomen* and as *daughters* of our beloved Queen. Goodbye—once more!—Ever yours most sincerely, V. EMPRESS FREDERICK."

We spent a few days with the Empress Frederick at Friedrichshof, a few months before she died. When we arrived she was resting on a couch in the garden. As we drew near there flashed upon me the vivid memory of her mother, Queen Victoria. I saw, for a moment, a likeness, rendered more striking by the black dress and hat which she wore. She welcomed us warmly, and we felt at home. It was May, and all the country round was putting on its most joyous apparel. Trees were in foliage and flowers smiled everywhere. The weather was warm and the skies were bright. The Taunus range was green and leafy and sometimes veiled in a faint heat mist. There, where everything spoke of the new life of spring, we went about with the Empress, and we knew that she was looking upon her last spring on earth. How she rejoiced in all the wealth of life and colour which was spreading everywhere! With what a wistful eye of love she would look around, seeking to drink in the sweet and beautiful impressions from a world which was so fair! And then the cruel and unseen foe within her bosom would give a sharp reminder that there was pain as well as beauty in the world. The little carriage in which we drove would be halted. Her careful and watchful doctor, who had followed, would be at her side. The pain would be eased, and within a few minutes the Empress would be carrying our minds, with cheerful speech, away into bright regions of thought. Oh! the sad, sad pathos of that pain and those radiant spring days!

Or the Empress would come out in her garden wheel-chair, and would take us from spot to spot, speaking of the rare flowers—of the gardener's care of them. How friendly she was with all! And then she would give her attention to some proposed change or improvement. The great blue face of the clock, whose tower dominated the house, needed repainting. Her judgment was wanted to

determine the exact shade of blue which was to be used. Strips of paper, giving specimens of different shades of blue, were held against the face of the clock. With patient thoroughness she examined, weighed, and determined the matter. And all the time the tragic truth stood at her side. Did she sometimes think that even then the hateful foe might be driven away? Once, as we passed through the flower garden, she quoted to me: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Many good men were praying for her, but their prayers were to be answered beyond, and not here. Whatever transient gleams of natural hope sprang up, she knew that she was only waiting for the end. Once, looking round at the beauty of the scene, she said, "I feel like Moses on Pisgah, looking at the land of promise, which I must not enter."

The month of May was drawing towards its end. We were close upon the 24th, Queen Victoria's birthday. "I should like," the Empress said to me, "to have the Holy Communion on mamma's birthday." Accordingly, on the 24th, in her own room, as she lay upon her couch, we held the little service. If a benediction waits where two or three are gathered together, we might claim it, for we were just three—the Empress, my wife, and myself; and, with reverent memory of one we all loved well, we fulfilled the dying wish of Him whose love was victorious over death.

Then came the day of parting. The Empress was not able to get up. We saw her in her room. She gave my wife a bracelet of her own, which had some family associations. She gave me a seal, which had been Queen Victoria's, and was in the room in which she died. It was a seal commemorative of a picnic in Scotland, in which the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Princess Alice shared. The Queen sketched, while "Albert and Alice" went to

look for cairngorms. They were evidently successful, for the seal, mounted in silver and set in Aberdeen granite, was a cairngorm, engraved with the lion of Scotland.

The Empress bade farewell to my wife, kissing her. She detained me, and then laid upon me one last duty : "When I am gone, I want you to read the English burial service over me." She explained to me what steps might be necessary ; and so I left her, assuring her that I would fulfil this sacred trust. I never saw her again. The end came in August, and, thanks to the kindness of all, the advice of King Edward, and the prompt sympathy of the Emperor, we were able to carry out her wish.

GOSSIP ABOUT PREACHING

IT is the fashion to-day to investigate everything. It is a good fashion, for it often brings to light facts and principles of lasting value. Even matters seemingly insignificant have been studied and have yielded results which have led to important discoveries. The characteristics generated by particular avocations have been noted. If I remember rightly, the predominant feature of the clergyman's character was, after investigation, pronounced to be a gentle melancholy ; but, however this may be, I think a profitable inquiry might be made into the conditions and effects of public preaching and public speaking.

The demand made upon nervous energy before, during, and, to a degree, even after speaking, is little realised by the outside world. I knew one preacher who had to change his clothes after preaching. Nervous excitement in his case showed itself in excessive perspiration. He was not a preacher who used much action or who exerted his bodily powers greatly. He was, to all appearance, calm, collected, and deliberate in utterance and in action. Dr Duff, the missionary, when speaking, drew up one of his coat tails under his left arm. It seemed to comfort and encourage him. When it began to slip down, as it did in the two hours' speech I heard him deliver, he anxiously drew it up again. These are indications of the nervous agitation which may trouble speakers and preachers. Records of past experience seem to show that nervousness leading to definite physical

sensations is the experience of public speakers. But nervous dread of this kind is no hindrance to success : it is rather a condition of it. It has been felt by the greatest orators. Cicero describes the trembling of the limbs as the decisive moment draws near. "Your hand is cold," said a friend to William Pitt one night in the House of Commons. "Is it?" replied Pitt. "Then I shall speak well."

Archbishop Magee is on this point an unimpeachable witness. "You will tell me," he said in an address to the younger clergy, to whom he had been giving some advice about preaching, "you will tell me that you are too nervous to do all this. Let me tell you that if you are not nervous you will never do it." This witness seems to me to be true. Nervousness of this kind denotes, as I understand it, the vivid consciousness of the greatness of the task. It implies an imagination which anticipates the hour of conflict, and which realises how narrow is the margin line which separates failure from success. It implies also that distrust of self which may be allied with high courage to try the task. Let no one be discouraged by nervousness, by the shaking hand, the dry palate, the quaking knees. Let him be discouraged who is indifferent ; who thinks it "quite easy." He is either conceited or unimaginative. He will never be found among the ranks of those who wield

"At will that fierce democracy."

If the great men have felt this trembling apprehension, we, who look to them as splendid types and examples, need not be discouraged because we are the victims of the same kind of dread.

This nervousness may affect people in different ways. It often involves some paralysis of the senses. The eye may see nothing but blackness. The ear may let sounds

pass by unheeded. Some under its influence grow stonily silent, others hysterically garrulous.

Here temperament tells, and each man needs to discover how the nervousness of the moment is likely to affect him. I remember one painful experience. I was bidden to preach at St Paul's Cathedral in 1876, on the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy. When I reached the pulpit, and the hymn before the sermon had ended, I opened my Bible to read or give out my text. I found the chapter, and I looked at the middle of the chapter for the verse. I could see nothing. In vain I ran my eyes over the columns of print. In vain I sought for time to find it, announcing once more the book and the chapter. The number of the verse obstinately eluded my eye. I had to trust to my memory, which I might have done at the first ; but the panic of doubt had seized me, and with it came the impotence of my eyesight. I ought to have been prepared for it, for I found out early that notes in the pulpit were of no value to me. I was too nervous to use them. I provided myself with most carefully prepared notes, but they were useless at the important moment. I looked at them, but they were hieroglyphics and not living symbols. I was compelled to discard them ; but this experience only served to make me more careful in mastering the line of thought, argument, and illustration. Some have advised preachers to write out their sermons and to commit them to memory. This has always appeared to me the height of folly and the vain striving after the impossible. I have never tried the experiment, but I have been sometimes brought near to an involuntary attempt to do so. When a reporter has asked for a sermon or an address beforehand, and pleaded that pressure of time would make a later report impossible, then I have sometimes given an outline of what I hoped to say. This has led me to the painful experience of what learning by heart beforehand

might involve. The fact of having clothed one's thoughts in words becomes a hindrance to freedom of expression. Some inevitable memory of the words remains, and a wish to keep faith with the version of the reporter causes an impulse to seek for identity of expression. In truth, it is like an attempt to sit upon two stools at the same time ; for absolute freedom in the choice of words at the moment is essential to effective speaking, and the attempt to remember words instead of ideas is bondage. To this good Bishop Hall bears witness ; for though, as he tells us, he wrote out his sermons beforehand, he scorned the tyranny of words. "Never durst I climb into the pulpit to preach any sermon whereof I had not before, in my poor and plain fashion, penned every word in the same order wherein I hoped to deliver it, although in the expression I listed not to be a slave to syllables."

I must not be supposed, in writing in this fashion, to decry written sermons : that were a folly and an impertinence indeed. We cannot forget the great men who won public power and influence through sermons which they read. Who that heard them could doubt that the way they preached was for them the right way ? In these matters each man must follow the path in which his nature leads him. To some the pen is the best vehicle of expression : to others, the tongue. Nature or habit, or a combination of both, must determine which vehicle ought to be employed. As a fact, however, in speaking or preaching both pen and tongue should play their part. He who writes his sermon must at last entrust his sermon to his tongue, even though the eye assist the tongue ; and he who speaks his sermon will be foolish, indeed, if the pen has not helped him in preparation. It seems to me that the debate respecting sermons read and sermons spoken often ends profitlessly. The gifts of men differ, and so also does habit, due to training

and environment ; and we ought to accept the results of these differences, and not seek to thrust men into unnatural methods. This, however, need not blind us to the fact that education may do much to enlarge our powers and to show us how natural and possible are many things which daunt us. Here let me quote from a suggestive book¹ :—

“A scholarly gentleman, who was an excellent logical talker, complained that when he sat down to write his ideas fled ; if he began to talk on the same subject their sequence was easy and rapid.” In contrast we are reminded that “Washington Irving could scarcely make a presentable speech one minute in length on any public occasion.” What is the explanation of this difference ? The scholarly gentleman had for years “trained his ideas to seek an outlet through the motor centre for speech, and not through the motor cells which directed the movements of the pen in writing the thoughts.” Washington Irving, on the other hand, had used “the path toward expressing his ideas by writing,” and so it was an easy one to follow. The path which led to the movement of the tongue was “a way very hard to travel.”

Ideas which spring into being in the brain must seek expression. The first and natural vehicle of expression is the tongue. Were writing impossible, the tongue would remain the only outlet of our thoughts. To say that a man cannot express his ideas through the tongue is to say that something has happened to check or hamper the use of this vehicle of expression. Writing, by opening the path from the brain to the motor cells which command the arm and the hand, has given to us another means of expression. Is there any reason why we should not take steps to keep both avenues open, and to retain the power of expressing ourselves with equal facility by the hand and by the tongue ?

¹ Halleck, R. P., *Education of the Central Nervous System*, pp. 56-59 (Macmillan, 1906).

The prerequisite for the use of either vehicle is the possession of clear ideas. There is all the difference in the world between having to say something and having something to say. The first and most important task is to have a clear and definite notion of what ought to be and must be said. Here the pen is valuable, whether we finally read and speak. Let us put down in black and white our ideas, if only to discover how lean and poor or even how utterly nebulous they are. Let us marshal the material out of which the speech or sermon is to be built. Probably the result will be that we shall find ourselves driven, like the Israelites, to seek the wherewithal out of which to make bricks. But, granted we have collected sufficient material, we are only at the beginning of our work. We are architects. Our material must be grouped into comeliness of form. We must select as well as collect. We must classify and arrange. We must determine within what limits to confine ourselves. We must have something like a completeness of conception in the presentation of our material. We must carefully choose and vigorously reject, so that some harmony of thought may preside over our discourse.

“Would you be told how best your pearls to thread?
Why, say just now what should just now be said.”

And this not only because harmony so secured is comely in itself, but because we ourselves can the more readily grasp and the more strongly hold our subject when we have endowed it with such harmony. If we read the discourse, the sense of this harmony will help us in delivery. If we speak it, this harmony will make us the better masters of our subject.

But I forget myself. I am not writing a treatise on public speaking. I wished only to set down some memories and experiences connected with preaching. Only this I may

be allowed to say—Every method has its dangers. The spoken sermon may become loose and incoherent: the read sermon pedantic and unintelligible. We need some art to avoid the snares on either hand—

“In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.”

“Thus zeal to 'scape from error, if unchecked
By sense of art, creates a new defect.”

The sermon written and read may claim illustrious examples of success. Three great preachers of modern times—Melvill, Liddon, and Phillips Brooks—read their sermons, and, as you listened to them, you forgot any drawbacks which are said to be inevitable when a discourse is read. When these men preached you felt that they were preaching as nature meant that they should preach. They drew your mind with them in sympathetic attention. Many now alive heard Liddon and Phillips Brooks. There are fewer who will remember the great golden lecturer, Henry Melvill.

I heard Melvill preach once. It was in the summer, forty years ago. The churchwarden of Holy Trinity Lee, Mr Gray by name, came and told me that Melvill, who at that time did not preach frequently, was going to preach the next Sunday afternoon at St Paul's. I made arrangements to be free that afternoon, and we made our way to the Cathedral. When we arrived there was a crowd outside the doors, and, when the doors were opened, the crowd streamed into the Cathedral, and when the choir gates were unlocked, the crowd rushed to get possession of seats. The service was not then held, as now, under the dome. The pulpit was in the choir, and the struggle for seats was consequently great. We waited. The service began, and at length white-haired Mr Melvill mounted the pulpit. It was June 1870. The whole city of London was agitated with one question—Would

there be war between France and Germany? The rival powers of the Chasse-pot and the Needle-gun were discussed in the offices in the city. War was in the air. In France there was much brave talk of going to Berlin. Such was the state of things on that summer afternoon when I heard Melvill preach, and all London seemed to listen. He mounted the pulpit. He gave out his text: "Now, therefore, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets; and the Lord hath spoken evil concerning thee." There was no need of direct and elaborate allusion to the state of the continent or to the rumours of impending war. It was enough for us to hear of Ramoth in Gilead and of the brave expedition which sought to seize it. As the sermon went on the obvious application was felt by all. The whole discourse vibrated with the emotions of the moment; and when, a few months later, the fatal denouement came it might have been said that the sermon was prophetic: "The Lord hath spoken evil concerning thee." "I saw all Israel scattered as sheep having no shepherd." The stirring events of the time conspired with the power and fire of the preacher to fix this sermon in memory.

It was a sermon of a class quite distinct from those which I heard elsewhere at the time. All the conditions of preparation and delivery were different to those under which my vicar at the time was wont to work. If I may venture on dangerous ground, I would say that Melvill's sermon was deliberate, and prepared with a full exercise of his conscious mind; while, with my Vicar, success was largely due to the freedom with which the subconscious mind could interpose at the moment. A little explanation may be necessary here as I tread this quagmire of speculation. Perhaps a quaint theory propounded by a much loved and much honoured scholar may form a fitting text of my theme.

That good, wise, and witty man, Dr Salmon, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was wont to say that there was no such thing as impromptu wit. Whether he affirmed this for the sake of provoking an argument, or because he seriously believed it, I cannot say. But if by impromptu we are to understand unpremeditated, or not prepared beforehand, I think most people would be disposed to challenge the Provost's view. The best witticisms seem to me to have been spontaneous and provoked. If provoked, *i.e.* called forth by the occasion, they can hardly have been premeditated. The unexpected character of the provocation is the evidence that they are spontaneous. As it seems to me, moreover, wit springs most readily into utterance when the mind is just a little detached from the occasion, and when, therefore, the occasion can be contemplated somewhat apart from the immediate issue of the moment. The man who is directing the whole power of his conscious mind upon the subject in hand will be likely to take a serious and earnest view of it, and to deal directly with the issues involved. To him a witticism might seem irrelevant and at times impertinent; but the man whose mind is not fully absorbed allows some play to what is called the subconscious mind, and from this fact there may arise the perception of the happy irrelevancy which is often the seed-plot of wit.

This seems to me to explain why a man not otherwise dull may appear dull among witty people. He has accustomed himself to direct and serious views. He is so absorbed in them that he may even begin to argue instead of laughing about a witticism. On the other hand, the man whose mind is just sufficiently attentive to grasp the circumstances of the moment, and sufficiently detached to allow for the play of other thoughts and fancies, is open to those suggestions which give rise to wit. If we visit a

sick friend, and we give to him the whole of our sympathetic attention, our thoughts will be too seriously engaged to indulge in witticisms. The tale is told that Talleyrand visited a sick friend, and asked him if he suffered much.

"Je sens les tourments infernaux," said the patient.

"Quoi, déjà ?" was Talleyrand's reply.

It was witty ; but did it not require some detachment of mind to make such a reply ? To the sympathetic visitor, seriously and eagerly anxious about the patient's feelings, such a retort would have been impossible. I do not mean that the wit was unsympathetic in heart and nature when he made this answer. Neither do I mean that the man from whose lips witticisms naturally bubble forth is deficient in sympathy. All I mean is that, when the mental pose is direct and serious, the aspects of the matter which give scope for wit are not likely to arise. But this matter is too long for discussion, and perhaps hardly appropriate here. I have, however, been led to it by my recollection of the preaching of the Rev. B. W. Bucke, and of the witty things which sometimes fell from his lips. His preaching belonged to an order in marked contrast to that of Melvill. He had some remarkable gifts. He was an impulsive, generous, fun-loving man. He might be called a creature of moods, and that without any disparagement or unkindness. His powers, or rather the effective exercise of his powers, largely depended on his mood. He was not a man who could, as Melvill did, deliberately prepare and preach a sermon on some great subject to which he had devoted a great deal of reading and study. If he had tried this method, he would probably have crippled his powers. He was at his best when he took a subject and let it lay hold of his soul, and then, having selected a few clear lines of thought, let himself go. Then he would speak in a kind of rapture, like one falling into a trance and having his eyes open.

The mind was detached from the circumstances of the moment. The subconscious mind was yielding up its stores of memory and illustration. Then he would fling out choice and witty sentences, the full force of which he did not himself realise at the moment.

The strange part of the matter—though on reflection I think it was not strange at all, but what seemed strange was this, that when he had preached one of those remarkable and rapt sermons, he was afterwards depressed and almost despairing, complaining that he had made a mess of it and talked like a fool. The truth was that he was so much the rapt speaker that he had no power to measure what he had said or how he had said it; and yet he had uttered sentences of great power, flung out imagery, striking and suggestive, and now and again a piece of real wit. Of him Dean Goulburn was reported to have said that the chastest things he had ever heard were from Mr Bucke's lips. The same gift led to the utterance of witty sayings. Once Mr Bucke's subject was St Paul's statement, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." The heads of his sermon were threaded on the line of "How St Paul preached the gospel": he preached it freely; he preached it fully; and so on. When he came to the second head, and wished to describe how St Paul preached fully, he put in contrast the short sermons which some people desired. "I met a young curate," said Mr Bucke—"I met a young curate the other day who told me that he thought five minutes were long enough for any sermon. *I have no doubt his congregation thought so too.*"

On another occasion he was preaching on Balaam's ass, and in the course of his sermon he said: "There are some people who don't believe that Balaam's ass spoke: I am of opinion that it did, and, what is more, *that a great many asses have spoken since.*" Utterances like these were not

prepared beforehand : they may have been due to some fleeting or half-conscious memory of something heard or read : they may have been the relics of some story told in a genial hour of happy talk ; but as spoken in the pulpit they were not deliberate. As it seemed and seems to me, they were due to the action of the subconscious mind, which in such preaching is called vividly into play.

This is not the place to discuss the relative advantages or disadvantages of the written or spoken sermon. Some will agree with Augustus Hare that the sermon read loses something of the personal force. "What do our clergy lose," he asked in *Guesses at Truth*—"what do our clergy lose by reading their sermons ? They lose preaching, the preaching of the voice in many cases, the preaching of the eye almost always." Others will reply that, whatever may be lost, there are compensations to be reckoned, and none can deny that they have brilliant examples to support their contention.

In these matters habit and custom count for much. Men follow the method with which they are familiar. I have said that we lived in an atmosphere of speaking and preaching : it became natural to us to express ourselves by speech. It hardly occurred to me to do otherwise : I certainly never dreamed that to do so would be regarded as a piece of effrontery or a mark of conceit ; but on the very threshold of my career I was to learn that other people might regard as conceited what to me was natural.

It fell out in this way : I was on my wedding trip, and after a short tour in Ireland we went to visit my brother-in-law, then curate at Holy Trinity, Tewkesbury. We reached Tewkesbury on Saturday, 8th October 1864. On my arrival my brother-in-law asked me if I would like to preach the next day, in the morning. I said in reply, "I should, and I should not." As far as preaching at all was concerned, I would rather not ; but,

on the other hand, I thought it might be well to get the first sermon over before I appeared at Maidstone : the ordeal would be less trying in what is called a "strange" church than in the church to which I was to be more permanently attached. Accordingly it was arranged that I should preach. I did not attempt to write my sermon : I put down on a half sheet of notepaper the few points or heads of my subject : I went into the garden and walked about, while I fixed in my memory the general outline of the sermon. We went to church. When the prayers were over, I followed the usage of the time and sought the vestry, glad of a few moments by myself. I heard the strains of the hymn which the people were singing : "Brief life is here our portion." I waited in fear for the moment when I must go out, face the people, and mount the pulpit. The verses of the hymn seemed to go quickly yet slowly. At length I summoned my courage. I walked out of the vestry : I drew near to the pulpit stairs. One verse had just ended, and as I placed my foot upon the steps the next verse commenced :—

"The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay."

A flood of light and a wave of encouragement spread over my mind. The sense of the great powers which can banish all shadows of fear and misgiving as well as of night and death brought me calmness. I told my message : I kept to the line I had laid down : I found that I could say what I meant to say, and, having said it, I concluded.

The vicar, Mr Scott, was very kind. He simply thanked me. His manner told me that I had not wholly failed. I heard, however, afterwards, that the vicar's wife was somewhat wroth with me, and commented upon my impudence in daring to preach without a manuscript. I did not mean

it for effrontery. It was, or it seemed to me to be the natural thing to do. It was not a new experiment to me. At Cambridge I had had a cottage lecture weekly. A good old dame in Barnwell, Mrs Constable by name, had opened her house to us, and in her kitchen or parlour-kitchen we held our little service. What friendly gatherings they were ! The neighbours came in one by one, and kindly greetings were exchanged. Inquiries after the sick or absent were made. And when the room was well filled we commenced our service. The hymns were heartily sung : I rejoiced to hear them. I enjoyed meeting these neighbourly folk. I never thought of writing a sermon for them : I thought out my subject and talked it out to them. Thus, in preaching as I did, I was not venturing on a novel or untried method.

But a man who takes up public work, and perhaps more particularly a man who preaches, is likely to hear more than kind words. Home truths may reach him as well as the amiable flatteries of feminine partiality.

One evening I was returning home to Maidstone by train, after having preached for a friend in the country. There was only one other passenger in the compartment with me, a man who began this pleasing conversation with me :—

“Do you know Maidstone ?” he asked.

I acknowledged that I did.

“Do you know the Parish Church ?” he then inquired.

I admitted that I did.

“Well,” he said, “I was at the Parish Church last Sunday afternoon, and there was some fellow or other preaching—a curate fellow, I suppose. I was seated only a few pews down, and I could not hear a word he said.”

This was hard measure for me. I did not let him suppose that I was the inaudible preacher. I listened as politely as I could ; but I carried a heavy heart homewards.

Was I a failure in that church? It was a very large church. The nave was long and broad, and the chancel behind the pulpit was deep. The voice was soon lost in the great area, and there was very little backing for the voice. The conditions of the building provoked shouting. The judgment of my railway companion suggested my yielding to the temptation. I reasoned the matter out as quietly as I could. I was convinced that any attempt to speak with an uplifted and shouting voice would end in disaster. It would impair the natural power of the voice without attaining any success in making people hear. I realised that there was a better, if a longer, way to success. I must learn to make the voice travel. As in billiards added force is not required to correct failure, but definiteness of aim and precision of impulse, so in speaking noise is not wanted, but clearer enunciation. Hence I began to pay more attention to articulation. I resolved not to raise or strain my voice, but to manage it with greater precision. The method demanded time. But it was so far successful that within a twelvemonth, I think, I could make myself heard over the whole building without effort. My vicar, always kind, thought that it might help me if I read my sermons. His idea was that if I had the manuscript before me I should be able to pay more attention to voice and delivery. It was well meant, but it was, I think, based upon a mistake. As a fact, the sermon which is read is less likely to be audible than the sermon which is spoken; for the manuscript causes the preacher to look down, and this attitude closes the throat. The preacher of the spoken sermon can look up and across the church, and his utterance can be free and unimpeded.

It will be seen that my early experiences in church were not without their difficulties. I had, as other men have had to do, to fight out my own battle. The fightings without may be against one's physical disadvantages. The fears

within will always haunt us ; for nervousness and the reasons for nervousness are bound up with public work.

The clergyman must not only be prepared for his known duties, but he must make up his mind to meet unexpected trials. There are eccentric people who come to church : there are restless people also who disturb their neighbours and go far to distract the preacher by incessant "fidgets" and meaningless gestures. There are the people who giggle and the people who faint : there is the baby that squalls and the thoughtless nurse or guardian who will not take it out. And, lastly, there is always the chance of panic.

Panic—few things are more to be dreaded in public assemblies than this !

Once I encountered this dread demon. It was in St James', Holloway, a church capable of seating two thousand people. I must explain that the panic occurred during morning service. In the ceiling of the church there were skylights, and above these a small flame of gas was usually kept burning for the purpose of promoting ventilation. Service had commenced, and the Litany was being said. As I knelt within the rails at the east end of the church I became conscious that something was wrong. I raised my eyes, and to my dismay I saw smoke slowly streaming across the ceiling near the skylights. I had hardly caught sight of this when disturbance began in the congregation. I had no idea what had caused the smoke : I only felt that my position was that of captain of the ship, and I rose and approached the pulpit as the place which gave the best post of command. I went up the stairs, and as I did so Mr Sawbridge, my excellent churchwarden, whispered to me that the smoke was caused by a chimney, next door to the church. Meanwhile the whole congregation were roused into alarm, and when I reached the pulpit I saw before me a crowd of people, smitten and flying hither and thither like

the waters of Jordan under the mantle of Elijah. They were worse to deal with, for those waters were silent, but these people were shrieking "Fire! fire!" For a time I vainly sought to make myself heard. The shrieking and shouting rose high and higher, deafening and clamouring down my words of explanation. Happily, some ten or a dozen men stood quietly in their places and gave me their attention. I lowered my voice, and, leaning towards one and then another of those self-possessed men, I managed to tell them what had happened, and by degrees the information was circulated from mouth to mouth. The tumult began to abate, and the service was resumed, though half of the congregation had fled.

A crisis tests character, and during the panic many little traits of character were seen. Some were touches of nature rising in revolt against prudent theories; some were marks of selfishness and cowardice; others were characteristic and comic.

Selfish cowardice showed itself in the deliberation with which a young man picked up his hat, coat, and umbrella, and stole quietly out of the pew and out of the church, leaving two or three ladies who occupied the same pew to look after themselves.

Sheer superstitious panic showed itself when a lady flung herself into the vicar's pew in a sort of vague belief that, if harm fell elsewhere, it would pass over the clergyman's lot.

Characteristic and comic was the following incident, which my eldest son, then a boy of eight or ten years of age, was privileged to witness. It so happened that, as our pew was over-full that Sunday, he was given a seat in the gallery. In the pew were husband and wife. When the smoke began to curl across the ceiling (the Litany, be it remembered, was being read) the man said to his wife:

"My dear, the church is on fire."

The wife replied : "Nonsense, my dear," and then, devoutly going on with the responses : "Good Lord, deliver us."

Husband : "But I tell you it is."

Wife (unheeding his remark) : "Good Lord, deliver us."

Husband : "Well, if you are going to be burned, I am not. I'm going out."

Wife : "Do as you please.—Good Lord, deliver us."

Such was the domestic colloquy which my son heard on this occasion of panic.

But the sweet touch of nature was seen in the following incident. A family named Scott attended the church. The family consisted of father and mother, a daughter, and two sons. It so happened that the family were not able to sit together, so the two sons occupied seats in the far west side of the gallery, while the father, mother, and daughter sat in the far east corner of the opposite gallery. They occupied positions, therefore, nearly facing one another, but at the greatest possible distance that the church would allow. The father was a man of warm affections, always anxious and interested in his children. Often he would give to them sage counsel. The prudence of experience warmed with fatherly anxiety would prompt him to speak. "Jim," he would say to his eldest son—"Jim, if ever there should be an alarm of fire, or any panic, in that church, stay where you are. Sit still : don't move on any account. To keep your place quietly is the safest course." But we are not in moments of emergency the calm and collected folk who speak wisdom in our quiet homes : fear and affection may easily put prudence to flight. So was it with dear old Mr Scott. His first thought when the alarm of fire was given was not of himself or of those near him, but of the sons who seemed so far from his protecting hand. In a moment, therefore, he was on his feet, and, lifting up his voice with

strength, he shouted to his boys across the church : " Jim ! go out. Jim ! go out."

He was wise when he counselled them to sit still ; but he was an affectionate father when he bade them " go out."

Perhaps this little gossip on preaching will be forgiven. As an excuse I can plead what the Dean says in *The Angel in the House* : " Preaching's my trade." A trade needs to be learnt. One need of the present day is to ensure that every man should have mastered a trade. I know the value of general education : it cannot be too often affirmed that the intelligence of a child should be trained—its powers of observation and reflection cultivated before any special technical training is undertaken. But it is equally true that every trade needs to be learnt, and that technical skill does not come by the light of nature. A clergyman is often placed at a disadvantage because, though he has to teach, he has never been trained in teaching, and, though he has to preach, he is largely left to his own devices in discovering how to do it.

We are, perhaps, beginning to recognise the need of special training, but hundreds of clergymen can be found who would acknowledge that they never had any kind of education in the two branches of their work—teaching and preaching. A young clergyman recently, in conversation with me, deplored this. " I did not know how to teach, and I have been obliged to try and gain some knowledge of the art by listening to the teachers in the elementary schools." This is the example of a man wise enough to be aware of his deficiencies, and courageous enough to try and repair them. But here is a strange fact. Educated skill is demanded in some callings, and these not the most important ; yet in some of the higher or more difficult callings educated skill is not demanded, and is not even deemed to be important. We do not allow our teeth to be pulled out

except by a qualified practitioner, but we entrust grave moral responsibilities to untrained men. We require some evidence of practical skill from our cab-drivers, but we hand over the direction of vast national interests to men who have never learned even the rudiments of political and economic science. It is all very puzzling. It belongs to the noble faith of being able somehow to "muddle through." The wonder is, not that things are done so well considering how much is given into untrained hands, but that things are done at all.

But I come back. A trade needs to be learnt; and if our trade is teaching or preaching, these also ought to be learnt.

Now, learning is of two kinds. We may learn directly, by lessons given us on the special subject, or we may learn indirectly, by observing how other and trained people do the work we wish to study. Observation is often more fruitful as a means of training than formal instruction; just as example is better than precept. There are some callings, in fact, in which we can hardly be said to begin to learn till we have begun to practise. I suppose that a good deal of the study of dentistry must be undergone before a man can practise, but actually he must begin to pull out teeth before he can gain skill in doing so. To many callings we must apply the doggerel,

"Thus by doing you shall know
What it is you have to do."

And yet the prolonged observation of other men's skill seems to generate an instinctive sense of power. The mind has absorbed the spirit of the method employed, and it needs only the opportunity of personal practice to ripen the powers which observation has brought into a state of potential capacity. The process of observation appeals, in

fact, to the imitative faculty, and when the time comes for the thing to be done the power of doing is not wholly wanting. Hence these precepts may follow :—

Study the best operators, if you would be a surgeon. Study the best actors, if you would be ready to tread the stage. Study the best teachers, if you would be a successful teacher. Study the best speakers, if you would learn to speak. Lose no opportunity of practice. Above all, take heed that you have something to say. Let the great message of all-embracing Love fill your heart and mind ; and there will come the power to overcome difficulties and to possess the soul in peace.

LAST WORDS

WHILE this book was going through the press I called up my courage and resolved to resign my See. I can therefore claim, in one sense, to be a man who has a right to say "Vixi"; for my life in future will be cast in the by-ways and not upon the high-road of the world. I may, perhaps, claim the right which belongs to a spectator who has also been a player in the game. If I have criticised, I hope it has not been with the smug infallibilism of ignorance, but with practical knowledge, tempered with the sympathy which is born of experience.

What do I think of the world after seventy years of this experience? Is it a world which grows better? Am I to celebrate its improvement or to bewail its decline? I remember once meeting Professor Huxley in the club. He had been engaged in active controversy. The pages of the *Nineteenth Century* had been flooded with papers dealing with the New Testament story of the Herd of Swine which perished in the waters of Gennesareth. I felt that the controversy had been somewhat superficial, and I said, "Don't you think that we have become too 'magazine' in our controversies of late?" I knew him well enough to say this. He was quite good humoured about it. He understood my thought, and he said, "We are like ships making for the harbour. We have to sail too far first in one direction, and then in another; but it all helps in reaching truth." I recall this, because the

illustration may well apply to our measure of life. Advance is never, as I take it, in a straight line. The world's progress is not an arithmetical progression. The pendulum must swing backwards and forwards that the hands on the dial may move onward. If we ought not to take "our dial for our deity," neither should we take the movement of the pendulum instead of that of the hands as the measure of time. There must, in all progress, be the recoiling as well as the advancing wave ; but I do not measure the tide by the waves. I may complain when the intruding wave wets my feet or overwhelms the castle which I built upon the sand. I may complain when the recoiling wave leaves empty the little pools which the incoming wave so bravely filled ; but, while waves rush landward or seaward, the tide may be coming in.

And so in life I can mourn over the empty pools or desolated castles which the restless waves have ill-treated ; but, in spite of all, I think that the tide is coming in.

I see improvements, but I see also the defects which cling to improved conditions. In things material there has been marked improvement. Travelling has improved. It was once a hardship. It is now, I had almost said, a luxury. The old third-class carriages were little better than horse-boxes. The speed was slow. The time spent was great. The traveller was bound to prepare for hunger and privation. The company contracted to carry you a certain distance. It did not contract to consider your bodily needs. It gave you a scant interval of a doubtful five or ten minutes at some of the chief stations. Your opportunities of refreshment were thus given you under the apprehensions which an anxious guard or an urgent bell awoke in your breast. Now we go faster. Meals are provided. The nervous fears of other days, when we made a hurried dash

which was rewarded by a stale sandwich or a doubtful bun, are now allayed.

I recall the time when the engine power on our railways was much less than it is now. At Edge Hill there was a stationary engine, whose work was to haul up the train from Liverpool by means of a rope. It was an awful joy to us to take our morning walk to the Edge Hill Station, and, after crossing the wooden bridge which spanned one set of rails, and getting, if an engine passed beneath, what we called "puff on our legs," to watch the great engine begin to work, and then to mark the train as it emerged from the tunnel and flung the attachment rope in great spirals over the permanent way. In those days the power of the locomotive was considered insufficient to mount the hill. To-day the engines rush into Lime Street Station and bring trains, far heavier than those of fifty years ago, up the hill from Lime Street to Edge Hill.

In a hundred ways material comforts have increased with our greater knowledge of the physical universe and its laws. Telegrams were startling in those days. They were rare as angels' visits, and dreaded as though the visitants were evil. They usually told ill news. They were the messengers of death and disease. They never brought, as they do now, so frivolous a message as an invitation to dinner or the offer of a box at the Opera. The gains to us are many. Now we need not wait in agonised suspense for news of dear ones abroad. The people of to-day can hardly understand what their parents and grandparents endured while news was awaited at home during the Indian Mutiny. Now we read at our breakfast table the news of what took place yesterday at Delhi or Yokohama. Then Japan was a closed country, mysterious, unknown, inhospitable or dangerous to strangers. Now it is a first-class power, and the beauties of its scenery and the kindly

urbanity of its people are known to thousands of travellers. On the sea, wood has given place to steel, and huge and hideous grey monsters guard our shores instead of "the wooden walls of old England." In material things there has been a great advance.

In another direction we may mark advance. As our knowledge of the physical world has grown, the philosophy which was known as materialism has declined. If it holds place at all, it is only in the obscure corners of thought, which are still unreached by growing knowledge. And yet, as our power of the material world has increased, greater comfort has been possible; the standard of living, as it is called, has risen. Material enjoyments are more numerous. The demand for them is more imperative. The expectancy of enjoying them is more urgent. Must we not admit that materialism in life is becoming a snare, though materialism in philosophy is exploded? Do we not need to remind ourselves that life does not consist in the abundance of the things possessed? The life is more than meat. The body is more than raiment. Man does not live by bread alone.

With every victory over nature there comes some corresponding danger. Luxury, like ambition, may overleap itself and fall on the other side.

But I must not linger over these things. We all know well enough the dangers which wait upon progress and the snares which accompany social advance. We can see that opportunities of comfort may breed self-indulgence, indifference to responsibility, blind carelessness about the future of the nation. We see the evidence of such dangers in the decline in the birth-rate and in the petty tyrannies practised by aggressive minorities. When the bulk of the people, pre-occupied in pleasure-seeking, forget their obligations, power passes into the hands of the active minority. When rights

are demanded and duties forgotten, the tail will soon wag the dog. These things need thinking about.

But, if the pendulum swings too far in one direction, the force is at work which will pull it back. If self pulls too much, happily the love of our neighbours can pull also. If materialism of life afflict us, unselfish benevolence and conspicuous philanthropy, learning better and more systematic methods of action every day, are great and compensating tokens of moral health among us. If the old dogmatic forms of religious belief do not appeal to us as they did to our forefathers, a better apprehension of the ethical and spiritual significance of Christian teaching is ours. There are dangers to civilisation in our day, as there have been dangers to civilisation at all times. We have seen the vehement onrush of the invading waves of new movements. We have watched the retreat of the waters which once refreshed our shores. We may see reasons for fear in the incoming or the outgoing waves ; but if we watch the markings of the beach we shall see that the tide is coming in. The victory of good is as sure as that God is in His heaven. Is it the best possible world in which we live ? It is the best possible world, if we once allow the postulate that there is no victory without struggle, no safety without danger, no character without the hardy exercise of will, no love without sacrifice. Do we complain of the sorrows of life, classing them among the insoluble problems of existence ? We owe much of life's purest and happiest experiences to these sorrows. They can reveal unexpected good qualities ; they can draw human lives into sympathy with one another ; they can bridge over chasms which seemed to decree separation between soul and soul ; they can soften, refine, and elevate.

Certainly, if I may speak from my own experience, hours of sorrow serve to show what an unsuspected wealth

of kindness there is in the world. Here is a box, full of letters ! No, I am not going to open it, or drag forth the letters to view. Let them lie where they are, in sacred seclusion ; but they are witnesses to the width and depth of human sympathy. They are letters, written to me, by people of all classes, in one supreme, sorrowful hour of my life. Indeed, as I go about my room, and turn from one treasury of old letters to another, I realise that the sweetest and best of them are the offspring of sorrow in some form or another.

Dear letters—some written by hands now cold—you still carry your message to my heart ! You are the constant witnesses that our capacities of heart could hardly have found scope to work, or space to grow, had not sorrow opened the door of opportunity.

And so, as I look back, and recall what is past—struggles which I have not chronicled here ; doubts and inward conflicts which may not be written ; hours of fierce anguish of spirit ; moments in hell too awful and too sacred to be recorded ; joys, which, though brief, are yet joys for ever ; tearful times of sowing which have yielded happy harvests ; kindly teachings, both tender and severe, which experience has brought—I see life as education, wonderful and changeful, but full of a divine purpose ; replete with interest, and slowly revealing that Love is its origin and Love its end.

Oh, brother man, to whom life seems dark and its purpose undecipherable, hold fast to the Loving Spirit ! It will guide you into the heart of things. It will so fashion you after its own likeness, that, when you awake to life's true significance, you will be satisfied.

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